



Anna

Norma

DeWayne

Carol

Margaret

Blake

Spencer

Alonzo & Margaret Rue
Harding

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All Because Two
People Fell
In Love

We dedicate this book to Anna Harding Barlow. Her love for her family and her ancestors prompted her to want to compile this record. She inspired us to continue with the dream and in the process it has helped us to come to know and appreciate them.

We miss you, Anna and look forward to the day we will greet you and all of our dearly departed loved ones whose histories are contained in this book.

Your loving family.



ACKNOWLEDGMENT

We would like to express our deep gratitude to the many people who were instrumental in making this book possible. This book has long been a dream of Anna and Doran's and has materialized because of the help of many of the family members.

We wish to thank Kathy Cox, Christine Moore, & Dora Ann Tesch for their help. We would like to thank those who sent us their histories. It wouldn't have been complete without them. Included are some of the histories of those who have passed on: Vaughn Larsen, Margaret Rue Larsen Harding, and Alexander Willard Larsen (don't miss reading a very special letter Grandpa wrote to his grandchildren.) We also want to thank the Cutler Family for their book on the Fielding Garr Family. We took the information on the family and our Great Grandmother from this book. Also, we would like to thank Doran's dear wife Frances for her help and patience.

We hope that in reading this you will gain a greater appreciation for our ancestors and our divine heritage, and take time as we have to write a complete history of your life.

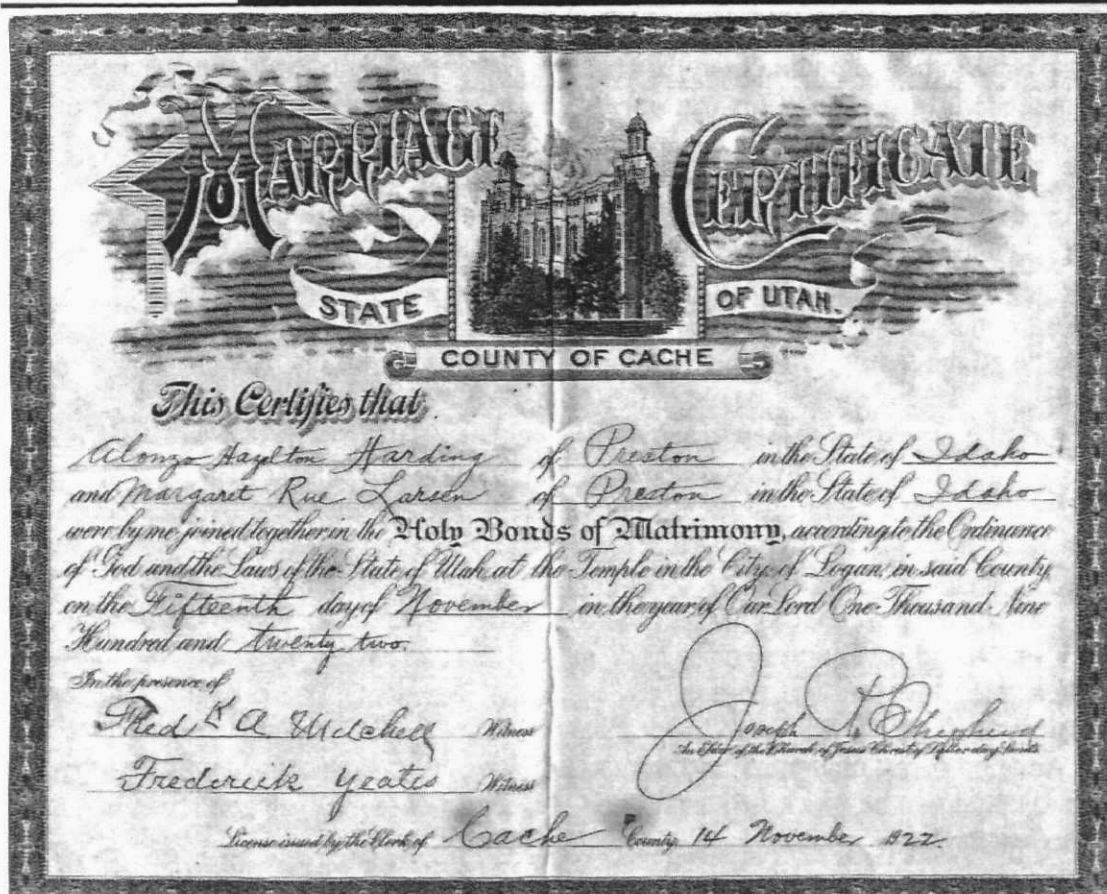
With all our love,

Doran Barlow and Norma Szymanski

This is a marriage picture of Alonzo Hazelton Harding & Margaret Rue Larsen. Married. 15, Nov. 1922, in the Logan Temple.

We as sons and daughter of this great union are blessed with a great heritage.

The greatest tribute, we children can give to them, is to teach our children and grandchildren, and by following their example.





The History of Alonzo Hazelton Harding

By Anna Barlow, Norma Szymanski, & DeWayne Harding

Dad was born the 19th of April 9, 1900 in Whitney, Oneida (now Franklin County) Idaho. He was the 5th son of Frederick William Harding and Lucy Elenora Handy. Their home was in the 6th ward -Preston, Idaho.

I remember their home as being a very modest home on the sand hill on the south edge of Preston. Dad's older brothers were Albert, Frederick, Lyman William, Leonard Martin, & Samuel Preston. There were five more children born after Dad; Robert Vernon, Ray Allen, Eliza Handy, Mary Handy, & Willis Benjamin.

Grandpa & Grandma Harding had very little in the way of worldly goods, but were rich in all other ways.

Since Grandma had seven sons before she ever had a daughter Dad became her helper. In those days clothes were washed on a scrubbing board & after the wash was done Dad would scrub the wood floor with the wash water. They made their own lye soap & Dad said the floor turned white from scrubbing with this lye soap. He also gardened, picked raspberries & all the things necessary to maintain life in those days. There was nothing he couldn't or wouldn't do & I'm sure it was because of the things he learned to do as a young boy.

His Mother, Grandma Lucy, died on the 14th of September 1914. This had to be a great loss in the family. Uncle Willis was only 9 ½ months old and he was raised by a family by the name of Byingtons that lived in Riverdale, Idaho.

It was at this time that Maria Frances Fletcher came into their lives to keep house & take care of the children. She had come from England under the sponsorship of the Smiths. Aunt Eliza was later to be married to a son of the Smith family. Maria was a real Godsend & she and Grandpa were married the 16th of February, 1916.

I remember her as Aunt May, but Anna remembers her as Grandma May. She was very special to all the family. Not only did she marry into a family with 10 children, one of which was married, but she had a 2 ½ year old & Ray who was 9 but who was crippled from Epilepsy. Aunt May had to be an Angel to step in and love and care for the family as she did.

I know from reading "Apple Blossom Days" and talking to Ray Bright that Dad's childhood was not all work for their friends were the Hart brothers, the Brights, & the Barlows. They would go down to the Bear River and go swimming, go horse back riding & play the games that were played in those days.

Dad went to school for 8 years in Preston. Going to school he would cut through the Viney's yard and became very close to them. He was like a son to them as they never had any children. He cared for them until the day he died. He seldom let a week go by that he would not go visit them & take groceries to Sister Viney. Also when she was not feeling well he would have Anna go stay with her. After Dad was killed others convinced this poor lady that it was Mother's fault that he was killed and turned her against our family. It was really sad & their motive had to be her money.

We don't know exactly how old Dad was when he met Mother but he had come to Fairview to work on the farm for Dan Gilbert. He went to church on Sunday and this beautiful, tall, stately brunette and her sister were singing. When Mother got up to sing & saw Dad she lost her voice. For her it was love at first sight. Dad had been dating Ada Larsen, Mother's cousin, at the time he met Mother and it was she who was responsible for getting them together. They were married in the Logan Temple the 15th of November, 1922. Dad was working on the railroad out of Pocatello, Idaho at this time and they made their home in Pocatello. They lived in Pocatello until some time after Anna was born, but Dad didn't have full time work and so eventually they moved back to Fairview to farm with Uncle Urven. Uncle Vaughn spent the summer before Anna was born in Pocatello with them and told us it was one of the happiest summers of his life. He said Dad would be on the road during the week, but would come home each weekend with lots of fish he had caught. When Anna was born Grandpa Larsen, Tyra Bodily, & Uncle Urven drove to Pocatello to see Mother & Grandpa's first grandchild. Shortly after that Grandpa & Tyra were married.

Following is an experience Dad had on the railroad as told in his own words.

In September 1922, I was called to my old job, which I have had at times since September 1920, in the rush of business that is mostly in the fall & winter, as a Locomotive Fireman on the Oregon Short Line Railroad out of Pocatello, Idaho. Of course I was just an extra fireman or in other words I was on the extra board as I hadn't enough seniority for steady work.

One morning about 5:30 A.M., September 20th the engine dispatchers call boy came to my door & knocked. I asked what is wanted. He called Harding-Extra 575 West for 7:00 A.M. high engine for beet run. I asked, "Which run?" He answered, "Burley, OK. I replied that I would be there. At that moment my feet hit the floor as most callers would never leave until they knew you were awake & out of bed, and I also knew that I had no time to lose if I were to get my breakfast & get to the round house in time to get the engine in readiness for the trip. As I was eating my breakfast in the Café, Fireman Dexter came in and asked where I was heading. I told him that I was called for the beet run at Burley. I said I was really glad as I had just got back yesterday. Dexter said, "You lucky devil. It seems that you get all the breaks. After my breakfast I went to the round house where the locomotives are repaired & kept until they are called on a run to get my engine ready. As I crawled in the cab, low & behold, I saw the supply men had Engineer Mires tool box on with the other supplies. I was sort of glad because there were some bigger grouches than Mires still working on the system. I figured I could get along with him if I was very careful, so I went to work seeing about my engine supplies. My clinker hook & ash hoe being in its place, tender full of coal, water tank full of water, electric dynamo in working order for our lights, lanterns, both red & white full of oil & globes clean, red & white flags, torpedoes & fuses; then I went out to put up my signals. At this time I saw Engineer Mires. With a smile I said, "Good morning Mires" and got a kind of reply with a grunt. He asked, "Why haven't you got her already? Were you late now?" I replied "She is already. Do you have your orders?" No, came the answer, so I still had time to put my numbers & flags up to display our signals.

I went back in the cab & cleaned the cab deck, wet the coal down so that it would be cleaner, polished the boiler head, and I started to fill the Cylinder Lubricator when Mires spoke & asked if I had put the tail lights out. I had forgotten them as it is so often I go out with a light engine that I didn't think of them. I told him they must be on the last car of the train or where there is one engine they must display signals both front & back so that other train crews will

know that you are all the train. I hustled & put the taillights up in their proper places. By this time Mires had the engine all greased & ready to go. At that instant the orders were delivered which is a usual custom to a light engine crew. We looked them over and decided the road was clear so we could leave town. The whistle was blown for signals & the switchman at the switch puzzle lined the switches up for us. I said, "Mires everything is clear on this side." We were at last ready to proceed toward the main line, stopping now and then for other yard engineers trains to get out of our way. Finally we were switched to the main line. Mires asked, "Harding what time do you have?" I replied, "7:10." Correct he answered. It is a usual thing to compare our watches when we start a run, so we were checked out at 7:10 A.M. "Nice day," I said to Mires as he was whistling for the road crossing on the north side of the yards. This is sure going to be some trip. At least 30 days of nice work, long hours, and the main thing, big pay. Hey Mires? "Sure thing", replied Mires. "I just got back on the job yesterday & I sure need that kind of money," I added. At that I opened up my injector a little more and looked at the water glass & it was only half full. I always aimed to keep it about $\frac{4}{5}$ full. So at this time my steam was lowering a little bit, so putting in a good fire I stayed up on my seat box looking out of the window to see the road was clear ahead. A passenger train passed us. We were still on the double track of course. Mires asked, "What was that?" "No. 6," I replied. "Well," he said, "That is one less we will have to worry about when we get on the single track." "Sure thing," I replied, "I only hope some day we have double tracks all over the system." Mires said to me, "you want to be like millionaires or fishermen, nothing to worry about." "What did you do before you were called back on the road?" asked Mires. I was on a threshing machine for about a week and boy I ate enough dust to last me the rest of my life, if I have my way. At that I looked again at my steam water, found I needed another fire in the firebox, so in goes some more of that good coal for another big fire. Mires again asked me how my water glass looked. I told him I blew it out with steam to make sure it was working properly. Why Mires replied, "the roar of that injector of yours is enough to make everyone wonder." Well I replied, "It roars alright but it isn't losing any of the water. It is all going in to the boiler." Mires said, "That's fine as long as it does it's stuff." By this time we were to the end of the double track & we had to wait for Extra 2004 for about 5 minutes and we were on our way again. In about 10 minutes we were whistling for the American Falls station, & then we whistled for the order board; whistling one long whistle for station and four short whistles for the order board. The operator at American Falls gave us the board meaning no orders for us, so we gave him the signal with two short whistle's & we went on by American Falls just as happy as if we had our right minds rolling along over the Minidoka desert. Just after putting in a good fire I could set down a little longer between times firing the engine. As we were rolling along peaceably, Engineer Mires looked at the water glass and there was no water in it. "How's your water!" he yelled, testing the pet cock at the same time. Finding there was no water in it he let out an oath, G.D., and jumped to his injector & tried to get it on to get some water in the boiler, but it seemed to be out of order. As you may not realize what kind of a fix we were in the crown sheet of a boiler is the inside of the boiler directly about the fire box and if the water gets so low in the boiler. The crown sheet gets dry & ninety nine times out of a hundred the boiler blows up. About 2 inches above the crown sheet on the boiler head in the cab is the No.1 petcock to test the water in the boiler & then No.2 petcock two inches higher, & then comes No.3 petcock 2 inches higher than No.2. Then comes your water glass showing about 8 inches higher up than the petcocks showing the water at all times when the water is too low in the boiler. I looked out of my side window at my injector to find out that the frost plug had been blown out & the water had been running out of the injector on the ground and also draining the

boiler. What to do was the question. I had a full head of steam of 200 lb. Per square inch in the boiler. I said to Mires let's get off of this thing & let her blow up & save our own lives. He replied that he would rather be a dead hero than a live coward & I decided that was the correct spirit to have. By this time he had stopped the engine & commanded me to get a hold of the throttle & move the engine back & forth to keep the water slopping over the crown sheet until he could plug my injector. I did as I was commanded, moving the locomotive up the track about two lengths of its self, stopping at once & backing up about the same distance and I kept this up. I still kept trying to get the Engineer injector on. The reason I call the Engineers injector his, is because it is on his side of the engine. I was finally able to get the injector to work. Still moving the engine back & forth I finally got water in the boiler above the crown sheet. I then stopped the engine & hollered to Miles hooray I have water in the boiler through your injector. Mires then crawled in the cab from the running board along the side of the boiler. Hell, he exclaimed, that was close, but we better be getting along. So off we went and then we heard a whistle moan. Down the line about 5 miles there was a train coming, but between us and them was a siding. We made for it and we had no more than got in the clear, off the main track & the extra 3030, which had the right of way over us, whizzed by. Engineer Mires said, "The Lord is on our side, yet if he didn't get scared to death." Whether or not it was too close for me.

Uncle Vaughn spent the summer before Anna was born with Mother in Pocatello. He said he remembered this as one of the happiest summers of his life.

When the folks left Pocatello they moved to Fairview & lived in Grandpa's house across from Uncle Urven & Aunt Ethels. Here they farmed with Uncle Urven. Norma was born here on Sept. 13, 1925. Aunt Ethel lost a baby girl before Norma was born & Mother was there to help her and Uncle Urven tells how Anna would go lay with Aunt Ethel & was a big comfort to her. Some time after this Dad bought a farm ½ mile south of Grandpa's and 1 mile north of the Fairview chapel.

It was here that I, Norma, have my first memories. Dad raised pigs & they would get out of the pen. One day a mean old sow was chasing me & Dad got there in to time to save me. He was always my hero after that. Deb Knudsen, who lived over a mile as the crow flies said he could hear Dad call the hogs from his house. Dad had a very strong and beautiful voice. DeWayne & Carol were both born while on the farm. I think it was during this time that the folks would go to the Ward Dances in the old hall on the Cafferty farm. Mother could not dance because of her heart, but Dad loved to dance and he would take us out on his feet and it was this way that we were taught to dance.

Dad always wanted to run a business & Mother had helped some in the Fairview Store when Carrie Knudsen was running it. Dad was able to buy the store location after it burned & so he rented the farm out and we moved into a little 2 room house owned by Tyra while he built the store & house. The house was on the store & had 2 bedrooms, a kitchen, & living room & bath. There was also a cellar under part of the house. According to the salesmen Dad had the cleanest, most organized little store in the area. Never a can went on a shelf without the shelf being scoured first. Dad never turned anyone who was needy away. He was always smiling & whistling or singing. He had a beautiful tenor voice & was someone everyone loved being around.

Mother's health was not good so Dad was always helping around the house. His day always began at 5:00 A.M. This was when he did the yard work. He had a large garden of gladiolus, which he would sell to the florist in Preston. He was constantly working to make the

yard more beautiful. People would very often get on the wrong road and end up going through Fairview to Preston and would stop at our store and then they would admire Daddy's garden & yard.

Our family's day always began with our chairs turned around at the table. We would kneel in family prayer and then eat our breakfast. Dad always gave Mom a kiss before leaving for the store. Sometimes during the day he would sneak into the house and give her a kiss and tell her he loved her. Theirs was a very happy marriage. One made in heaven. In all my life I only remember one disagreement. This was because he didn't have a shirt without a hole in the sleeve to wear to work on Monday morning so Mother cut the sleeves off & hemmed them on Sunday. Dad was so upset because she had done it on Sunday. We were always taught if you sewed on Sunday you would have to unpick it with your nose when you went to heaven. Dad always looked so neat & clean for the store. He wore striped bib overalls & a white butchers apron. He put a clean one on every morning.

As we got older (I remember selling penny candy at about 6 or 7) we would take care of the store & Dad would go help in the hay field, top beets, & do any job he could find for \$1.00 a day as every dollar counted during the depression. He lost the farm also as the renter was supposed to have made the rent payment to pay the mortgage. Dad was so trusting because of his honesty that he didn't question whether or not they had done so & because at that time the laws did not require that they were notified before foreclosure he lost the farm without having a chance of paying the mortgage himself.

During this time Uncle Vaughn went to live with Mom & Dad & stayed with them until Uncle Art came home from his mission to Norway. At this time Grandpa told Uncle Art that he too would have to stay with Mom and Dad. We were still in the house next to the store & Mother had given birth to Margaret so there was no room for both. Uncle Vaughn said he heard Mom & Dad discussing what they were going to do. They didn't know how they could keep them both so Uncle Vaughn decided he'd go back & live with Grandpa & Tyra. Tyra had made it clear she didn't want Art living with them. Uncle Vaughn said if he'd been able to live with us he was sure he wouldn't have made some of the mistakes he made in his early life. He said he could talk to Dad easier than with his own brother. He said Dad gave him a lot of encouragement. I know that if it had been at all possible Dad & Mother would have built on so that they could have both stayed.

We had a cellar under the house & one Sunday afternoon Dad & I were going to get something from it. There was water in the cellar. The electricity must have been out & apparently our gas tanks must have leaked, as there was an oil film on the water. Dad lit a match & immediately there was a fire. Anna ran out screaming fire and the Olson boys came on the run, but Dad had grabbed an old rug and smothered the fire. His eyebrows and hair were singed but he had the fire out. Once again he was my hero.

For a time Dad sold beer at the store and men would come and drink and would end up sleeping it off on the floor of the store. They would also get very noisy. At this time Mother gave Dad an alternative that either she or the beer went. The beer probably made them more money than anything they had in the store, but it was no question. The beer went. Dad himself never drank, but it was not a good example for us kids.

It wasn't long after this that they were able to arrange financing & moved the house. They built on & put a full basement under the old part of the house. Mother's health continued to deteriorate & Dad tried in every way to keep her from housework. We would change beds, vacuum & dust, & clean the bathroom, but we were always told when you get ready to scrub the

floors come & take care of the store & he'd go scrub & wax the floors. Both Mother & Dad wanted the house and yard clean at all times so we were taught to work at an early age. After dinner Dad would say come on kids & we'll have the dishes done in 5 minutes. He'd wash the dishes, some of us would dry, and some would clean off the table and we would have them done in 5 minutes.

Dad was very concerned with family & I remember going to visit Aunt Mary in Clifton & finding her alone with her son Lee as her first husband was an alcoholic. Pride hadn't allowed her to let them know what was happening but she and Lee went home with us at that time and stayed until Ray came & promised he'd stop drinking if she'd come home. Dad made her promise she wouldn't stay if he kept drinking so it wasn't the only time she came and stayed.

In 1934 Blake was born & our family kept growing & Mother's health continued to deteriorate. We usually had a hired girl. Rita Bronson was like a member of the family. Things did not get any better financially as it was hard for everyone during the depression, but Dad worked hard & was a good business man and manager. He would open the store anytime of the day or night that someone needed something so we would often spend summer afternoons in the canyon just so he could get away for awhile.

Special things I remember about Dad was the love he had for the young people in the community. I remember him telling Thelma Gilbert he didn't approve of a popular school club that she belonged to, nor of the club skirt uniform. It had such an affect on me that I made up my mind that if I were asked to join when I got in High School I would say no. These clubs were later banned from the school as they were not groups that everyone could join. He also was a friend to all the young men & if he caught anyone shoplifting he'd just go straight to their home & confront them in front of their parents. One such young man who later became a Temple President said after this he would never as much as take a straight pin. Another experience I remember was when a couple of girls started some untrue gossip about Anna & I. It hurt us very much and we told Dad what they had said. He took us and went to their home, confronted both of the girls and their parents and talked to them and they said they were sorry and that it wasn't true. He had a way of getting to the bottom of things and bringing out the truth and leaving everyone feeling better about things. Another precious memory is how Dad would play his nose. He was always a hit at Ward Reunions & other special activities. This was a very unique & entertaining talent.

There was always music in our home. Dad enjoyed all types of music & encouraged us to sing. He also saw that we had piano & dance lessons.

Dad would start a new rose bush with a cutting under a fruit jar. Unfortunately not too many of us inherited his gardening & landscaping ability although there has always been a lot of pride taken in our homes and yards.

We never knew if Dad was a Democrat or Republican because he loved to debate with whoever was in the store; especially with Alma Choules, Roy Hall, & Levi Bodily. Of course there were others as the store was a popular gathering place for everyone in Fairview & upper Lewiston.

Dad tried to become a State Highway Patrolman but never got on the force; however he was made a deputy sheriff & kept his badge in the cash register of the store. The farmers would hire Mexicans to work in the beet fields & they would often fight amongst themselves & get hurt or sick. When this happened Dad was deputized to take them for medical help. He knew no Spanish, but always seemed to understand them & make them understand him.

He made us feel so important because he had enough faith in us to leave us in charge of

the store even though some customers felt that we were too young. In 1937 the Red & White stores had a convention in Portland. Dad left us with Wilma Bodily to take care of the store & to help Aunt Molly Jamison take care of the house & younger children. They were gone a couple of weeks. They visited his brother Sam & came back through Yellowstone & praised us so when they returned for having taken care of things so well.

Willis Bodily was a great admirer of Dad's & Dad returned his love. Willis would often bake cookies & bring some down to Dad. It was a real loss when a group of men were at the gravel pit getting gravel for the recreation hall in Fairview when there was a rock slide & Willis, Arlo Gilbert, & Vern Hinckley were buried. They were able to get Vern out but Willis & Arlo were killed. Vern was left with a limp for the rest of his life.

DeWayne wrote the following memories of Dad

I remember my Father well. I have always remembered the cut of his jaw and how natural the smile was upon his lips, always. Even when Dad was upset, worried, or when someone had wronged him, the smile was always there and he went on with an optimistic outlook in life, through the hardest of times.

I expect my most treasured moments are those we enjoyed together just prior to his leaving with Mother for Salt Lake City, in early December of 1938. We had always kept a Jersey cow and this winter was no exception. Dad bought dried beet pulp by the bag, which was usually a bag 4 or 5 times the size of an ordinary wheat sack, since the pulp was light & bulky. Then it was mixed with water and became a delightful feed for old jersey and helped produce good milk. On the day Dad left, he took me to the basement and went over with me one final time how to mix the pulp. He had taught me how to milk old jersey over the few weeks prior, but I had not had to milk her completely alone. That day he told me not to worry, I could take care of her all right, and that they would be gone but a few days. They left for Salt Lake on Wednesday, December the 7th. Aunt Molly Jamison had come to our home to stay with us and care for us 7 children while they were gone to Salt Lake to arrange for the capitol to carry on our Fairview Store and Service Station business for the coming year. Father did business with many of the wholesale establishments from Salt Lake City since it was the center of distribution.

We expected Father & Mother home on Friday night early. Friday night was the time Little Theater off Broadway was on the radio and we all gathered around to listen to it each Friday evening. This night was different however. It was dark & quite cold, and instead of gathering by the radio we gathered in the kitchen. Anna & Norma were taking care of the store, and Grandpa Larsen had stopped by and was over at the house. Aunt Molly was holding Spencer who was just about 2 years old, and the rest of us children were gathered by her side. We had expected Mother & Dad home by now, and we knew, we just knew that the phone would ring and tell us why and when they were coming. Even Aunt Molly had been worried for some reason all afternoon and evening. When the phone rang, Anna answered it in the store. It was Aunt Tyra calling for Grandpa. Anna rang the house. Something told Norma to run and get Vern Hinckley who was over at the church playing basketball. Aunt Tyra told Grandpa that there had been an accident in Ogden and he had to go to Ogden immediately. Vern was there to drive him to Ogden. Mother & Dad had stopped in Ogden to bring Aunt Anneta & Bruce to Fairview for a visit. When they arrived there Little Theater off Times Square was on & Dad got interested in it and they stayed & listened to it. When they left they stopped at a favorite ice cream store and got an ice cream cone. They had just left 5 points in North Ogden when all of a sudden lights were coming at them. Dad hit for the ditch but he was hit almost head on. The car that hit him went on and hit the car that was following. They said Dad was driving so sensibly that although they

didn't know why he had gone in the ditch they did also. The lady that was at the wheel of the other car was drunk and her husband was passed out on the seat beside her. They were not hurt, but Dad did not breath through his lungs after that. His legs were broke and he was injured internally. Mother went through the windshield and was almost scalped. When they got her out of the car her feet were in the water in the ditch and it revived her enough that she realized she was losing a lot of blood and she held her artery in her neck while they transported her to the hospital in back of the pickup. If she had not done this she too would have died. Dad lived until Sunday, December 11th. They did not do anything for him as at the time they did not have the knowledge to save him, and if they had he would have been a paraplegic and he would have been very unhappy.

Early on Sunday Morning, Uncle Urven came & got us older children and took us to Ogden. When we got there we went to Aunt Annetas. Right after we arrived Uncle Charlie Smith came in and told us that Dad had just died. We were taken over to the Dee hospital and were allowed to see Mother. My memory is quite dim of this meeting other than I could not visualize the person in the hospital bed as the Mother I had kissed goodbye to just a few days ago. I felt my world had so suddenly been twisted around and did not want to believe that this was real, but when the ambulance came to our house and brought Mother home on a hospital cot, and when she attended the funeral in bandages, on that same bed, it was real all right, too real. I have many memories of that funeral. I have never seen so many flowers, and the church was packed. People were even sitting way down in the hall. I shall not forget when the family came out of the service, how many were standing outside on the front porch steps of the Fairview Church, trying to listen to the services. People had come from all over, and I never realized how much the world could love one man. All the salesmen who had called upon him were there from Salt Lake, and I am sure he has just as many friends in Father's Home to welcome him there. Dad had been promised in his Patriarchal blessing that he would serve a mission. Not too long before he was killed he had asked Mother what they would do if he were called on a mission. She replied that he would go. Such was the faith of both of them. We all knew that Dad had been called on his mission.

Now perhaps I can, through my memories, explain how one man can be loved so much. My father and I were very close. We had enjoyed much together. When the Fairview Ward decided to build a recreation hall, and Father no doubt had a great deal to do with bringing this project about, the workers were organized and went into the woods to cut the timber. I went along chopping the marker in the tree above the saw mark to help it fall a certain way. I was small, but Dad guided me and kept me on the job. The two man saw team Dad was on was with a man known as Diamond Bodily, who drove the school bus and farmed in Fairview. They were very hard workers, and seldom rested, but if they did, I would hunt sea shells which abounded on the slopes of the Canyon. I can never remember the canyon, but I do remember the hot cake grill, which was a huge flat stone about 6 feet in diameter. In the early mornings, the fireman would get up very early and build a roaring fire under it and since the night time would cool it off very little, it would be warm enough by breakfast for us to grill our eggs, and hot cakes.

I remember the men building the recreation hall, and I well remember the day when the Rawlings Basketball came from Logan, Utah and how, though the front doors of the hall were not yet set, and a canvas kept the cold and rain out, Dad took this ball to the hall and gave it to the Young Men of the ward. That ball was the only one for a while, since hard times in those years meant a sacrifice for such things. Shortly, all the men in the ward were organized from the ages of probably 14 to as old as was found into two teams. Grant Hall and Uncle Vaughn were

Captains of the two final teams. Both being my Champions I remember dreading that final game, since I could not bear to see either team beat the other, but finally concluded that Uncle Vaughn was just a teeny bit my favorite. Uncle Vaughn's team, through his valiant spirit, walked off with the title in a very close game. I don't recall any cups, or trophy's but do recall those games seemed to mean so much more than in this day. I began playing when so young and Dad always encouraged me to go to the Gym whenever the lights were on. After he passed away, I remember how Bill Hall, who was then the coach of the M-Men team, put his arm around me and made me the Mascot of his team. He would take me as the equipment manager with him, in his Plymouth, wherever a game was played. How proud I was to be able to travel with the "Big Guys" and how much spirit was put into my life!

Dad always supported the Boy Scout movement in the same way. I remember how when I was but 10 years old, and the year before Dad died, the Scouts used to have a fire ring in the grove of trees in back of the church, where they had wiener roasts and tall tales. On the particular night in mention, about 8:00 P.M., I was in the store with Dad when we saw the flickering through the grove of trees. I asked Dad what was going on, and he said the Scouts were having a wiener roast. He got 3 or 4 wieners out of the cooler and insisted that I go over and join them. I explained I wasn't old enough, but he said I was plenty old enough, and through his insistence I finally went creeping through the trees until I got within hearing distance of the campfire. Though I feared to join the older boys, I could hear the stories, and there in the cold woods, I ate cold wieners while I listened with awe at the stories told by Gib Cafferty, the Scout master. Now as I am older I realize that my presence was undoubtedly known, but not wanting to drive me away, the alarm was not sounded. I slipped away in the dark as the embers died, and the boy's never knew.

I remember when my Father gave me my first pocket watch for my birthday. It was a black enamel pocket watch with a face about $\frac{3}{4}$ inch across, and very different from the usual pocket watch. It was so cherished by me that I put it in my drawer and dared not use it for fear that I would scratch it. One night I went to get my watch and it was gone. Fear clutched my heart and in tears I went from one of the family to the other but no one had taken it. I remember how I knew Dad wouldn't have taken it unless he asked me, but finally I ran over to the store and asked him, in a jerky voice as I cried out my story. He took me in his arms, and explained that he had borrowed it to Vern Hinckley to time the basketball game. How I sobbed, Vern would scratch it, and how Dad promised he would buy me another if it was hurt, and how I did not want another, just that one that Dad had bought me. I also remember how it came back and wasn't hurt, and how Dad never borrowed my things again without my permission.

I expect the choicest times Dad spent with any of the family were spent with me, since I was his son and about old enough to be a buddy. He would leave the store in charge of Mother, or Anna and Norma as he went into the fields to work, taking me along with him. Dad could pitch more hay than most men, never seeming to tire, and was always enthused. I remember all the beets we used to top in Grandpa's sugar beet field. How well I remember working along beside him, as he took three rows and I took one, and as we came along and saw Uncle Lynn Larsen and Cless Hinckley, and oftentimes Dorrell Larsen horsing around while the beets were being loaded on the truck, he would say, "Come on son-you don't want to horse around. You don't want to be just another guy." And I would bend over and keep up to him again. I remember how all the fellows held his beet topping ability in awe and how they told stories of when he met Mr. Spackman on the Lewiston Village Square to settle the championship of the valley once and for all as to who could top the most beets. And how the beets flew, but as I

remember the two were a tie and far superior to all others in either towns. The fall after Dad died I was 11½ yrs. old and Arson, a horse shoer by trade who had known Dad real well, was topping beets with us on Vern Hinckley's farm. He egged me on with stories of how well my Dad had topped beets. It ended in a race between Lynn Larsen and myself, and how the beets flew. The only satisfaction at the race's end was that although Lynn was 2 ½ years older than I, I ended at the rows end at the same time he did, although I think I was much more tired. Several years later, Doc Andrews was pitted against me in a race. The contest was set for 4 P.M. in Frank Gilbert's field, just across from Jimmy Hyde's place where we were topping. I went over and succeeded in topping more beets than Doc, and was acclaimed as good a topper as my Dad, though I doubt that to this day. My choicest memories with my father are no doubt, that he taught me to use all the talents God gave me to perform without fear, any type of work, and this Testimony has held me in good stead wherever I have gone, and to this day my sons have picked up the same teachings, being able to paint houses, pick potatoes, or do about anything they have to do in order to earn their way.

I remember well how Dad used to love young men, and always want to teach them things. One night, after MIA, the young men of the Ward gathered as they always did, under the Canopy lights of the store. A young Egbert boy, the first name escapes me, was very well built, and Dad decided he'd make a boxer of him. So he disappeared in the store, and brought out a brand new set of boxing gloves and presented them to the boys. He eventually put them on to demonstrate the fundamentals, using as his sparring partner the Egbert boy. All went well, until the Egbert boy popped him a good one in the mouth, knocking out his false teeth, and Dad decided that was enough that the boys knew just a little about boxing too.

And the fly catching contests.....Flies in those days were numerous as the pollution's talked about in our day, only more pesty. So Dad came up with a fly catching contest, along with the other Fathers of the Ward. Dad and Vivian Jamison built a gross of fly catching boxes in our back room. To this day if you want a fly box I can build you one from memory. These were then placed over the garbage cans, which were old cream cans, in town by Vivian, and once a week he would go around his beat with a gunny sack picking up the flies. When the contest ended he had a gunnysack full of flies and the nearest competitor had no more than one catcher full. The prize, a brand new boy scout jackknife, and in those days that was quite a prize, since American workmanship was a pride then, and the knife no doubt cost about as much as a Boy Scout knife does now, but in that day they were of fine steel.

I remember when I was just about eleven and Dad and I was talking about me joining the Scouts next year. One day one of the guys heard us talking and said he had a Boy Scout Handbook that was almost new and would sell it to me for 50 Cents and how I treasured that book. I had it until my Boy's were Scouts in Helena and how one of the boys used it here, but it never came back. That was one of the treasures of my life. The only treasure I have still that Dad helped me to build was my Trail Builders treasure box. The bottom has since rotted out, but even to this day it is with me up in the attic of our garage and once in awhile when I want to be alone I go up there and hold that box and remember the day My Dad and I built it together and displayed it in the Trail Builders Fair. He joined me in all my daydreams, and I can still remember the day we built, in the back of the storeroom, a sword of pine that was carved down to the last detail, and I went out to play pirates. I'd like to know who got away with that sword, as it burns in my memory at times.

Back in our early days, we had an old Oakland car-4 door- as I remember. I remember

when Uncle Carl Hess came up and Dad and he ground the valves. I thought that was such a day, and Uncle Carl was such a genius, as they turned the hand crank grinder and made that car run again. It was in all the Fairview parades. I expect Anna & Norma & maybe even Carol can remember how we decorated it all up with Crepe Paper, and how it was the finest car in the whole parade. I doubt if anyone will remember the Old Horse Blanket Coat dad had with the wooden stick buttons, and how he traded it to some guy from Utah who had driven his Model T Ford up and it had quit on him for the last time just a little bit up the hill over the Fairview creek. He walked back to the store and traded the Ford for Dad's coat. Dad was always going to tow that old car back to the store, but I guess after he looked it over he decided that the guy had the best of the deal, but he had been a good Samaritan since he had really needed a coat to walk home on that cold day. That old Model T stood in the barrow pit for a long time rusting away, and I expect Dallas Gilbert will remember when he & I got into the timing cover mechanism and swiped out the foil plates that gave it's spark, and how we finally got the old magnets out of the flywheel, though Dallas made off with all of them but one. I'll bet he still has at least one of them kicking around his old shop.

We all remember the night Levi Bodily's Bull broke out and came to the window of the house. This was before the house was separated from the store and the window was only a few feet off the ground. In the early morn we heard a terrible noise and rushed to Mother's bedroom. Dad was gone to the back. That old bull would run from the back window around to the front when Dad would disappear from the window, and follow him back and forth. He couldn't get Levi on the phone, couldn't get out of the house, but finally Mother stood by the window long enough for Dad to get out to his pitchfork, and he came around and drove the bull off. Finally after another escapade the bull was taken to the butcher, but not before one final story you might enjoy hearing. Levi was going to cure that Bull of his meanness, and tied him in his barn in the horse stall. Then he took a 110 volt wire that ran thru the top of the stall & loosened, jabbed the bull under the tail with the wire. It caught the electricity all right, and when the fracas was over, Levi had one horse stall kicked to pieces. The electrician had to come and repair the system, a new barn door had to be bought, and Levi barely got out of the way in time to save his life. He learned that electricity is no way to cure a mean bull. I am sure that's a lot of bull!

Dad was a crack shot. I remember one day when Uncle Bry and Dad had gone to the Fairview gravel pit to get a load of gravel. Dad brought along a new 22 that was for sale in the store. A rabbit took off down the road. I shot and missed a couple times, Uncle Bry shot a couple times, and Dad dropped his shovel, grabbed the 22 and although the rabbit was down the road a piece, shot once dropping it dead in its tracks. He sure chewed us out kindly about not being able to hit a rabbit. Sometimes I still can't.

One last bit of memories that I think are very important are the memories of Dad and Mother going to the Temple. Back then, cars were not what they are now, but sometimes an excursion would be taken to the Temple in a bus. I remember at least two times that Dad and Mother, dressed so pretty, waited in the store until the bus pulled up at the corner, and took them to spend a day in the Temple. I also remember Dad telling the story of how he was told to get his Genealogy work under way. At the time he and Uncle Urven were out feeding cattle. A man in a black suit went to Uncle Alberts in the 6th ward just south of Preston. Aunt Bertha answered the door and he asked for Lon. She told him where he lived and went back in the house. Seconds later she looked out of the door and he was gone. Just a few minutes later the same man knocked at the door of Uncle Urvens house and asked for Lon. Aunt Ethel told him that he lived across the road. He knocked on our door and upon answering the door Mother noticed a feeling that a

Spiritual Being was indeed present at her door. She invited him in, but he just asked if Lon were there. She told him that he was at Urven's. As he left, she phoned Aunt Ethel to tell her a man was coming to talk to Lon. Aunt Ethel replied that he was already there. But Mother knew he could not be, so she asked her to wait and she ran around the house, looked, but could see him nowhere. Lon in the meantime was on his way home and the two men never met. But Dad knew from that day on that it was one of the 3 Nephites who had come to tell him that he was failing to do his Genealogy work. From that day on he made many trips to Salt Lake for the express work of meeting with Mrs. Hardy a paid genealogy worker, who tried to find our line. As Dad would get a few extra dollars she would work on it for him. They worked very hard on it, but we have Doran to thank for finally breaking through and getting it done. We are all very grateful to him for doing this.

When Norma was baptized Dad asked if she would like him to baptize her in the canal or if she wanted to go to the Temple to be baptized. She wanted Dad to do it, so on her birthday, Dad picked all of us up after school and we went down to the canal by Cottle's. I remember she would not think of delaying her baptism by one day. What a beautiful baptism service, on a very cool September day, in cold water, but they wrapped blankets around her and hurried home. I have always felt that experience to be one of the reasons Norma was able to have such a testimony of the gospel that no one could come before her duty to her Father in Heaven, and I know that it has been that Testimony that has helped her to raise her family, be a good wife, and mother and to endure some of the hardships of her life.

Well, I could relate many more family experiences, but since this is a memory of Father, perhaps I have related more than you will read. I hope not, but I do want to impress upon your minds that my Father was a very humble, sweet servant of our Father in Heaven while he was here. I know that if we but live the Gospel, we shall see him again, as he will be there.

I hitchhiked many miles through our communities in Idaho. Many, many times I have received rides from people who knew Dad, and without a single exception all bore to me a Testimony of his help when they were in need, and of his love and devotion to his Brothers and Sisters upon this earth. No man ever was hungry while Dad had his Fairview Store, and no man went long without something to do to earn his way. That was the way he played the game. If there were but a few men like him in Government today, the children of this era would know as do I, that work is but a pleasure of Godliness, and how thankful I am that Alonzo Hazelton Harding gave to me my birthright. It is my prayer that one day I can be with him and report my efforts here.

Anna and I would just like to say Amen to all the DeWayne has echoed about our Father and we just wish that all of our brothers and sister and our Children had the opportunity to know him as we did. He was a wonderful man.

In the name of Jesus Christ
Amen

Carol's Memories of Her Father

Daddy was very ambitious. He would work so hard. He worked several jobs. Besides being in the store he worked the sugar factory night shift, or was out topping beets, hauling hay, or working wherever he could. He was not afraid of any kind of work.

Daddy was not one to feel this is women's work when it came to the housework. He had done work from 8 years of age himself for board and room after his Mother's death. Daddy would scrub and clean until the board floors were white according to a little old English lady (Sister Viney) who he worked for. He taught me to scrub, not halfway, but well. The mopboard was cleaned along with the floors. A paring knife was standard equipment along with the scrubbing brush, to get the corners and edges well. Never was there a good job except on the hands and knees and sweat.

Daddy was compassionate. He not only was kind and uncomplaining to do the work, or teach us children to do the work, as Mother was so ill. He would never act like he resented it that Mother couldn't do the hard work, or even be the teacher to us children, but he treated her as if she were a Queen. He always made me feel like he was the lucky one to be able to do for her. He'd sneak up behind her chair and surprise her, and give her a kiss, and make us laugh.

Daddy would always try to be a clown for us kids and make us laugh. His feet were large, size 13, and wide. He'd try to tap dance and they were like boxes, but he'd just enjoy our laughing and dance away. He'd whistle so clear and happy. He'd play music with holding his nose, and hum away and had us all laughing. He would turn summersaults with us kids and play even though he was 6ft. 2" tall. He was so fun. Daddy taught us to dance by standing on his feet and holding his hands.

Daddy was kind to me. When everyone else would get angry because I was so jittery and nervous, couldn't sleep, and cross. "I'm told as a baby and little child." I remember getting up early when everyone was asleep and going out in the yard to work in the plants with him. He also took me to the store and I washed shelled and stacked shelves with him, to help the family sleep.

Daddy would break down and open the store to get something for a customer after hours. He would charge groceries to people when he really needed the money, and even though he didn't know when they could ever, if ever pay him. Many didn't pay him and after his death they refused to pay Mother because the debt had been to Lon Harding not her.

Daddy tried to help a young man, Earl Gilbert, who had broken into the store and stolen groceries to hide in the hills above Inkom, Id. when the authorities looked for him after stealing an airplane in Ogden, Ut. Earl was forgiven by Daddy, who took a saxophone on the debt, and really tried to help him.

Daddy was tolerant and forgiving of many people. One especially I think of is Reta Bronson. She had had an illegitimate child and many people did not accept her or her son. She was hired to help Mother and her son was welcome in our home. She became one of the family in so many ways and Mother loved her so much that she wanted Daddy to marry Rete if she died, which was expected. She never expected she would outlive Daddy by 20 years.

It's harder to think of any bad things about my Dad. He was so proud of his family. He thought he had the smartest, most talented kids in the whole world. He wasn't afraid to let the world know it and sometimes it would disturb other jealous people.

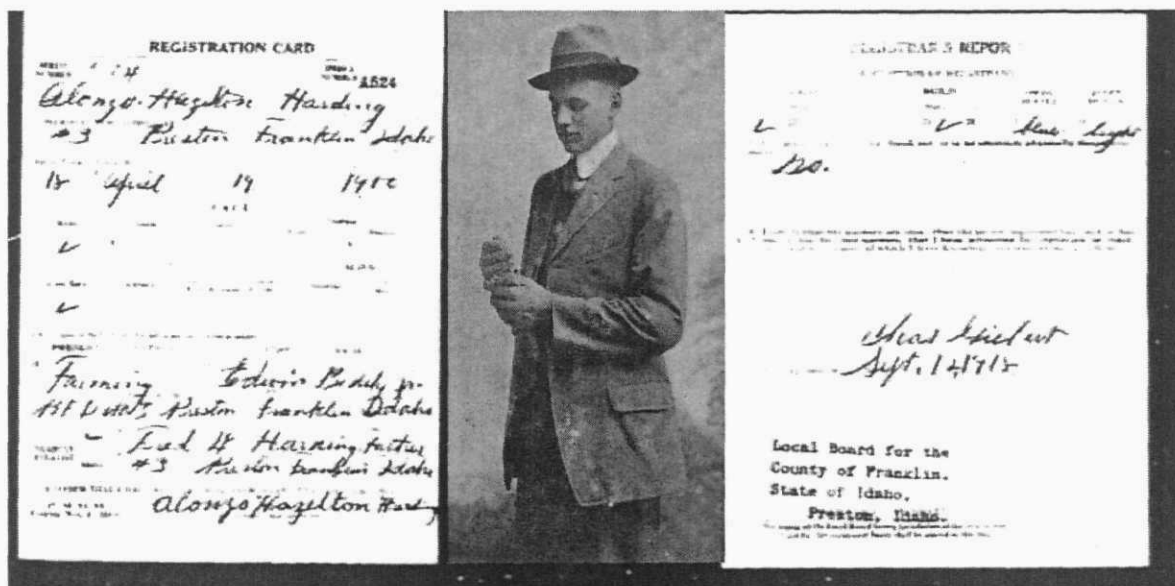
Daddy had a temper, I've been told. He would stand up to anyone in a political argument or any other subject that he felt strong about. He'd keep it going until he wore the other person down, and they'd give up before he would.

Daddy was strong and worked to the point of being ridiculous at times. Mother used to tell about, he was determined he was the strongest body in the area. He would challenge people to lift, or pressing scales the greatest. He was never beat. He could lift 500# scale wt.

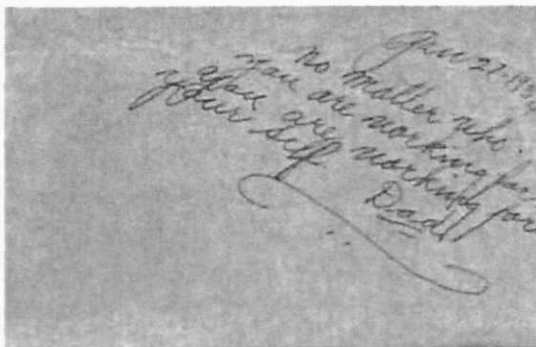
Daddy wanted obedience and perfection in all things. Even though he encouraged us to read, our work had to be done first. I just don't remember in my life being at the end of discipline with Daddy. I think because I was very ambitious and got along well with him.

Daddy held the Priesthood as a Seventy. When asked to go on a mission and leave his family he said, "Give me 10 years to get my family settled (Mother being so ill) and I'll go.

Ten years later he was called home to heaven for his mission.



Lon's Draft Registration for World War I - 1918



THE MOTTO DAD LIVED BY AND HOPED THAT ALL OF HIS DESCENDANTS WOULD DO THE SAME.

Fairview Franklin Co., Idaho
March 14, 1917

A blessing by James Reed McNeil Patriarch upon the head of Alonzo Hazelton Harding son of Fred Harding and Lucy Handy, born April 19, 1900 at Preston, Idaho.

Brother Alonzo, I place my hands upon thy head according to the desire of thy heart and give unto thee a blessing. Thou art a son of Joseph who was sold into Egypt through the loins of Ephraim. It is thy privilege to enjoy all the blessing pertaining to the new and everlasting covenant; even a fullness of the holy priesthood which will be conferred upon thee in time. It is your privilege to go into the world and preach the gospel. There shall cross the mighty deep and labor with people in a foreign land. If thou art faithful the Lord will bless thee and magnify thee in the eyes of the people. Put away from thyself all light-minded-ness and see to it that the sins of the world do not overtake thee. Listen to the counsel of the servants of God. Remember that no man can prosper who sets himself up against the Lords anointed. Thou shall be blessed with a companion and with sons and daughters and they shall be a comfort and blessing unto thee during all thy life. Thou shalt behold wonderful things on the earth even a desolating sickness that shall cover this land. Through faith thou shalt be preserved. The gift of faith shall attend thee, for thou shalt lay thy hands upon many and they shall recover. Fear not to exercise this gift to the well-being and comfort of the saints, for as thou shalt exercise it, it will become a power in thee for good. It is thy privilege to see the Ten Tribes when they come from the land of the north, and labor with them in bestowing upon them the blessings of the Holy Priesthood. Thou shalt behold the Lamanites when they are white and delight-some people, assist in the erection of temples and laboring therein for thyself and thy kindred dead. In thy days thou shalt see that the Jews shall return to Jerusalem and build that holy city which will become the envy of the world. Remember these blessings will come to thee through thy faithfulness in keeping the commandments of God. Therefore go forth and be sober and upright and the Lord is with thee to the end of they days. I seal thee up against the powers of darkness until the day of redemption. Then shall be caught up in the clouds of heaven and meet thy Redeemer when He comes to earth to reign and with Him in the earth during the thousand years of the millennium with thy wives and children. In the name of Jesus Christ Amen.

Preston, April 27, 1924

Blessing by John Edward Dalley, patriarch, upon the head of Alonzo Hazelton Harding son of Frederick William Harding and Lucy Elnora Handy Harding born at Preston, Oneida (now Franklin County) Utah, April 19, 1900.

Alonzo Hazelton Harding in the authority of the holy priesthood and of my calling as Patriarch, I lay my hands upon thy head and seal upon thee a patriarchal, or father's blessing.

The Lord loves thee, dear brother, and has in store a rich out pouring of His Holy Spirit on the condition of your continued faithfulness, humility, obedience to His authority in the Church and thy zeal in the performance of thy duties as a servant of the Redeemer. Thou shalt grow in grace, and by humility and constant prayer thou shalt be prepared to discharge every duty required of thee by the authorities of the Church. Thy influence with the Heaven shall gradually grow and as a result, thy ability for doing more good shall increase from day to day.

Opportunities for service in the Church shall be afforded on every hand, and by heeding the calls, thy love for the work shall greatly increase, and the beauty thereof shall be unfolded to thy understanding. The Gospel, in time, shall be as an open book. Thy heart has not yet been touched, thy eyes hath not seen, neither has the ear heard the depth and scope of the great plan of salvation.

Thou shalt have much wholesome influence with the young in leading them from error into the glorious light of eternal truth, thus enabling them to escape the pitfall of Satan.

Thou shalt take part in the redemption of Zion and in the erection of the Temple in Jackson County, Missouri. Indeed thou shalt be connected with all the great works of the Church preparatory to the coming of the redeemer.

It shall also be given to read, in great plainness, the signs of the times and thus to prepare thyself for the great events as they come to pass.

Thou shalt do a great work in the Temples of the Lord for thy dead kindred, by means of dreams, visions, and if necessary by the visitation of thy departed loved ones thou shalt gain information as to their genealogy. The work is of such importance that the Heavens are cooperating with the Saints now living in hastening it along.

Thou shalt be the father of numerous and righteous posterity who shall add honor to thy name and be a credit to the Church of Christ.

Thou shalt be a wise counselor, a safe guide, and a mighty statesman in the Kingdom of God. No service required of thee by the authorities of the Church shall be too difficult of accomplishment if thou shalt remain humble and continue to put trust in the Lord. Thy faith shall never waiver, neither shall thy integrity in any wise slacken.

It shall yet be thy privilege to go upon a mission to the nations of the world. Thou shalt have such success, under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, in adding many to the fold of Christ.

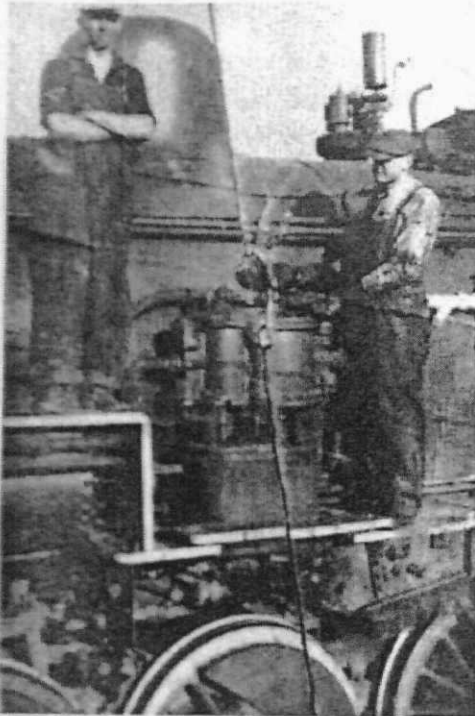
Thou art of Ephraim and art entitled to all the blessings promised to Abraham and his seed, on condition of thy faithfulness.

I seal thee up into eternal life to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection.

In the name of Jesus Christ. Amen

John E. Dalley, Patriarch

Lon Harding in 1922, on one of the locomotives in the round house for the Oregon Short line in Pocatello, Idaho. Lon was a Fireman on the U. P. when they were married. He fired from about 1920 to 1924. He quit because he loved home and was away when he was on the rail road. They then went to Fairview and took over a farm a



Form S 12-3M-10-23

FINAL WITHDRAWAL CARD
BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE
FIREMEN AND ENGINEMEN

Pocatello, May 30 1924

Brother **A.H. Harding**
Lodge No. **113** has announced his intention of withdrawing from the Order, and this card is given him as substantial evidence that he has paid all assessments in his lodge and the Grand Lodge, that he is required by law to pay, and he leaves the Brotherhood honorably.

Donald Sullivan President
JAS. D. CAWLEY Financial Secretary

LODGE SEAL

short distance from Vaughn Larsen present farm.

<<<{Lon Standing on the right}

Rue standing in front of the farm home in Fairview, Idaho holding Norma, Anna standing at her side. >>>>



<<< Lon Harding standing in front of his most prized store. Anna, Norma and DeWayne standing by his side. We must not overlook the neat Oakland car in the back ground.

The Frederick William and Lucy

Elenora Handy Harding family picture taken about 1908. The four boys standing left to right. Lyman William, Albert Frederick, Samuel Preston, Leonard Marion. Sitting on father Frederick William's lap is Ray Allen.

Front row left to right: Robert Vernon, Alonzo Hazelton, with Eliza on her mother Lucy Elenora's lap. Shown below right is Mary Handy and Willis Benjamin Harding who were born after the above picture.

Lucy died 14 Sept. 1914

leaving Frederick W. with seven young children

Francis Maria

Fletcher came into his life

through Charles Herbert

Smith family who

emigrated to America.

Maria did sewing and

helping the Smith's in

Gravesend, England.

Maria was a very

compassionate woman. She

took care of her mother and father until they both had passed away.

Deferring her marrying until she was

well along in life. She was 48 years

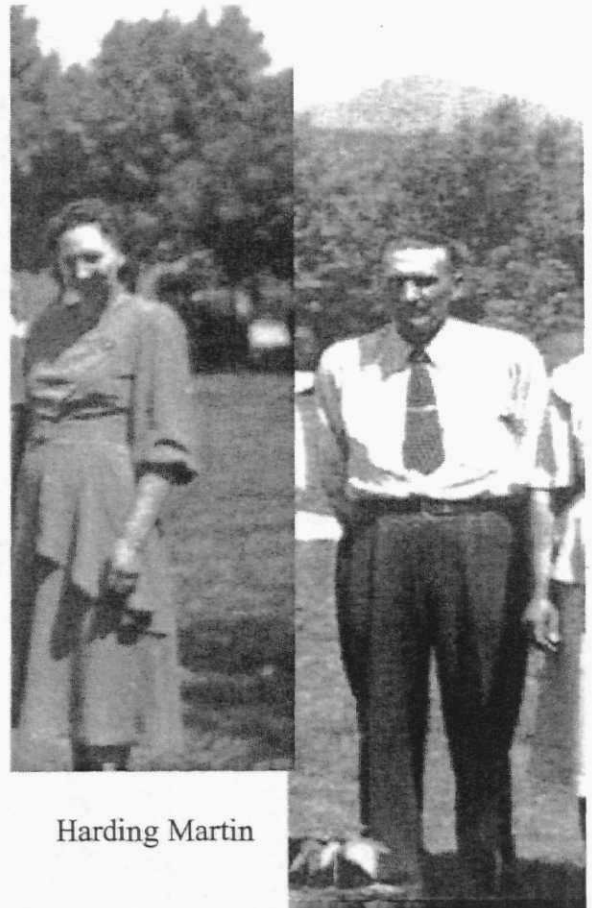
old, when she married Frederick, 16

Feb 1916, loving and caring for his

mother-less children, "what a saint she was.



Frederick William
Harding
Francis Maria Fletcher



Mary Handy

Harding Martin

Willis Benjamin Harding

The History of Margaret Rue Larsen Harding

This is a picture of our mother,
Margaret Rue Larsen Harding.

She was a special mother to
seven wonderful children that
she had to raise alone, with many
challenges.

Mother, we are indebted
to you for your love, teaching,
and instilling the gospel into our
lives.

“WE LOVE YOU MOTHER”



Left: This is Rue and her seven
children..



Back Row: Norma age 13,
Anna 15, Carol 9, DeWayne 11.
Front Row: Blake 5, Margaret 7,
Rue, Spencer 2, on his mothers lap.
*Picture taken 1939 shortly after their
father's death..*

Memories of My Mother – Margaret Rue Larsen Harding By Norma Harding Szymanski

Mother was born in a two-room log cabin just across the Utah Border into Idaho. She was the second child of Alexander Willard Larsen and Anna Jamison Larsen. She was born on July 25, 1902. Her Dad later built a house just a half-mile across the Utah Border. It was here that she lived most of her childhood.

I remember a few things that Mother told me about her childhood. They had to walk to school and would walk across the fields about a mile to the old Fairview School House. Mother excelled in spelling in school and thankfully she passed this on to me. She said she would ache something terrible, especially in the winter but she was told that this was just growing pains. She was left with a lot of the household chores, as her Mother would go out nursing people. I think this increased, as the children grew older. Grandma Larsen was Relief Society President and had been nursing someone with Typhoid Fever. She first got pneumonia and Typhoid Fever before she recovered from this and she died as a result. .

At the time of her Mother's death, Mother was also sick and for the first time she was seen by a Doctor and he diagnosed her with Rheumatic Fever. Unfortunately it had already done some damage to her heart. She was very talented in many ways. She completed 8 grades of school, but did not go on to High School. She did attend a dressmaking class at the Utah State University. She was so talented in this regard she could make anything without a pattern. She would cut a pattern from newspaper and make the most beautiful clothes.

She also had a nice voice and was singing with her sister Leda in Sacrament meeting one Sunday when she looked down and saw this man sitting by her brother Urven. She lost her voice. It was love at first sight. This turned out to be my Dad. There were many things, like dancing, that Mother could not do, but Dad fell in love with her and even though she had heart problems they were married. They were married on November 15, 1922 in the Logan Utah Temple. Dad was working on the railroad stationed in Pocatello, Idaho so they moved to Pocatello. Mother didn't like living there as Dad was gone so much that she felt uncomfortable. Dad hated leaving her alone so much also. Mother gave birth to my sister Anna on September 23, 1923. It wasn't too long after this that they moved back to Fairview and worked with Uncle Urven farming Grandpa's farm, which was just across the road from the house Uncle Vaughan and Aunt Geneva live in. I was born in this house, which no longer stands, on September 13, 1925. I remember there was a beautiful yellow rose bush by the house. I have always loved the yellow rose bushes that the pioneers planted.

Dad later purchased the farm that was just 2 miles north of the Utah state line. My brother DeWayne was born here on December 1, 1927. Mother's health was declining and the Doctor told her that she shouldn't have any more children.

I remember how hard Mother had to work here. She had a washing machine with a wooden tub. She had to work the tub by hand and also the ringer was operated by hand. Mother was a perfectionist in all she did and her house was always spotless. She had to work terribly hard to keep it this way. Besides keeping her own home and sewing for herself and her children, Mother would sew burial clothes and dress those who had passed on.

The store in Fairview had burned down and my Dad thought he would like to run a little store. He had no experience in this but Mother had so they bought the lot that the old store had stood on and they rented out the farm and moved into a little two room house across the street from Grandpa's farm that was just ½ mile North of the Utah State line. We lived there while Dad built the store and built a two- bedroom house onto the store. Carol was born in the two room home on December 19, 1929.

Each child that Mother had was harder for her to give birth to and her heart was getting worse. I remember pushing Carol in a stroller and going up to the store and the house as they were building it. I believe it was the summer after she was born that we were able to move into our home. Mother would help Dad some in the store and she always made sure that he had a clean shirt, and a clean white apron to wear every day.

We had a lot of excitement while living there on the store. Dad sold beer and some of the farmers from Lewiston would come up and drink. They would get loud and sometimes slept off their drunk on the floor of the store. There was a real good profit in beer, but Mother got fed up and told Dad that either the beer went or she did. Of course the beer went. My Mother and Dad had a wonderful marriage as they loved each other very much.

They had dances in the old dance hall, which stood about 1/4 mile west of the corner where the church stood and the store stood across the road from the church. Mother and Dad would go to these dances and take all of us kids. Mother would sit on the benches and watch the kids as she wasn't able to dance because of her heart condition. Dad would take us kids out one at a time and he would tell us to stand on his feet and he would dance with us. I think we all learned to waltz by dancing with our father.

Mother would get her wash out on the line before the neighbors did, and of course it had to be whiter than any other wash in the neighborhood. She had a good electric Maytag washer by this time. Mother was still sewing and dressing the dead. I also remember her sewing for members of the families of the dead if they were in need of something. Mother also did beautiful handwork. She could crochet without looking and would accomplish so much in so little time. Unfortunately this was a gift she didn't give me. Although I do crochet it seems to take me forever to get a project done. Mother taught us that we were to wash on Monday, Iron on Tuesday, I don't remember what we did the rest of the week except on Saturday and we would strip the beds, put the top sheet on the bottom and a clean sheet on top and the sheet we took off the bed was put in the laundry. We had lots of sheets in the laundry each week. Mother was also a perfectionist when it came to ironing. Every thing got ironed even our underwear and the overalls. Mother was the only one who could iron Uncle Art's white shirts and please him. Anyway besides stripping and making the bed's on Saturday we would vacuum the house, including the living room furniture. We would also wash out the cupboards and refrigerator and wash and wax the linoleum floors and of course I cannot forget to dust everything. Mother's house was always spotless. Usually when we were ready to scrub the floors someone would go over to the store and take over for Dad and he would come and scrub the floors. We were all taught to do these chores. When we would get done at home we would go over to the store and help Dad. There were always shelves to be scrubbed. When we got freight in before it went on the shelf they had to be cleaned. Dad was as fussy about things as Mother was and he was told often that he had the cleanest little store in the country.

Sometime after opening the store the fellow that was renting the farm was to pay the loan on the farm. He failed to do this and did not tell Dad. At that time anyone could buy the papers on the property from the bank and Aunt Tyra, Grandpa's wife did this and she foreclosed on the farm

without notifying Dad. She also did this on Grandpa's farm across from her home, and William Wiser's home. She gave each of these farms to her daughters. Needless to say this caused a rift in the family. This was during the great depression and things were really tough.

Anna and I would work the store while Dad would go out and work for \$1.00 a day to try to make ends meet.

It seems the Lord felt Mother was to have more children and she delivered Margaret on June 29, 1931. Blake was born February 9, 1934.

Two years later on Christmas Day Mother went into labor with Spencer, but he wasn't born until December 28, 1936. Her labor was brought on by a heart attack and since I have grown up and have an understanding of such things I have felt that Spencer was born premature. These were the days that Mother's didn't confide such things to their daughters. Spencer cried for the first six-months of his life. The opening into his stomach hadn't developed and as a result he never got enough to eat to satisfy him. The summer after he was born Dad took Mother to Salt Lake to have something done. Since we were never told what, I know that it had to do with female problems. At this time Spencer and I went to Aunt Mary's and since she also had a baby it was my responsibility to care for Spencer. He was put on milk from a Jersey cow and it seemed to agree with him for he stopped crying while we were there. Mother was very happy about this.

Mother kept a scrapbook and in it she had a few pages from a notebook that Dad had written. It starts with Dec. 24, 1936. As follows: In the morning Rue had a heart attack and we worked with her all day. I was a little afraid we were not going to have a very happy Christmas, but we had the Doctor down twice and we had the Elders to administer to her and we pulled her through it in fair shape with a little pleurisy in her lungs. With Faith and Works she has improved and on the 28th day of December the baby was born and we were all much happier than we thought we would be. Aunt Mollie was helping us. We got along in fine shape and Hazel Comish from Cove was here to cook our New Years dinner. Friday, January 1, 1927, I took inventory all day. It was very cold. Very little business. Saturday 2, I came to the store at 8 A.M. and have had a very good day. COLD WEATHER! Rue has been poulticed for pleurisy all day. Warmer and snowing at night. Sunday January 3rd -Very cool weather. Stayed home all day. Margaret and Carol went to Leda's, Norma and Anna went sleigh riding. Monday 4th, went to Logan for paint for Church and to Smithfield for hardware. Levi Bodily went to Logan with me. Inspected cattle in town. Tuesday 5th, Cold weather, in store all day. Wednesday 6th, 11 below zero. Went to Logan. Jess stayed in store. Inspected cattle in Whitney. Put 3 lights in Charles Gilberts house, 1 in schoolhouse. Thursday 7th, Very cold all day and tonight it is very cold about 10 below. Aunt Mollie is going home. 18 below. Friday 8th, Very cold weather at sugar beet factory 25 ½ below. Saturday 9th, Change of weather. Warmer and ready for snow. Snowing. Sunday 10th, Monday 11th, Tuesday 12th, Wednesday 13th, Snowing. Thursday 21st, at beet factory 30 below zero. Friday 22nd, very cold and cloudy. Saturday 23rd, Cold weather, out of coal. Sunday 24, Very cold, still out of coal. Monday 25th and Tuesday 26th, Very cold still out of coal. Wednesday 27th, Very cold still expecting car of coal. Thursday 14th, Friday 15th, Saturday 16th, Snowing. Sunday 17th, Snowing Attendance at Church 6. Monday 18th, Snowing, Roads blocked. Tuesday 19th, Snowing KSL warning people to stay off the highways. All roads blocked. School goes home in sleighs. At the factory it was 32 below zero. Thursday January 28th, Coal came in about 4:00 P.M. They could not get me. Stove Coal. I'm not feeling well. Friday 29th, Had Vern yesterday and still unloading coal. Almost sick. Saturday 30th, Stayed in store all day, but was not well. Sunday 31st, Stayed home because I was sick all day. Hired Vern Hinckley in store. Monday February 1, 1936 Still sick in bed. Dr. Worley was down. Tuesday 2nd, Sick in bed, very bad weather. Dr.

Worley was down. Wednesday 3rd. Rue, Me, Blake sick. Norma, Margaret had serum for Scarlet Fever. Thursday 4th, Bad weather, still sick, all quarantined with Scarlet Fever. Friday 5th, Bad weather still sick. Saturday 6th, Mildred Egbert has worked for us since the first of February. Sunday 7th. All in, froze Ice Cream so I got worse, got the hives, spent a bad night. All bloated up. Monday 8th, Dr. Worley came down, pronounced Lon had heart trouble, dropsy, and bad kidneys and must stay in bed for at least one week, bloat going down at night. Tuesday 9th, Blake's birthday 3 years old. Sick with hives. Doc Worley was down, Rue had to go to bed for 4 days due to her heart. Wednesday 10th, Lon got up yesterday from heart attack and kidney trouble. Rue is feeling better.

Thursday, 11th, The sun is shining, Rue is feeling better. Car of slack coal is in. Friday 12th, Blake is very sick with rheumatism. 12 midnight Rue had a heart attack. Heart actually stopped, is feeling better this morning. Saturday 13th, Rue is feeling better. Blake is better and running around the house. Rue is still in bed. We called the Doctor. He said that the children could go to school on Monday. I went to the store. Sunday 14th, Mildred went to Sunday school and then went home coming back tonight. Rue is feeling better. We fumigated the house today with sulfur. Vern is still in the store. Monday 15th, Rue sat up. Lon went to Logan to find a key for the gas tank and failed. The Doctor said Lon was fine. Rue is better.

I found this diary very interesting and felt that the family would also.

I only remember my Mother and Father having crosswords one time in all my life. One Sunday morning Mother discovered that Dad didn't have a clean shirt to wear to work the next morning that didn't need mending. She found one with a hole in the sleeve and cut the sleeves off and hemmed them. When Dad found that she had mended his shirt on Sunday he was very upset and told her so. What a wonderful marriage they had and how lucky we seven children were to have them as parents.

We used to take a ride up Cub River Canyon on Sunday afternoons some times as if we were home people would come and beg Dad to open the store for one thing or another. These outings to the canyon were something we all loved to do.

Around the year 1931 the folks had the house moved off the store and it was added on to. The living room was made larger and a kitchen was also added on so that we had a living room and a kitchen and a basement below the original part of the house. How wonderful it was to have more room for the family was getting larger all the time.

Mother and Dad had never had a vacation before so in the summer of 1938 they decided they would go to Portland, Oregon for the Red and White convention. Aunt Mollie came and stayed with us kids and Wilma Bodily and Anna took care of the store. They were gone for two weeks. They had visited with Dad's brother Sam in Portland and came back through Yellowstone Park. They were so happy and so proud of how well we all did while they were gone. They had had such a good time.

Mother and Dad would have to go to Salt Lake to refinance every December and they did so in 1938. Things were really hard during the depression so it was always a worry that one time the bank would refuse to loan them any more money. If my memory serves me correctly they left on Monday December 6th for Salt Lake. Aunt Mollie Jamison took care of us kids while they were gone. Vern Hinckley or Uncle Nig always took care of the store while Dad was gone in the winter. They were to be home Friday night, but they weren't home when we expected them and when the phone rang Anna answered it. It was for Grandpa and he was over at the house visiting with Aunt Mollie and seeing how us kids were doing. I was in the store with Anna and when the phone rang a voice said to me, "GET VERN." He was over at the church playing basketball and I

ran and got him so he was ready to take Grandpa to Ogden after Grandpa got off the phone. A drunken lady had run into Mom and Dad and had gone on to hit the car behind them. This lady had been to a birthday party for her Godson and she was very drunk and her husband had passed out on the seat beside her. Mother said she remembered seeing lights and Dad tried to avoid being hit by going into the ditch on their side of the road. Dad had internal injuries and broken bones and had he lived he would have been paralyzed. Somehow he lived from Friday night until Sunday morning December 11th 1938. Mother went through the windshield and was almost scalped. She was bleeding bad but when she was pulled from the car there was a little water in the ditch and she came to and realized she was bleeding so she put pressure on the artery in her neck and they said if she hadn't done this she would have bled to death. She was almost scalped and had bad scars on her forehead the rest of her life.

She was transported to the old McKay Dee hospital in the back of a pick up. She and Dad were in separate rooms but she could hear Dad crying, Rue and moaning and it was a very hard time for her. She had wanted to go home after Dad died and the Doctors asked her who her Doctor was. Dr. States was her Doctor but they didn't know him so she told them Dr. Worley and they were well acquainted with him so they let her go home on Tuesday in his care. Dad's funeral was on Thursday and Mother's brothers carried her across the street on a hospital Gurney. Dr. Worley was by her side during the funeral. After the funeral she was carried back home and he stayed with her while the family went to the cemetery. Having lost my husband I can't imagine how hard this must have been for her. After we had all returned home she had a heart attack. Dr. Worley tried to revive her but said there was nothing more he could do for her that she was gone. Grandpa Larsen knelt by her bedside and pleaded with the Lord to let her live. Mother said she was in the most beautiful place that she had ever seen but when she heard Grandpa she opened her eyes and saw Anna in the corner of the room crying and she realized she had to live, so she also asked the Lord to let her live to raise her family. Fortunately for us the Lord granted her wish and we had our Mother to guide us. She spent 3½ years bedfast and only able to walk to the bathroom. She assigned each of us our chores and we did them faithfully each morning for the Doctor had warned us that if she saw dust or anything we had forgotten she would go do it and we didn't want her to have another heart attack. Spencer was only 2 when Dad was killed so he didn't have any chores for a few years, but I remember he wasn't very old when he started shaking the throw rugs.

As Mother got stronger she would sit on the edge of the bed and sew our clothes. There were special things I remember she made for me. I had a plaid wool skirt and vest that I loved when I was in High School. She also made me a black and white wool checked suit after I was out of school that I wore to work a lot. I remember taking it to the cleaners and when I went to get it they couldn't find it. I kept going back for it and one day the owner of the cleaners told me that he saw my suit walking down the street on the back of a former employee. Naturally he paid me for it but the money didn't mean as much as the suit. Mother made clothes for all the kids. One experience I had was when she had made a dress for me and she had me stand on the bed while she measured the hem. All of a sudden I fainted and bumped my head on the edge of the bed. Mother insisted I go to the Doctor the next day but there was nothing wrong with me.

Speaking of Doctor's, Dr. Worley was a Godsend to us as he literally adopted the family. He had horses in Lewiston and every time he went down there he would drop in and check on us. He had sung his way through school and he would just walk in singing Figaro, Figaro, Figaro. He would also take out a handkerchief and fold it somehow so that it would become a mouse then he would breathe the breath of life in it and it would jump up his arm. He really entertained Blake

and Spencer doing this. He also always had a joke to make Mother laugh. I was in the 9th Grade when he stopped in one night. He had delivered several babies that day and was worn out. He said he would always drive after a hard day to relax. Anyway he was almost out of gas so Mother opened the store for him and he walked her back home. He told her not to turn on her light for he didn't want people to talk and they sat and visited for a while. The next morning Uncle Bry came in and told us that Dr. Worley had had a massive heart attack and died just as he got inside his door that night. It was very hard on our family, as he had become very dear to all of us. When Mother talked to Mrs. Worley she said he had loved our family and had told her that if Mother should pass away he wanted to adopt Spencer and Blake.

Little did he know that Anna and I had made a pact that should that happen we would somehow keep our family together.

The following are things that Mother wrote after Dad was killed. Of her father she called him a very sweet man. Quote: Lon respected and loved my Father more than any man. He was Lon's ideal.

Thank God I had him with me to give me courage to go on and fight when life seemed so dark. He had surely been a great comfort and support to me. He came to the hospital as soon as he received the news. It has been 8 weeks since Lon's passing. Father has been to see me every day and he stayed with me while I was so ill.

Yes Dad, Thank you for making me see my duty. It would have been so easy for me to have chosen the easier way when death was so near that night of December 16th.

Father is a man of great Faith and the Lord heard and answered his prayers and pleading unto him that night.

It would have been so nice to have gone on with Lon that night. If only my family had been raised.

I hope Father may be permitted to live to be with me in raising my family. That is such a big task. God Bless You Dad.

My family has all been such a comfort to me. Arthur came from California on Tuesday, December 13th, and stayed until Friday the 16th. Then they called him in Ogden when I came nearly dying on Friday night, so he didn't leave until Sat. night.

Urven, & Ethel, Leda, Anneta & Carl, Bry & Priel, Vaughan, Tyra, my four oldest children, Vern Hinkley, Charlie & Eliza, Mary & Ray, & Grandpa Harding, Lon's uncle Dave Handy from Ogden were all very kind and came to see me in the hospital. Those were such terrible days. End of Quote

Mother wrote more in her scrapbook. The following are her words. Quote: How we tried to carry on the Spirit of Christmas. Urven brought the children a tree and they decorated it. It was in the corner of the room where their Fathers casket was just 10 day before. Lon was buried just 10 days before Christmas. We will never be able to enjoy Christmas Day again, or Carols birthday, or DeWayne's or Spencer's for they all come in December. We will always dread those December days.

Everyone tried so hard to make Christmas a happy day for us. Father played Santa Claus and brought Margaret and Carol lovely snowsuits. Anna, Norma, and Myself slips. Blake and Spencer Trains, & DeWayne a nice gift. Anneta and Carl prepared a lovely dinner for us, but I don't know what I ate. The children and myself received lovely gifts from Urven & Ethel, Bry & Priel, Leda & Nig(Alma), Anneta & Carl & Vaughan, & Dimon and Sadie gave us a chicken, & hosts of friends sent lovely Xmas cards.

About 1:00 O'Clock Arthur called from Covina, California to see how I was and wished us

a merry Xmas.

Kay Luthy also sent me a lovely box of homemade candy & Aunt Annie called with a gift from the ward (A box of Chocolates). Mary gave the children gifts and me a chicken. She was with me the 4 days before Xmas, helped make Xmas candy with Anneta. All my family called for a while Xmas day. Priel was very miserable. Her baby was born four days later.

Lon's brother Lyman called from Twin Falls one night just before Xmas to see how I was.

I came out into the living room on the ambulance cot and stayed a few hours. It was a very hard day. I don't know how I ever got through it, as well as the days before and since, but I must carry on. Perhaps time will heal the wounds in my heart, but now after eight weeks I feel the loss greater now than ever, but perhaps with the help of the Lord I will be able to stand it. I never want to forget. I am thankful at this time for our Gospel and the Belief we have that is such a comfort. End of Quote.

Mother wrote the following and I will copy it as written. The terrible accident that resulted in the death of my beloved husband and come nearly claiming my life also happened on Dec. 9, 1938 about 5 mi. north of Ogden on a wide beautiful new road.

We had been to Salt Lake city on business and had been very successful and were very happy as we had been very much financially distressed and we had been able to do the things we wanted to get a loan that would give us a break so we could see our way clear to get out of Debt; but our happiness was short lived. Anneta and baby were with us coming home for a visit. They were hurt but not serious.

It happened about 7:00 P.M. all caused by a drunken woman and man. She was traveling south at a very fast rate of speed, drove into our car front left side taking wheel, fender, front door, running board, then went on and hit the car back of us taking door, and running board, and broke their car frame into her car, went on a few feet farther and turned around on the opposite side of the road.

The people, Woodlands from Willard, said Lon pulled his car almost off the road to avoid being hit. They thought he turned out for a horse or cow so they did the same or they would have been hit worse. She hurt three in their car.

I saw lights and was out. The rest seemed as a dream. I was conscious first when my shoes came off in the wet mud when they got me out of the car.

The hours and days that followed were terrible. I am sure Anneta made me realize my condition, so I held my jugular veins, which saved me from bleeding to death. (Mother went through the windshield and was cut from one side of her forehead in a circle to the other side of her forehead. She was taken to the old Dee hospital in the back of a pickup).

They brought Lon in the ambulance. I knew he was hurt terrible, but they wouldn't tell me. Father came about 3 hours after the accident. Vern Hinckley took him down. Vern was at the store while we were gone and Aunt Mollie with the children. They were nearly frantic at home.

Lon suffered terribly the first night, but knew people till the last 12 hours. He called the Children and myself continually and he would say Rue Kiss Me. He was across the hall and I could hear him. His neck was completely broken and one vertebrae driven into the spinal column. He had bad head injuries, both legs were broken, and he was terribly broken up inside. He was paralyzed from his neck down and never breathed through his lungs after he was hit. He breathed through his abdomen.

Father, Dave Handy, and Charlie Smith were with me when Lon died. The Doctor told me after Lon passed away that he had never known anyone to breathe after their neck was broken as Lon's was and he would have been paralyzed had he have lived. So I feel the Lord was merciful

to take him.

I feel now Lon at your passing that I have nothing to fear for you. I know you are all right, if I can only be as ready to go when my call comes. We have been very happy and our Love has grown with the years. I feel no bitterness with the Lord, but it's hard to understand why he should separate two people that loved each other as we did so early in life. You were such a Loving Husband and Father and your children surely loved you and are grieving over you.

I am proud to have been your wife and the mother of your children. If I can be successful in raising these precious children, I shall be happy when we meet again in heaven if you can say well-done Rue. I believe love as ours can endure forever. I think it began in the pre-existence world.

Lon dear your life was short, not much longer than the Savors. only 38 years, but you have lived a very full life. You were the father of a large family, seven lovely children. You have learned to do many things with your hands. You were a good farmer, fireman on the railroad, a successful businessman. You loved to beautify and build things, make improvements in home and community. You would have been a good gardener. I am sure if you can choose your work in Heaven it will be with trees, flowers, and birds. You have made more friends and acquaintances than most men do in a lifetime. You were faithful to God and Country. You always paid your bills. You were one of the most honest and clean persons I have ever known.

You never wasted a minute's time of your life from the time I knew you. You never indulged in bad habits, drinking and smoking, so what more can anyone get out of life. Only more years.

Lon the greatest comfort to me was seeing you in the Robes of the Holy Priesthood and knowing it will only be a matter of time if I remain Faithful until we meet again. So God give me strength and may he spare me until my children are grown and may the years not seem too long.

People have been very kind to me Dear. Ivy Bodily stayed with me Tuesday night and we talked and cried most all night. Aunt Annie Gilbert also slept with me one night. Also Sister Bertha Whittle and Vella Rawlings. Aunt Mollie has sure been faithful to me. God Bless her. Mary has been very sweet. She stayed over 3 weeks. She and Ray had trouble again. What a pity. Hope things will be all right now for her. She is a sweet sister.

Mother also wrote the following.

LEST I FORGET THESE.

Sweet thoughts of my 5 year old son Blake talking to me of his Father's death one afternoon about two weeks after the tragic accident. Our conversation went something like this.

Mother what did you go for? I didn't want you to go, I was going to phone and tell you.

I said, "Son we had to go." He then asked, "Why didn't you go on the other side of the street?" I said, "Darling we were on the right side of the street, but the Lady was drunk and couldn't drive and came right over on our side and ran into our car. He then sat thinking: then said, "Mother does Jesus build houses up in heaven." No Dear, but Daddy will have a house built for us when we get up there. He will make it beautiful with Lawn and trees and flowers, even more beautiful than he has made it for us here. After some thought Blake asked, "What does Jesus do Mama, turn on the stars?" Yes Son! I think he does. "Will he let Daddy help him turn on the stars?" Yes Son: I think he will. "Mama are there two Jesus'?" No Son, Why? "So one could walk on each side of Daddy and take hold of his hands so he could walk." But Darling Jesus will heal Daddy so he can walk with Jesus without help and turn on the stars. "But Mama how will Jesus get Dad up to Heaven in that thing?" (Meaning casket) I then told him, Darling Jesus will send his Angels down to get Daddy and take him to Heaven. He was then satisfied about it.

After Blake graduated from High School he went to work at Hill Field. He soon found an apartment for Mother and Spencer and himself in Ogden. It must have been very hard for Mother to leave her home in Fairview, but there was no way that she could stay alone. It wasn't long after this that Edis Rawlings convinced her to marry him. She had traded her home and store for a home in Salt Lake and they lived there for 5 years until she passed away. She lived as she had been promised by the Lord to raise her family. She saw us all married for time and eternity in the Lord's temple.

Mother was such a special lady. She spent so many years in bed after Dad died, but she was able to help and guide us all while doing so. I missed so many of the last years of her life as I was in Minnesota and there wasn't money to go home. I would go home so she could see my new babies. I remember sewing for her the last time I was home. Her heart was so enlarged that I really had to alter the pattern so that it would fit her. It was hard to imagine that anyone could live with such an enlarged heart and the Doctors would tell her that she was someone walking around who should be dead. She loved beauty both indoors and out and somehow she always managed to make life beautiful for all of us. I treasured the letters that Mother wrote to me, but I am sure that she never really told me all the trials and tribulations that she had. They were always cheerful. I remember one letter she wrote when I was expecting Mary. I had not told her that I was pregnant. I didn't want her to worry. She said, "Norma there is something you are not telling me." I could not keep anything from her even though we were 1300 miles apart. When she passed away I was expecting Paul in just 2 weeks and I had had a lot of troubles during my pregnancy. I told the Doctor that Mother had died and I wanted to go to her funeral, but he said no. This was very hard for me to take, but I knew he was right. I would find myself writing letters to her and was unable to really accept her death until I was able to go to the cemetery and see her grave.

We children were so blessed to have had such a wonderful Mother. She has left a wonderful legacy for us to follow.

Uncle Vaughn ran the store for Mother, but he was married on the 20th of December so he and aunt Geneva lived with us until they got the little 2 room house that was the beginning of the house she now lives in cleaned and papered. Soon after this Aunt Mary and Lee left Ray and she came and lived with us and ran the store until she remarried. After this Uncle Bry took it over. Mother did not realize very much income from the store, but she was a good money manager and we somehow got along. A few years after Dad died the Bishop asked if we kids could take care of the church. It was a big undertaking for someone had to be in the building whenever there was a meeting. We all hated going down in the basement and stoking the old furnace to heat the building, and I remember chasing mice down the hall and trying to kill them. At this time there were meetings on Sunday morning and Sunday night so sacrament was taken both times so we would have to clean the trays and wash the glasses between meetings. In the summer we would have to take care of the yard. We did this until Anna graduated from High School and after that we all got jobs to help support the family. We received \$75. a month for taking care of the church.

During this time Mother had several heart attacks and one in particular I remember when she had a blood clot in her heart. We saw many miracles during this time as she never should have lived had the Lord not granted her wish to see her family raised.

When Anna met Doran she was very happy. I think she saw the beginning of her dream to see her family raised beginning. Then when I started corresponding with Thad I think she was hoping that he was a good guy and we would somehow get together. When he spent his furlough with us before going to Germany she was very happy. Thad was a big guy and Mother had been down and indoors for so long that he picked her up and took her to the car and we went up Cub

River Canyon. We lay her on a blanket by the river and she enjoyed the day so much. While he was here he would carry her out on the porch where she could sit and get some fresh air and sunshine. She loved Thad very much and approved of our marriage, but was very distraught when we lost our job and moved to Minnesota. It was very hard for me to leave her and the rest of my family, but sometimes life throws you a curve and you have to do what you have to do. Carol married Lavelle shortly after Thad and I were married and DeWayne and Clara soon followed. Margaret and Glen were married in 1951 and that left just Blake and Spencer at home with Mother. Blake got a job at Hill Field in Ogden so as soon as he could find an apartment for them he moved Mother to Ogden. The little apartment was close to Anna's so it worked out fine. Uncle Bry had left the store so Mother had it and the home up for sale. Soon after she traded it for a house on Princeton Avenue in Salt Lake City. Edis Rawlings had come and asked for her hand in marriage about this time as he had lost his wife and they had been good friends in Fairview. Mother had told him he should find himself a well woman, but he told her he didn't want a well woman he wanted her. They were married and he rented his home in South Salt Lake and they moved into the home on Princeton Ave. Blake and Spencer were making a life for themselves. I believe Spencer was a Junior or Senior in High School and he met Donna and they were married right out of High School. Blake had met JoAnn while she was a nursing student at the University of Utah. They were soon serious with each other and were married. In the meantime Mother was getting very crippled with arthritis besides having her heart problems. She would go with Edis to see the heart specialists and they would shake their head and say, "You are someone walking around who should be dead."

The last time I was home I sewed for Mother and I had to alter her dress on the left side and adjust for her heart was so enlarged that unless you saw it you would never believe it.

Blake was drafted into the service and in October of 1957 he was home on furlough before being sent to Germany. He and JoAnn got up early one morning and went to the Temple. When they came back the drapes hadn't been drawn so they knew something was wrong. When they went in Mother had gone in her sleep.

Mother passed away on October 25, 1957. I am sure that when she met Dad he said, "Well done Rue."

A Patriarchal Blessing - Given By Christian J. Larsen - Aug. 12, 1908-

Upon the head of Margaret Rue Larsen, daughter of Alexander Willard Larsen and Anna Jamison Larsen, born July 25, 1902 in Fairview, Oneida County, Idaho.

Margaret Rue I place my hands upon your head and by the seal of my priesthood I confer upon you a patriarchal blessing, and I say to you lift up your heart in thanksgiving to your Heavenly Father and be exceedingly glad that you have been born in the New and Everlasting Covenant, and have become entitled to all the blessing pertaining there unto and that you have been born of goodly parents and if you continue as you have done hither to, to be obedient to them, honor and respect them you shall never be led astray. The Lord loves you and will seal and protect you from the power of the evil one.

You shall have the spirit of wisdom and discernment to know good from evil, right from wrong, and light from darkness. It will be your privilege as well as your duty to become a leading star in the midst of your sect and be a teacher among the young and rising generation. Hence

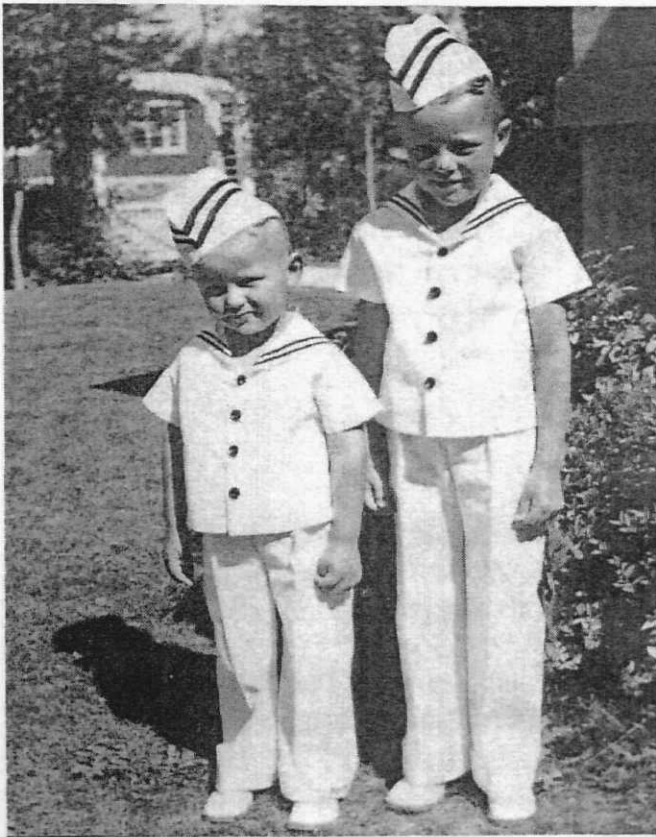
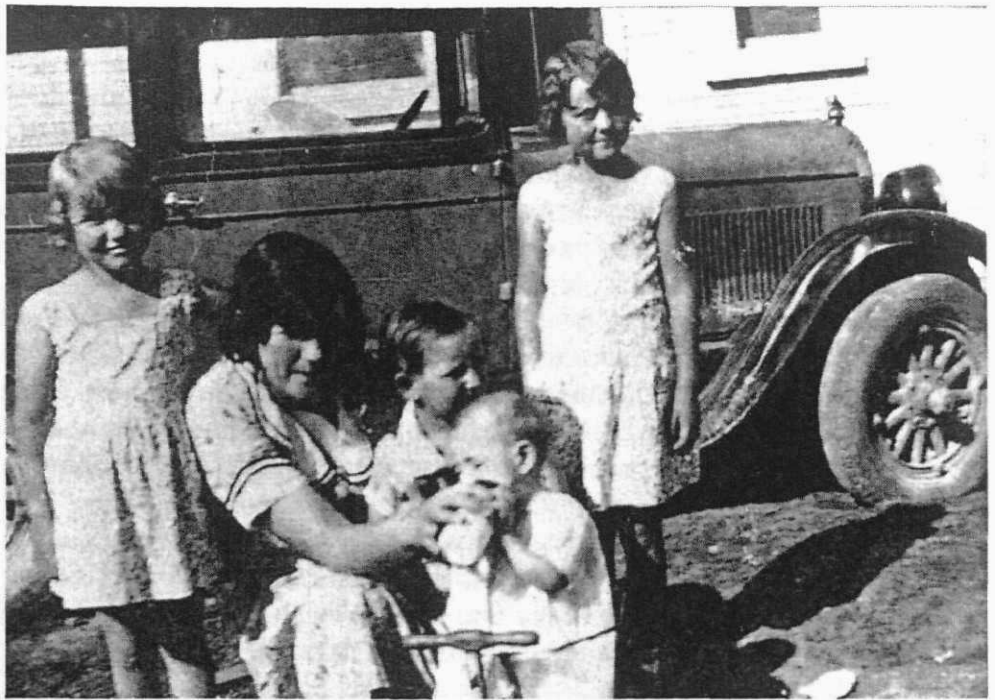
prepare your mind for the responsibility and you shall have great influence in the midst of the children of god. You will be loved and honored of them and you shall never lack for friends. You are a daughter of the house of Israel , through the seed of Jacob , and the lineage of Ephraim. You are entitled to all of the blessing given to the daughters of the house of Israel. You shall in due time be blessed of the Lord with a good and faithful companion that will be worthy to take you to the Temple of our God, where you shall receive all the blessings, gifts, and powers and sealing ordinances that will entitle you to a celestial glory in the kingdom of your Father in Heaven. And now my dear granddaughter I bless you with health and strength, both of body and mind that you may be able to bear up under all the burdens that shall be placed upon you even in this great and first commandment that was given to our first parent in the Garden of Eden to Multiply and Replenish the Earth and if you keep yourself clean and pure as you now you shall bring many souls into this world and you life shall be a happy one, and those souls shall be a star in your crown in the hereafter. Your name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life and shall never be blotted out.

When you grow to years of maturity read these saying and rejoice over them and they will be a comfort and consolation to you in your hours of trial. It is your privilege to live upon this earth and see the second coming of the Son of Man when he will come to reign. King of Kings and Lord of Lord. I seal upon you these blessings through your faithfulness and I seal you up unto Eternal Life by my office and calling in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen

Recorded by Lucile Scholes

This is Rue Harding with Norma, Anna, DeWayne, & Carol in the walker. In the back ground is the Harding's 1927 Oakland.

Picture taken in 1929



Spencer 3, & Blake 6.
Picture taken in 1940

Mama always kept us dressed so nice & neat. She made all our clothes. Picture was taken before Spencer's birth about 1935.

Right:
Anna 11,
Norma 9,
DeWayne 7,
Carol 5,
Margaret 3,
Blake 1,

Picture taken in 1934





Left:

I'm now two
years old and
holding my own.

< Spencer.

1938

"I dare you to
throw the first snowball!"

Spencer >



Mother and Blake at our
home in Fairview, Idaho
surrounded by holly
hocks.

1934

Blake: 2 ½ years old.

Blake 1937>>>



What a handsome brother,
DeWayne 17 years old.

We love you DeWayne.

(right)>>>>



Proud Grandma
Harding with her 5
grandchildren .
Lon , Carolyn,
Christine, Ruelene,
Dora Ann, how
sweet. (1949)
Taken at her home
in Fairview.



DeWayne with dog, Blake, and Spencer on
bike. Aren't they cute! About 1939

DeWayne and Carol
1930



What a treasure ! >>>>
Momma and her little
sons and their cowboy
dolls. 1939
<Carol, DeWayne, & Margaret



Rue Harding and her
children.
{1949}

Left to right:
Blake, Margaret,
Anna, Norma, Carol,
DeWayne.
Spencer and Rue.



Rue: Has had a great increase in her posterity I would say. Looks like about
Five new grandchildren.

Family Group Record- 3

Page 1 of 2

Husband				ALONZO HAZELTON HARDING-2SVB-T3			
Born	19 Apr 1900	Place	PRESTON, ONEIDA, IDAHO	LDS ordinance dates	Temple		
Christened	1 Jul 1900	Place	PRESTON, ONEIDA, IDAHO	Baptized	7 Jun 1908	LOGAN	
Died	11 Dec 1938	Place	OGDEN, WEBER, UTAH	Endowed	15 Nov 1922	LOGAN	
Buried	15 Dec 1938	Place	PRESTON, FRANKLIN, IDAHO	Sealed to parents	BIC		
Married	15 Nov 1922	Place	LOGAN, CACHE, UTAH	Sealed to spouse	15 Nov 1922	LOGAN	
Husband's father	FREDERICK WILLIAM HARDING-1RL7-6G			MRIN: 338			
Husband's mother	LUCY ELNORA HANDY-1RL7-7M						
Wife				MARGARET RUE LARSEN-2SVB-V8			
Born	25 Jul 1902	Place	FAIRVIEW, ONEIDA, IDAHO	LDS ordinance dates	Temple		
Died	25 Oct 1957	Place	SALT LAKE CITY, SALT LAKE, UTAH	Baptized	25 Jul 1910		
Buried		Place	PRESTON, FRANKLIN, IDAHO	Endowed	15 Nov 1922	LOGAN	
Other Spouse	Edis I Rawlings-BXGN-91			Sealed to parents	BIC		
Married	8 Nov 1952	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Sealed to spouse	MRIN: 327		
Wife's father	ALEXANDER WILLARD LARSEN-1K0K-KG			MRIN: 338			
Wife's mother	ANNA ELIZA JAMISON-1K0K-LM						
Children				List each child in order of birth.			
				LDS ordinance dates	Temple		
1 F ANNA HARDING-2SVB-SW							
Born	23 Sep 1923	Place	POCATELLO, BANNOCK, IDAHO	Baptized	10 Nov 1931		
Christened	4 Nov 1923	Place	POCATELLO, BANNOCK, IDAHO	Endowed	28 Jul 1943	LOGAN	
Died	7 Feb 2002	Place	South Ogden, Weber, Utah	Sealed to parents	BIC		
Buried	12 Feb 2002	Place	Ogden, Weber, Utah				
Spouse	DORAN HEAP ** BARLOW-2SVB-RQ			MRIN: 1			
Married	28 Jul 1943	Place	LOGAN, CACHE, UTAH	Sealed to spouse	28 Jul 1943	LOGAN	
2 F NORMA HARDING-64H0-R0							
Born	13 Sep 1923	Place	FAIRVIEW, FRANKLIN, IDAHO	Baptized	13 Sep 1933		
Christened	4 Oct 1925	Place	FAIRVIEW, FRANKLIN, IDAHO	Endowed	30 Nov 1945	LOGAN	
Spouse	THADDEUS SZYMANSKI-DG2C-PP			Sealed to parents	BIC		
Married	28 Nov 1945	Place	LOGAN TEMPLE, CACHE, UTAH	Sealed to spouse	28 Nov 1945	LOGAN	
3 M DEWAYNE LARSEN HARDING-64H0-S5							
Born	1 Dec 1927	Place	FAIRVIEW, FRANKLIN, IDAHO	Baptized	9 Dec 1935		
				Endowed	30 Jan 1948	LOGAN	
Spouse	CLARA LOUISE MC NEELY-DG2C-QV			Sealed to parents	BIC		
Married	26 Nov 1947	Place	FAIRVIEW, FRANKLIN, IDAHO	Sealed to spouse	30 Jan 1948	LOGAN	
4 F CAROL HARDING-DG2C-R2							
Born	19 Dec 1929	Place	FAIRVIEW, FRANKLIN, IDAHO	Baptized	26 Feb 1938		
				Endowed	17 Jun 1947	LOGAN	
				Sealed to parents	BIC		
Prepared by	Doran Heap Barlow			Address	2431 Eccles Ave.		
Phone	621 4949				Ogden, Utah		
Date prepared	21 Aug 2006				84403		

Family Group Record- 3

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Husband				ALONZO HAZELTON HARDING-2SVB-T3			
Wife				MARGARET RUE LARSEN-2SVB-V8			
Children				List each child in order of birth.			
				LDS ordinance dates	Temple		
4 F CAROL HARDING-DG2C-R2							
Married	14 Sep 1946 (Div)	Place	FAIRVIEW, FRANKLIN, IDAHO	Sealed to spouse	17 Jun 1947	LOGAN	
Spouse	ORVAL LACELL HARMER			MRIN: 209			
Married	30 Mar 1993	Place	PROVO, UTAH, UTAH	Sealed to spouse	27 Apr 1994	SLAKE	
5 F MARGARET HARDING-64H0-VH							
Born	29 Jun 1931	Place	FAIRVIEW, FRANKLIN, IDAHO	Baptized	6 Aug 1939		
Died	1 Apr 2004	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Endowed	6 Jul 1951	LOGAN	
Buried		Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Sealed to parents	BIC		
Spouse	GLENN PINSON MEEK-DG2C-S7			MRIN: 341			
Married	6 Jul 1951	Place	LOGAN, CACHE, UTAH	Sealed to spouse	6 Jul 1951	LOGAN	
6 M THOMAS BLAKE HARDING-64H0-WN							
Born	9 Feb 1934	Place	FAIRVIEW, FRANKLIN, IDAHO	Baptized	28 Mar 1942		
Christened	1 Apr 1934	Place	FAIRVIEW, FRANKLIN, IDAHO	Endowed	21 Feb 1957	SLAKE	
Spouse	JOANN CASPER-DG2C-TD			Sealed to parents	BIC		
Married	21 Feb 1957	Place	SALT LAKE CITY, SALT LAKE, UTAH	Sealed to spouse	21 Feb 1957	SLAKE	
7 M SPENCER LON HARDING-64H0-XT							
Born	28 Dec 1936	Place	FAIRVIEW, FRANKLIN, IDAHO	Baptized	6 Jan 1945		
Died	25 Feb 2003	Place	Sandy, Salt Lake, Utah	Endowed	1 Sep 1955	SLAKE	
Buried	1 Mar 2003	Place	Sandy, Salt Lake, Utah	Sealed to parents	BIC		
Spouse	DONNA DIANTHA NORRIS-DG2C-VK			MRIN: 343			
Married	1 Sep 1955	Place	SALT LAKE CITY, SALT LAKE, UTAH	Sealed to spouse	1 Sep 1955	SLAKE	

My Earliest Recollections – Anna Harding Barlow

(As tape recorded on a trip to Montana, and transcribed by Dora Ann Barlow Tesch)

(Note: notes in *italics* are Doran's comments or interjections)

I was born in Pocatello, Idaho. My dad was a fireman on the railroad and he was gone so much of the time, he decided that was not the career that he wanted. He decided he was going to buy a farm, so he went back to Fairview where Mama was raised. I was just two years old when Norma was born. We were on the farm, and I remember picking her up off of a daybed (and it wasn't very nice either) but I picked her up and I dropped her on the floor on her head. Now she tells me, that's why she thinks the way she does. I remember Indians coming to our home in Fairview. They would want food and Mama would always give them some bottles of raspberries, I remember that very plainly. It was something that we always had raspberries. The Indians called me "papoose", and they wanted "papoose". Mama would say, "no, no you can't have papoose!" I remember that very plainly. My daddy and mama got us banks the shape of a bell and we would put pennies in them. One time when we came home our banks were gone. Someone had broken into our house on the old farm and taken our banks. It was only a day or so and the pigs got out, we had quite a few pigs. The pigs dug up the banks under a tree. They had been split open with an ax or something. They were such unique metal banks, you don't see anything like that today! We didn't have very much in them and we never did find out who did it. The farm was about 1 ½ miles north of the Utah/Idaho border and just about 5 ½ miles from Preston, Idaho. It was across the street from Uncle Vaughn Larsen's farm (my mother's brother.) My dad had quite a hog call. "Sue-eee!" he would holler. Jeb Knudsen and Frank Gilbert and others, said they always could remember Lon Hardings' hog call, "Sue-eee!"



Days were hard on the farm. Daddy was working with Grandpa Larsen. We didn't have a bathroom but we did have light bulbs hanging from the ceiling on a cord. I'll never forget when Norma was 2 years old and I was 4 years old, we had our tonsils out. Daddy and Mama bought us a doll and that is the only doll I remember having. We just didn't have money to have things. Mama would always make all of our clothes. She wasn't very well but a great homemaker. Mama had rheumatic fever when she was 18 years old and was left with a rheumatic heart. From the time she was 18 years old they gave her digitalis. She took digitalis until she died at 55 years old. She had leakage of the heart. I don't remember how long we lived on the farm. I remember them selling the farm and moving into a little house down by Grandpa Larsen and Tyra. Carol was born there and I was 8 years old. The house was only one bedroom. How they tucked us all in! Carol was the fourth child. We lived in that house while daddy was building the store. He bought the property from Chris Knudsen, who had had a store there and it had burned down. This was in the 30's and he borrowed the money from Lewiston State Bank to supply the store. I have the check today - \$125.00. He had paid part with the sale of the farm and he still had a mortgage. After he got the store built, he built a house attached to the store with the kitchen door going right into the store. There was a living room in front of the kitchen and two bedrooms with a basement. The basement already existed there from the old store. We slept with four kids in a room. We had linoleum - no carpet. When I was going to school and we had an earthquake I was in the 6th grade. That morning, we had a string of bananas hanging (we didn't cut them off like now days) and we looked out there and they were just a swinging. I went down to school and they wouldn't

let us in the school. They were afraid of the after shocks. My friends and I went to the Fairview ball diamond about ½ mile from the school and a ½ mile from the store. With the backdrop of the diamond we all gathered around there in a huddle and had a prayer. We have talked about it in recent years. We were so frightened and we didn't know what might happen.

I don't remember a lot about my childhood. I do remember going over to Frank & Matilda Gilbert's and playing house with Thelma and Wilma. We kept Matilda's old cans and broken dishes in a gunnie sack hanging on a post in the back yard. What they would do was burn their garbage. But we would take them and play house with them. They had a dugout under the front porch and that was our house to play in. Bud and I pretended we were married and we traveled in the back of the red pick up. It's probably still down in the field because they kept everything! *(Doran tells about the red pick-up: "Uncle Frank went back east for a short mission even though he had a family and a farm and while he was in the east, Matilda went back to pick him up. Thelma, Wilma and Bud stayed with Norman & Viola Larsen while she was gone to get him. They brought back that red pick-up. It was a real novelty that was one of the finest cars in the whole community. It was red and really classy. It was in the early 30's.)*

When I was a kid we didn't have swimming pools or anything like they do today. We would swim in the old canal. We would go down to Gilbert's in the irrigation ditches - it would be muddy, muddy, muddy and we would play in the mud. We would get ourselves covered with mud. That's what made our beautiful complexion! (She laughed.) We had a lot of fun doing that. We as kids would gather together and play kick the can at night. We played "Red Rover". *(Doran said he played "Cheese, cheese cut the cheese". We would all line up in a line. Then someone would holler, "Cheese, cheese, cut the cheese!" We would try to reach a certain goal. They would have to stop when someone finished saying it. If one was caught moving, he would have to start over.)* We would play "Hide and Seek", "Hop Scotch" and oh, and marbles, I was so good at playing marbles, I could beat the guys! Right in school, we would get taws, boy, they would be worth a lot today! When the glass marbles came out my dad had them in the store. They were so pretty and popular. You got a real prize when you got one of those! Today the taws would be valuable. Taws were larger. I'm not sure what they were made of. We had agates and some were dough babies. Dough babies were made out of clay. They were quite small and weren't worth much. Agates were blue, white or brown with some spots on them. Doran was a great saver of marbles. When I married him he had a lot, it's too bad he doesn't have them now. Viola saved them for him while he was on his mission. We would play jump the rope. There was one saying they would say "Anna, Anna split the banana". I would put my foot down on each side of the rope and stop it. We also played double-dutch. I can't believe that I ever did those things.

My earliest recollection of my Dad was that he was a very, very spiritual, honest and upright man. He stood for all that was good. It was told in his funeral. "Lon would always keep his promises." Daddy was just 8 years old when his mother died. He started to work when he was 9 years old for some people from England, the Vinees. They didn't have any children. He was adopted by them and they loved him. Daddy had only a 6th grade education. He had beautiful penmanship and was a whiz at figures. That's why he could make good in the store. He was such a kind, good-hearted man that people took advantage of him. He was so sweet. I will never forget when mama was down on her back and he would come running from the store next door. She would say, "what are you doing over here?" He would say, "I just had to come over and give you a kiss!" They were so compatible. That's what would keep her alive. Daddy was a hard worker, up at 5 a.m. in the morning and never closed the store before 10 p.m. After he was killed I

was there until 10 p.m., opening at 7 a.m. Daddy always had everything so clean. He painted the shelves white and also the counter. The floor was wood and we got down on our hands and knees and scrubbed it a couple times a year at least. We would put an oil material on it and sweep it and clean it. I did that after Daddy was killed and I got water on the knees. They swelled up so bad. I had to sit with my legs in the air for a few days. Those were hard days. Daddy loved to sing and tap dance. He loved to play tunes on his nose by strumming it. They

would have him on programs in the ward. He also played the mouth organ. (Mom, then demonstrated playing her nose. We had a good laugh. She said she ought to teach the kids sometime.)

Daddy had a coal yard in the back of our property and we had lump coal, slack coal, and one in between. Daddy built bins to keep it in.

When I was in elementary school I played a harmonica or mouth organ in a harmonica band. It was fun. When I think about it, it instilled a desire to play music.

Mama was very sickly. When she was a child she had a lot of sore throats and got rheumatic fever from it, which caused heart damage. Before mama and daddy were married, she had been down. Even though she was sickly, he wanted to marry her. Daddy grew up in Preston about a half mile from the Barlows. Grandma Harding (Lon's mother) and Dora Tolman Barlow (Doran's mother) died about the same time. Grandma Harding and Nathan Barlow worked together in the MIA. Mama was a hard worker. Mama loved to make lovely things. She served in the Relief Society making quilts. Mama would make burial clothes. I remember at one time Mama only had one dress. It was shabby but she fixed it up and it looked very nice. She always wore hats. She was a beautiful seamstress. Before she was married she went down to Utah State Millinery where she made beautiful hats. She was a tailor. She made several outfits for people. When Cheryl Gilbert's little brother died, mama made his outfit. She loved to crochet such beautiful things. After Daddy was killed she was down flat on her back for two and a half years and she made a lot of things and sold them to help with the income.

(Doran interjected: "the next time the Lord intervened in my life was when I was led to my beautiful sweet wife. Ivonne Jensen was who I dated a lot in my youth. My folks thought that's the way I should go. Before I went on my mission I met Anna and she wrote to me steady through out my mission. When I got home I was very confused whether I should marry Anna, Ivonne, or even get married because of the things I had seen on my mission of poor marriages. I was frustrated but Anna was ready to get married. I had to decide between the two. We were up fencing up on the ranch on Old Peaky and Elmo Larsen (a school teacher) was with us. I told him about Anna and he knew her and had lived by them. He couldn't say enough good about Anna. But I was having a hard time deciding. Ivonne didn't write. She went into the service. I told her I thought it was wrong. About six months before I came home she did write. Anna wrote every week and that upset my Mother and Dad. After I talked to Elmo I decided Anna was the one. Rex Crane, my buddy, said, "Anna's the one that a guy would like to settle down with". After we got married, another decision was made after Dora Ann was born. I had been exempted on the farm. I was in the bishopric. We moved to Fairview and ran the milk route. I worked on the H.R. Bingham farm in Linrose for about 2 months. A county agent, Chase Kyrll, called Henry Rawlings to exempt a young man by putting him on Chris Knudson's milk route because Chris had had a wreck. Chris couldn't run it anymore. I was deferred from being drafted into WWII for 6 months. We moved into Uncle Will's house, a little yellow brick house across the street from Frank Gilbert. It was just a couple houses from Rue Harding's home. While we were living there I was put into "1A" and called up for a physical. There was a busload from Preston who went to Pocatello for

physicals. When I got up there they told me to go into this one room. Several were in there for several hours. Finally they came in and said, "You are all rejects". They didn't tell what for. A doctor later told me that he had varicose veins in one of his testicles. I lived a healthy life.)

We were considering moving to Arco. Mama was going to sell the store and home and invest it into a farm. It didn't work because she couldn't sell the home and it was a good thing. It was a blessing because it wouldn't have been a good place to raise a family of girls. Another crossroad.

(Doran: When we lived on Salt Creek we ate carp. Then we lived in Thatcher. We put up a fence with a gold or brass chain through it. The house is still there. (Brad & I went over to the well and lifted the lid several years ago.) The five Borkstrom boys were killed while we lived in Thatcher. Chris Knudson wouldn't sell me his milk route so I searched and found that Cecil McNeely wanted to sell his. I was the first one in that valley that ever bought a milk route. All the others were created by the milkman. I gave him \$3,500 for the truck and good will. Uncle Frank and Dad (Norman Larsen) were so upset because they said the truck was worth only \$1,500. Uncle Frank reluctantly co-signed and so did Dad. When we bought the route we were getting about a \$300 check. We were committed to Lewiston State Bank for \$150. That would leave \$150 to live on and pay expenses. We would also hang wallpaper. I also worked at a gas station until 10 p.m. and then came home and milked a cow. We paid \$15 a month for rent. We had water in the house but not hot water. Every time we would go home Uncle Frank would say, "what are you doing here?" He would monitor us like you can't believe. Anna would go to Fairview to take care of Mama. He would resent that we would be there.)

When we lived with the Woods, Daddy (Doran) would bring home 5 or 6 milk cans of hot water from the plant in Wellsville. We didn't have water in the house. It was boiling hot water that Doran put in them. I would do our washing with that water. I would take Verna's wringer washer out on the front porch and do my washing. I was so tickled, instead of using the rubbing board. We called Verna and Melvin our Thatcher mom and dad. It was Ann who taught Dora Ann to walk in a walker. We lived in the Nessen Apartments for one month in Tremonton before we moved to Melvin & Verna Woods. I was so homesick for Fairview I would cry and cry. We lived with the Woods for some time and then with Wes Dunn's parents. Granville quit his job at the Post Office in Salt Lake and bought the Garland Frozen Food Lockers and then he bought Charlie McNeely's milk route. We bought Cecil McNeely's milk route. *(Doran: I picked up in Thatcher, Bothwell, Penrose, and down the Iowa String. The Iowa String was in Tremonton. So many of the people had moved in from Iowa, the Steinquists, and the Lindquists.)* We lived on the milk route. *(Doran, Anna, Dora Ann, and Ruelene.)* We would always watch for things along the road. We had the milk route for 7 years. We bought it in 1945. We were living there when Ruelene was born. The idea was for us to sell the milk route and home. Then mama, Rue Harding, would sell the store and home in order for us to buy the farm in Arco. The store and home didn't sell so we didn't buy the farm. We moved in with Mama in Fairview for a year. Mama never did sell the store and house in Fairview. She ended up trading with Bulkies the house on Princeton Avenue in Salt Lake. Doran worked in the Sugar Factory and sold cars for Cranny in Preston. *(Doran: It was a big disappointment. It wasn't what I wanted, because I was a farm boy.)* We looked at a farm in Fairview also. There was 40 acres and a big red home and dilapidated barn. There was an ideal form of irrigation on the farm. Doran took Norman Larsen (Doran's Dad) and Willard Larsen (Anna's grandfather) and they both said there is no way you can pay for it and you will be in debt all the rest of your life. *(Doran: They wanted \$17,000 for the farm. They suggested we*

offer \$16,000 but the guy said he wouldn't take it. So we walked away from it. I had hoped to be there close to Granville and then we could have shared our machinery. A guy bought it, and then sold it for \$24,000 a year or two later.

It was good for me to sell the milk route because I hurt my back. I went to Joe Ray's to pick up his milk. He had a large number of cows. I backed up to the door of his milk house. There was a big vat of water just like a watering trough with a drain in the floor. I grabbed the can of milk out of the water and stepped back onto the drain. The lid had been taken off for some reason leaving the back of my foot with no support. I went down with that 10 gallons of milk which weighed about 100 pounds. Something popped in my back and just paralyzed me. I dropped the can and I lit on my stomach right over it. Luckily I just fell down on the can. I

couldn't move. I laid over the top of the can for several minutes. It knocked the breath out of me. I stayed there for quit a while until I could finish the load. I went and unloaded it and then went to Dr. Hale. He said I had injured by vertebrae. It progressively got worse. Those guys would never bring the milk out to the road. They would make me carry them. One of my worst ones was Faye Peterson's dad's farm. The road was steep and I would get stuck there. The can weighs 100 pounds with the milk in it. You would pick up two of those and carry them out, one in each hand. (Anna interjected, "I could pick up one and throw it on!") I worked in the Lewiston Sugar Factory for about a year. In the fall I went to Ogden. Rue moved to Ogden and lived on 36th Street just west of Eccles. While living there she married Eddis Rawlings and moved to Princeton Avenue. I was working at the Ogden Iron Works.)

Uncle Vaughn Larsen ran the store in Fairview until I graduated from High School. Aunt Mary Martin got a divorce and then she came and lived with us and helped in the store. After I got out of high school I ran the store while Doran was on his mission. We finally had to give it up because there was rationing and we didn't have the money to buy. We couldn't even make the light bill. Uncle Bry came into it - he leased it from Mama. I and my brothers and sisters cleaned the church to help make a living. Norma worked in Preston at the lumberyards.

Mama lived in Salt Lake for 5 years before she died. Blake and Spencer were living with her there. Blake married JoAnn before he went in the service. Mama promised the Lord if she could just live until all of her children were married she would be satisfied. Six months after Spencer was married she died. To me that was a testimony because she had made it through so many crises. Mama was happy for a while but Eddis wasn't used to having children around for years and years. Mama said if she had it to do it over, she wouldn't because there was so much conflict. It was good for her to have a companion. I was pregnant with Michael when my mother died. I was making some maternity clothes when Eddis called and said, "your mother's lungs are filling up with water." I told him we were coming to do sealings in the Salt Lake Temple that night and we would be down to see her. When we got down there while waiting to go into the sealing room President Christiansen, the temple president, came up a few steps and stopped and rested and then again. He turned and came over and shook our hands. He didn't do that with the others. He said, "be of great faith and courage." "Why did he say that?" I asked Doran. You can't tell me he isn't a man of God. Then when we went into the sealing room someone would keep bringing a glass of water and I will never forget, that every time the door would open my old heart would drop right out of me. I wondered if they were coming to give me a message. When we were leaving we put her name on the prayer roll. Sister Holmes said, "I have always understood that President Christiansen was always a friendly man. Did he know you?" He didn't recognize or shake hands with any one else, even the people right by us. He came right to us. He was a messenger!

(Doran: Let me tell you about the other part of that story: years later when I was taking care of the tabernacle he came as a visitor, he was a general authority. I thought it would be a good opportunity to mention that incident to him and see if he remembered it. I talked to him about it, and told him I would like to relate an incident that happened in the temple. He said, "Brother Barlow, thanks for sharing that with me." He had no idea what was going on with Rue. That's a testimony to me how the Lord works. He didn't have any idea of Rue's illness. He was an instrument in getting the message from the Lord to us. We were called upon by Leo Porter, our genealogical chairman of our ward at that time, to do some names at the temple. On our way down to the temple Anna had shared with Brother Porter that her mother was very ill. We had asked Leo if, after we were finished at the temple he would like to go down to give her mother, Rue, a blessing. That was on our minds on our way down and while at the temple. All those who had come to the temple with us were sitting there on the bench with us but President Christiansen didn't acknowledge them. It was so impressive to Anna and I and all of those with us.)

After we finished at the temple, we went to mom's home and Doran and Leo gave her a blessing. Mama never did recover. She had had a heart attack. She had been hospitalized and due to her arthritis she couldn't even dress herself. The doctors had taken her off her medications (prednisone). It was only a few months later Mama passed away. "Be of great faith and courage", has gone through my mind many times. I don't think it was a message just for right then. We still need it now. Blake had came home on furlough.

My Daddy didn't have a very happy childhood because of his mother passing away. My father had two younger sisters Eliza and Mary. He had jobs in the home that most boys didn't. He was the scrubber and learned how to make bread. I remember him telling me how he would scrub the floor with lye water. My dad could scrub a floor and make it white and pretty. He also used lye water for doing the laundry. He would use a stick to push the clothes down into the water. When mama and daddy were married he took on the job of scrubbing the floor. Even when I got old enough I couldn't suit mama because I couldn't clean good enough in the corners. So I would go and take care of the store and daddy would come and scrub the floor for mama. Daddy could make such good bread. It wasn't with an automatic mixer. He was so patient and loving. Daddy would always use his priesthood authority to give blessings. That's when my testimony began, when I saw mama have a spell and receive a blessing and the change that would take place after. That's one thing that I will always remember. After Daddy was killed when mama had a heart attack that was the first thing I would think of was to call Grandpa Larsen to give her a blessing. Then I would call the doctor and gather the kids around on the couch in the living room. Mama was sick down in bed most of their married life.

They had only been married sixteen years when Daddy was killed. Mama had just got out of bed from rheumatism of the heart when they went to Ogden and Salt Lake City to refinance. The last three years the doctor bills were \$1,000 every year and they were about to lose everything they had. In that day all their property was worth only \$10,000. Mama was standing pressing her clothes and getting ready to go and deciding what each of us was to wear for a family picture for Christmas. It was the 9th of December 1938. They stopped in Ogden. Two years earlier Mama had had surgery in the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake for a tumor on her leg. It was as big as a saucer. She had fallen in the store one day. We had a big scale that we weighed coal on. The plank was off and it was right next to the building for some reason and she dropped down and hit her leg on the big angle iron. That caused a tumor there. Plus, she had her tubes tied so she wouldn't have any more children and also her appendix was removed. The reason they took her down there was because they could give her ether through the rectum. That

was the only way she could survive it. She was in the hospital for 10 days. Daddy was down there for a week. While he was there, I and the Bodily girl, a senior in high school had the responsibility of the store.

While daddy was there with mama, he called and said gather all the money that is there and take it to the Lewiston State Bank. It was 3 miles away and we didn't have a car. I had between \$40 – \$50 and I took the bike and rode to the bank. I took a different route because I was so afraid of someone taking it. That was quite the experience for a 13 year old. After the week was over, I went down and stayed with mama. I had a cot right in the room with her. I was 13 years old then. I would walk over to a store and get something, a little bit of nothing, while I was there. Due to her illnesses they were in debt terribly. Everything looked up with refinancing when they headed back home. They stopped in Ogden to pick up Aunt Anneta and Bruce to go home with them. This was on a Friday. Uncle Carl was going to come up on Sunday and get them. She was going to help make some candy for Christmas. Daddy was listening to the "Little Theatre on Times Square" on the radio at Aunt Anneta's. They left and was driving down Washington Blvd and there was Model Dairy. It had all kinds of ice cream. They stopped and got an ice cream cone. They were just leaving town and were at "5 points" (and they had just made a new fork in the road that went to Harrisville), when a drunken woman came along and drove head-on into them. She had been a fairy god-mother at a party. Her husband was passed out next to her. She hit daddy head-on and another behind him. Then she drove on to the other side of the road. She was going that fast. It pushed the car over into the gutter and it was muddy. It crushed the top of the car and broke my dad's neck and pushed the stirring wheel into his chest and stomach. He never breathed out of his lungs after. His legs were broken too. It threw mother through the windshield and cut her temple and she was bleeding profusely, but she had the presence of mind to hold her jugular vein, trying to keep from bleeding to death. Aunt Anneta said there were several cars that stopped. One pick-up stopped and Aunt Anneta said, "Let's get this woman to the hospital, she has seven little children at home." The pick-up took mama to the hospital. They had to cut her clothes off. She used to wear a corset and they had to cut it off. She was drenched in blood. It was a miracle she came out of it alive. An ambulance came and took my dad to the hospital and he was put in a room across the hall from mama. He lived for 48 hours. They couldn't believe he lived that long. He would keep calling for Rue and then he would call for Anna. He got impatient because we didn't come. They called me that night and told me that Daddy and Mama had been in an accident. Aunt Anneta got word to Grandpa. Uncle Vaughn took Grandpa to Ogden. Sunday morning they called and said to get the children down. Uncle Urven took us as Sunday School was just letting out. It was Norma, DeWayne, and I that went down. We wanted to see our daddy alive. Vern Hinckley took over the store. When we got to Aunt Annetta's, Uncle Charlie Smith had just come from the hospital. He said it was too late. Daddy had passed away. They said the staff wouldn't have let us see him anyway. The doctors told Grandpa, whatever you do don't let this woman know the condition her husband is in. She knew immediately when daddy died. They were so close. She had begged them to let her go to him. When he died she said, "Lon's gone." The following day she was released to Dr. Wirley at home. Brother Richards, the mortician from Preston, Idaho, came and got daddy's body then went back to get mama. (That man and his family became some of the best friends that we ever had. Their daughter became a very good pal of mine. I was in their home many times. When Doran and I were married, Elder Richards was our witness. When I graduated from high school they gave me a corsage.)

Mama came close to dying too. Mama said she couldn't go on and live unless she got to go to Lon's funeral. She was so determined. Dr. Wirley came and went to the funeral and stayed at her side the whole time. Her brothers carried her on a hospital gurney. Daddy's brothers carried

him across the street to the church from our house. Mama was on an ambulance cart. In that day they always took the bodies to the home for viewing. The day they brought daddy home the Relief Society President Naomi Gilbert took me and asked if I would like to kiss my daddy. I said, "Yes". I haven't been frightened of death ever since. Mama made it through the funeral. After, she went into shock and had a heart attack caused by the tetanus shot. She had broken out in hives all over her body. She was sitting on the bedpan when it happened. We laid her on the bed. Grandpa stayed with us for days. Tyra resented it, too. He dropped to his knees and pleaded with the Lord to please let this woman live. I was over in the corner of the room in Uncle Will's arms. She had presence of mind enough to open her eyes and saw me crying. She knew she needed to come back and raise her children. She told me that she was with daddy and in a beautiful place and it was very, very difficult to come back. That was a testimony to me of the afterlife. Blake was only 5 years old when daddy was killed. He was his right hand man. He would get up at 5 a.m. and go to the store with daddy to work. He was really a little worker. He was absolutely lost when daddy was killed. He would go in and lay by mama and ask, "How is daddy going to get to Heaven when his legs were broken and in that thing (the casket)?" Mama wrote in a letter of the experience. He was such a cute little guy. She would explain to him that his legs and everything would be fine in the next world. Uncle Will was Grandma Anna Larsen's brother. She was my mother Rue Larsen Harding's mother. Aunt Molly, his wife, took care of us kids while mama and daddy were in Salt Lake. (Doran and I later moved into their house which was just a couple of houses down from mama's and across the street from Matilda and Frank Gilbert. That's where we were living when Dora Ann was born.)

We had a picture taken without daddy, as soon as mother got well enough to get out of bed. If you looked at that picture, you could see none of us were happy. That Christmas was very difficult.

After that, mama had pneumonia three times that summer. Today it might be called congestive heart. I would make mustard poultices and put on her. I slept with mama and would take her pulse in the middle of the night to see if she was breathing. If it was real shallow, I would get up and make her a cup of coffee and feed it to her to stimulate her heart. I would sweeten it and put some cream in it. I loved the smell and taste of it. But I never drank a cup. Sister Talbot lived next door and she would come and sit with mama a lot.

I was 15 years old and Norma was 13 years old. DeWayne was 11 years old. Carol was 9 years old. Margaret was 7 years old, and Blake was 5. Spencer was 2 years old. DeWayne really missed daddy. He would top beets with daddy. Daddy would leave me at the store so he could go top beets to bring in other money because he just wasn't making it at the store. DeWayne was a real good beet topper. Carol tells me she missed daddy so badly she would hide in a closet and cry. She had Saint Vitus Dance when she was just a baby and couldn't get things to agree with her. Mama had a hard time with her. Daddy would take her and walk the floor with her at night. Norma resented daddy because he would get after her to do her work. Norma was a bookworm and wouldn't do her work. Daddy put her in a closet once with a pitcher of water and her book. That didn't cure her. She reads really well, though. I guess I had a couple of daughters like her. Principal Simons saw me at the cemetery one time and I told him that I had such poor grades in history. I couldn't do anything about it because I didn't have time to study. He said, "Anna, you were a victim of circumstances and I understood."

When I went to grade school in Fairview it was only a half mile away. It was so cold. We had hard winters. The snow would blow and be over the fences. We could walk on top of that snow down to school. If we couldn't, Clarence Bodily would gather up kids in an open sleigh and put quilts over us. He would sometimes let us get on the runner and hold on to go to school. We

had two grades in each room. There were only four teachers in the school. Out of a closet they made a kitchen. We took soup bowls every day in a paper sack. We would have soup there. When Carol, Margaret, and Blake were going to school, they would take soup home to mama.

Daddy really taught me how to serve. In that day we really served the customers. People would bring in a list and we would go around and get it all for them. I would serve gasoline and oil, and test the tires. Daddy took me to the store to help when I was 9 years old. Daddy would order a freight car of coal and it would be delivered up on the car track just east of us. He would get slack coal for the church and lump coal for most others. They would come and want 100 lbs. of coal and we would get gunnie sacks full and put it on the scale to weigh it, tie it up, and sell it. I would also lift 100 pound bags of sugar into cars. Is there any wonder I had a poor back?

Daddy and mama taught us how to pray. We would have family prayer around the table. We depended on the Lord. Faith in our Heavenly Father was a great factor in my life.

When Spencer was born, the doctor made 32 trips to the house. Mama was in labor for 3 days and nights. She didn't feel a thing when he was born due to a heart attack. He was two weeks early. All of her babies were. Each baby she had, it got harder. She was numb. I remember when she had Spencer her lips were black because she was so near death. When Spencer was born, his little neck was almost broken, (later doctors told him that his neck had been broken at some time.) Her bones would not give. She had what they called "falling of the

womb". They didn't do caesarian in those days. His little head would hang to one side. Mama took him to Dr. Hale in Logan who was a doctor and chiropractor. She took Blake too. I tipped a table over on Blake. It was a heavy drop leaf table daddy had made. Somehow I tipped it over on him across his head. One side of his face was numb and would have been paralyzed if he hadn't have had those treatments. Mama had to see that through too after Daddy was gone. There were lots of blessings given. We had taken all the kids over to Aunt Molly's and Uncle Will's which was above the church while mama was confined.

I graduated from the eighth grade in Fairview and we had a program. We all had nice dresses. Mama made me a corsage. It was beautiful. It was made of chenille. I have a picture of that. We then bused to Preston for high school, 9th grade on up. Uncle Urven was the one who drove the bus. I had a lot of fun in high school. I was always in music in the chorus, choir, and played the saxophone in the band. I learned how to play the bass fiddle in the orchestra. That was the thing I lived for. I was even in a contest in Montpelier, Idaho one time. I had to sing a solo. Mama, Viola Larsen, and Vaughan came to hear me. It was while Doran was on his mission. I got second place. I don't remember the words now. Steve Lundquist, my music teacher, and his wife Ruth took me under their wings. They were so interested in Mama and her family. In later years they asked Doran and I to go into business with them. I'm glad we didn't. We kept in contact with them over the years. He later became a dentist. I was in a home economics club and typing club. I was a very good typist. I was lead in an operetta one year and played opposite Wendell Wiser. He later married Charlotte Stringham's sister. I was Mrs. Hemerswinky. (She started singing the song and laughing.) I had to carry some little glasses around with me. I did have a lot of fun doing those things in High School. I never went to games or sports. I went to Grand Junction Colorado to a music festival on a train with 20 carloads of students from Idaho. Mama got to go with us. She was well enough at that time. That was a real big event.

Mama would assist in ordering in the store but that was all. Aunt Mary did the ordering. After school I would work in the store. After I graduated from high school I took over the store. About a year later during World War II, we finally had to close the store. We just couldn't make

it. It was a sad day. We kids had to go find jobs. I went to Preston and candled eggs at the Egg Association. Norma went to the lumber company. DeWayne would work on the farm for Grandma Larsen. The other boys were too small. We also took over the church and took care of it. Every week we would wash and polish the silver sacrament trays, and the tiny glasses. Oh, that was a job, a big job. It makes me sad to see the sacrament trays now not taken care of. We would polish every bench every week and the floors were all cleaned. The church was quite cold. We would have to check the boiler. We would take the clinkers out.

The store was closed for a short time and then Mama leased it to Uncle Bry. Uncle Bry hired Margaret and Carol every once and a while, if he needed to go somewhere. With all who could work we had barely enough for staples and paying the light bill. We had a big garden and we canned some of the vegetables and put the rest in the pit. We had a cow and so we had our milk until we had to get rid of it. It was a jersey. And then we bought milk from Frank Gilbert. We would take a bucket and go get milk.

Doran left on his mission when I was a senior in high school. He was gone for two years. He returned April of 1943. We got married July 28, 1943. We got our firstborn on July 7, 1944, Dora Ann.

I remember the inside of our house was nice. Everybody thought Mama and Daddy had money. It was because Mama would make something out of nothing. She would do that with clothes. My clothes that I wore to high school were Aunt Priel's old clothes. (Dora Ann also wore Aunt Priel's clothes to high school.) Mama made the drapes. After Doran and I were married, we recovered mama's couch and chair. I also made drapes for the living room. Mama

was flat on her back. She wanted this old rocker seat covered. She said, "I know you can do it, Anna." And I did it. It turned out to be a beautiful couch. We had done it while we were living in Tremonton with the Dunn's. We propped it on milk cans to work on it. We were proud of the job we did.

(Doran tells about their courtship: While I was on my mission, Anna wrote to me every week. I was delighted to get them. I didn't think too much of it but Viola, Mother, as I called her, was quite concerned that I was thinking more about my girlfriend than my missionary work. I think any parent may have the same feelings. Anna sent me a lot of nice things and goodies. I couldn't believe how she would send so many in the mail. One time I went to the post office. The box had been torn open and it was full of whatnots. They had put in the box someone else's stuff. They didn't know whose was whose. I got the box in Bowling Green. They gave me the box. I had Anna's picture - the one in the pink dress. My companion said, "Is that your girl friend?" I said, "yes". He said, "You better hang on to her!" As time went on I got more sensitive to my missionary work and that's what I was supposed to be doing. I let up on my writing to Anna. Mother was on my case and said I shouldn't be writing.

There was so much contention in the marriages of those I came in contact with that I thought that marriage wasn't a very happy situation. Many women would cry to us about how hard married life was. I thought, I'm not interested in getting married for a long while. I quit writing for a while just before I came home. When I came home I went to the dance at the Persiana, a big dance hall in Preston. Preston was known for their dance hall. The floor was on springs. When everyone was in unison you could really feel it. It was interesting.)

Norma and I went to the Persiana that night. Doran hadn't come to see me and I was pretty shook. I knew he was home. I was really upset. He told me in his last letter that he would see me and talk to me when he got home. I saw him dancing. After the dance Norma and I went up to Merrill's confectionery and there was Doran sitting there with Della Rawlings. I found out

when his welcome home was and Mama let me take the car and go to Mink Creek to hear him speak. I can't remember how we got our first date. (Doran said he couldn't remember either.) They both laughed.

(Doran: Anyway it turned out that I came to my senses. In May, I was working and Elmo Larsen came to help. He told me that he knew Anna, and we were talking about what I was going to do. He was bragging Anna up. Rex Crane always said that Anna was the kind of girl to settle down with and would make a good wife. It made me feel better about dating and getting more serious.) Doran had to hitch a ride down to date me, so we didn't go very many places, just to dances and close.

(Doran: When I came home I had several letters from Ed Miller. He expressed his appreciation for bringing the gospel to him and bearing his testimony. He was praising me. I showed one of these letters to Norman, he just gave me a negative response. He was emotionally ill then. He had been treated with shock treatments in Ogden. I went to Delbert Keller's and worked. I would walk home or ride a horse. I came home one night and I heard "is that damn kid here again?" I just felt like walking out and going. Mother tried to smooth it over for me. I realized Dad (Norman) was ill but it was hard on me.)

It was hard on him because Norman had never praised him and he made him feel he never did anything right.

(Doran: In all my life he never praised me or thanked me for anything. All my life I have tried to measure up. That's been a challenge all my life. It was a put-down and I had tried to rise above it. It really affected my life. I had a hard time with it. He got logs out and helped Vaughan build a house. He gave Vaughan a good start.) The most we ever got was a cow. When Doran got acquainted with me and my loving family it was just the opposite.

(Doran: I was accepted by them, loved, and they gave me credit for what I did and appreciated me. They won me over!) I was loved and appreciated by my parents.

Mama was a perfectionist. My Dad was a perfectionist also. Everything was done right. No one in Fairview had a prettier garden than my dad had and in the store he was meticulous. (Was it hard to live up to, with both being perfectionists? Was there only one right?) Yes! We would have to do things over and over until they were right. But that's the only way you learn.

(Doran: Years later, when we were considering moving to Arco and moving Rue with us Rue's father, Willard Larsen said to me that Rue was demanding and expected a lot and liked things nice. He wondered if that would work. The farmhouse was not what she could handle. Their home was nice in Fairview. Lon worked hard. She always looked nice.)

(Anna read a letter she wrote to Doran)

My Darling Husband

Oct. 13, 1943

I must write a few lines to the most wonderful husband a girl could ever have. I'm sitting here all alone by this little fire and so lonesome to see my husband. I wish you were down here working with me. We seem so far away from each other. It seems like I never even get to talk to you on the phone. Yesterday afternoon, I tried to get you but I couldn't and I was going to go over to Bodily's but I didn't have time. We were so busy. We filled almost three box cars, yesterday afternoon. We had loads come in early this morning and we are going to be pretty busy from now on. Well it sounds like they just finished filling a car so I have a freight bill to fill out so wait just

a minute, I'll be with you my dear. (These were box cars that were used for the sugar beets. I had worked there before I got married and then they asked me to come back. I would weigh the cars of beets.)

I'm back. In a few minutes I will have to get the car numbers. This would be a great job if only my husband was here. Today I'm going to ask Henry Rawlings who is the head of the draft board, if he thinks you will have to go and if you were to rent a farm, will it hold you. Everyone is talking that Ed Coles wants to rent his place. Maybe it is true. I'm going to go see him tonight. I just can't stand to see you go in the Army, my dear. I just get so lonesome this far away from you let alone being away somewhere in the Army. Everyone keeps interrupting me and the mail man just left so this won't go out today. But anyway my dear. I do love you and I always will. I hope you don't get as lonesome as I do.

Our mattress and springs won't be here until the 20th. So maybe we can make it by ourselves. There are so many things we are going to have to have but we will make it, won't we honey? I have been figuring out what I will make after taking out social security and victory tax is taken out and also my eats. Figuring \$3.75 per day for 17 days is \$63.75 and \$2.00 for Monday. A total of \$65.75 and it will cost me 25 cents lunch or less. It leaves exactly \$50.00 after taxes, social security and lunches. But I may make more. Anyway my dear it will help us out a bit. (Doran was making \$75.00 a month and working such long, long hours.)

I can't help but think of a year ago now. Things were certainly different than they are now. I am so happy and thankful for the way things have worked out. This was just all a dream at that time and now we have each other forever. Darling that means so much to me. Even with this terrible war facing us, we have everything to live for. It is getting more rushing now, so I must quit for now. I will soon be seeing you. Please remember I love you and always will. I realize how much you really mean to me when I'm away this way. So long my dear for now.

Yours with all my love.

Anna

Doran was working for Delbert Keller in Mink Creek which was 18 miles north and east of Preston. I was staying with mother 6 miles south of Preston, in Fairview. I would walk up to the railroad tracks, which was a half mile from our home, to work. We hadn't moved into the log house in Mink Creek yet, we were living in two rooms in Delbert's home. One was downstairs and one room upstairs. There was no linoleum on the floors, no paint on the walls. We were more or less camping. We had a some orange wooden crates and I kept our dishes in one. I put a curtain around an orange crate. Our food would go in the flour bin. Anyway, we would go upstairs and sleep on a bed that Delbert had and it sloped like a half moon. The old springs were worn out. I was working so we could get enough money to get a bed. So in the winter when we had moved into the log house, we got the mattress and springs and put it right on the floor of the kitchen where we could keep warm. We had to carry our water. It was across the street. It was quite a job to carry it. There was a stream out in back too and I would get some of it and I would wash our garments and a few things that we had to have. I would pack up our clothes in a suitcase and I would catch a ride with the milkman to Preston. I would pick up mama's car at the lumber yard where Norma was working. I would go down to Fairview, do my laundry, and hang up my clothes to dry in the furnace room and then I would fold them up and put them in my suitcase. I'd go pick up Norma when she got off work. I'd stay overnight and then the next morning I would catch a ride with the milkman and go back to Mink Creek. We had no car.

Daddy was in the bishopric and when he would go visit in the ward he would go on a horse. He would hitch a ride with James Baird the bishop. He was in the MIA when we got married. It was only a month later that he was put in the bishopric. James Baird had been in the same mission that Doran had been in but he was about the same age as Norman Larsen. James thought the world of Daddy. We stayed there until spring and then went to Linrose. Linrose is west and south of Preston. We worked so hard on this little house that H.R. Bingham had, and he could defer Daddy from the draft. On his farm he had a little house near his. It had two rooms and a lean-to on the back which was a porch. We enclosed that and used that as a kitchen. It took us three weeks to fix it up and then we only lived there for two weeks. Then the draft board said they could only defer one man to a farm and he had already deferred his son.

Henry Rawlings called Daddy and said Chris Knudsen needed a man. He was just in an accident and he needed help. Then they could defer him for six months on the milk route. So we moved to Fairview into Uncle Will and Aunt Mollie's home across the street from Frank and Matilda and just a few houses away from Mama. While living there Dora Ann was born. We were only a short time there when Mother had a blood clot go to her heart and we had to move in with her to help take care of her. She could only be moved on a sheet for six weeks. Daddy ran Chris Knudsen's milk route..

(Let's go back to your courtship and tell us about how Doran asked you to marry him.) We were down in front of the house in Mink Creek at Norman & Viola Larsen's. I had gone up to see him in the old Studebaker. The old poplar trees and the place looked very nice. We were sitting there talking and the moon came over old Peeky Mountain. It was silhouetted in the pine trees. That's where he asked me. He had a hard time but I said, "yes I will." (She laughed.) About two months later we got married. Mama was flat on her back at the time we got married. But she managed to help me make my wedding dress. She would lay in bed and we would put the fabric on the piano stool and press pin tucks. The edge of the ruffle was all down in hem stitching. It was princess style. Mama crocheted all the buttonholes down the back. It was very nice. She also made me a temple robe. She had embroidered both Doran's and my temple aprons. So I had my temple clothes to go to the temple. Uncle Vaughn and Aunt Geneva Larsen took us to Logan Temple that morning and there was Uncle Urven and Aunt Ethel, Thelma Gilbert, Brother Richards, Nathan Barlow (Doran's father), and Viola Larsen. We were married in the Logan Temple by President Quinney. After, we went down to "The Bluebird Restaurant" for our wedding breakfast. Everyone went dutch and then they all chipped in and paid for Doran's and my meal. We went home and saw Mama and borrowed her Studebaker and went to Ogden. We stayed in the Ben Lomond Hotel. Doran took me to supper that night at Walgreen Drug Store. We had a piece of watermelon and that was all. (They both laughed.) We still have the menu card. We went down and stayed with Granville and Edith the next night in Granger in the Salt Lake City area. On the way home we stopped at U & I Exchange and bought us a table and chairs, a floor lamp, and put money on a stove. We paid \$1.00 for the floor lamp. We still have the table in the rafters in the garage. I wish we still had the chairs. We were so thrilled. We put them in the car. U & I Exchange would send the stove up to us. It was a little white coal stove. Aunt Matilda and Uncle Frank gave us money to pay for the stove and a throw rug. Norman and Viola Larsen paid for our kitchen table and chairs. Mama gave us a trousseau tea - it was a lot like a shower. All we got was glass. Doran was the only male there and he said he felt out of place.

(Doran: When we first got married we lived with Delbert and Venice Keller in their upstairs. I set up a kitchen in one room. The walls didn't have any paint on them. We slept on an old bed of theirs for a month or two until Phil and Valeen Bell let us move into the log house. It was winter time and we slept on the floor. I later worked to buy a bedroom set by weighing beets at the factory.)

(Doran: When we were running the milk route in Idaho I had to go up on a ranch in what they called Tin Cup Canyon near Soda Springs, Idaho. After I ran the milk route, Chris wanted me to put a rack on the truck and take a team of horses up to the ranch. Dora Ann was just a few weeks old. We took her in the truck with us up to the ranch in Tin Cup Canyon. We got up there and unloaded the horses and by the time we did that it was dark. We stayed overnight in a cabin. There was only one small bed for the two of us to sleep on. We weren't sure how we would do it. It was cold. It was in the fall. We went to bed. We put Dora Ann in between us to keep her warm. I about froze all night and woke up in the morning with a cold. Dora Ann was the best little traveler and she still is! She was the best baby that you ever did see. I was so happy that Anna could come up there with me. It was a fun experience but it was sure a cold night up there.)

Dora Ann was born on July 7, 1944, and there was no room in the hospital in Preston. Doctor Hawkes was the doctor. Because there was no room in the hospital Doctor Hawkes sent me to Sister Harris' home which was a nursing home. It was her own home and she had two bedrooms that she didn't use, so she used them to take care of mothers and babies. Dora Ann was delivered on the kitchen table. That was in the days when you would stay in the hospital for 10 days. She took care of us there. One day she needed to do her ironing. Her iron plug was broken. I told her to bring it to me and I would fix it. She was going to have her son do it that night. But I sat on the edge of the bed and rewired her iron plug.

(Doran: When we got Dora Ann we thought we had got the most beautiful little angel we could have ever had. I had always wanted someone who looked like Margaret (Anna's sister). I always thought that Margaret was the sweetest little gal ever. I said, if we could get a little one like her. I suppose Dora Ann was that. I was so proud and happy. Kimber came up on a motorcycle just a day or two after Dora Ann's birth. I had never ridden a motorcycle in my life. He came up to see Anna and the new baby. He insisted I try the motorcycle. We drove out of town towards the airport. He asked me then if I would like to drive it. He insisted I drive it. When we left the hard top it was new loose gravel and there were two ruts. I wasn't able to keep the motorcycle in the rut. We started weaving and we went over into the loose gravel and over we went. We got bruised up a little bit. That's what happened at Dora Ann's birth.)

She was even born with curls. We took her home to Aunt Molly & Uncle Will's house. We couldn't take her to see my mother because she had whooping cough. So I stood outside the bedroom window and showed Mama. Dora Ann was six weeks old when Mama had a blood clot go to her heart. Someone had to take care of her. The only way she could be moved was on a sheet for six weeks. So we had to give up Aunt Molly & Uncle Will's house and move in with Mama. Mama just loved to have Dora Ann sit on her and she called it her grand stand seat.

When Doran's draft number came up and he couldn't be deferred any longer, he had to go to Pocatello for a re-examination. We had to tell Mama a little white lie because we were afraid if she knew the truth, it would throw her into another heart attack. So we told her that Doran had to go up to Soda Springs for Chris, and Norma took him to the bus in Preston early in the morning. He was gone for the day and when he came home and he hadn't passed, the family told Mama. We were really happy and grateful. After that Doran started looking for a milk route. Chris wouldn't sell his so there was no future there for us. Mother was able to get up better before we left her there.

Doran bought the milk route in the spring from Cecil McNeely (Clara's father) after he told him at the milk plant in Wellsville he wanted to sell. We moved to Tremonton into the Nesson Apartments on Memorial Day. I bawled because I felt Doran had taken me to the ends the earth. We had to carry our water in Mink Creek and Linrose, so when we lived in Aunt Mollie's and

Uncle Will's I felt like I was in a castle. We had running water and a bathroom. Then when we moved to Thatcher I felt like Daddy was moving me to the ends of the earth! No running water again! The route was from Thatcher over to Wellsville in all the little communities. We got acquainted with Melvin and Verna Wood after living in Tremonton only one month. The Woods had two rooms in their home in Thatcher that they would rent to us with a privy out in back. We paid \$15.00 for rent a month. That was hard to come by. It was terrible. We could hardly wait to own our own home. We had to haul our water again to do our laundry. I would pull Verna's wringer washer out on the front porch and Doran would bring water back in half of the milk cans, after emptying the milk at the plant. He did that for people to have for drinking and such. I would do my laundry and hang it out to dry. We didn't have a bathroom. We lived there for a few months until we had a chance to rent Wes Dunn's home about 2 miles from Melvin and Verna. It was a two bedroom home with a pretty good size living room and bathroom. I was so happy, I thought I was living in a mansion there. It was there we did our first upholstery job that was my mothers' living room set. We set it up on some milk cans.

When Wes Dunn moved back we were able to buy us a refrigerator and a wringer washing machine from them and we moved to Salt Creek. We had to haul water again. There was water there but it wasn't hot. Doran was bailing hay after he did the milk route. I was feeding DeWayne and Kimber too. They came to work too. That's when DeWayne got acquainted with Clara and Kimber with Faye. There was an upstairs but we didn't use it other than when the boys stayed with us. It wasn't clean. We had just one bedroom. We had Dora Ann's crib in there with us. I'll never forget how Dora Ann was a little rascal. That's where Dora Ann had a kitten. She loved the kitty. She whirled it around and around and threw it on my bed and it up-chucked all over on my beautiful silk quilted bedspread that mama had made for us. It stained it. I was so upset with her. It was while we were there that I got pregnant with Ruelene and I got so deathly sick. I would lean against a tree next to the privy (outhouse) with a little stream that went along side it, and be so sick. I would heave.

Ruelene was born February 19, 1947 in Fairview in Mama's home, although we were still living on Salt Creek. I was up in Preston so I could have Doctor Hawkes as my doctor. We were staying with Mama. I started in labor and so they contacted Doran. He got someone to take over and he came in a model "A" Ford. He was poking along and taking his time. By the time he got there I almost had had the baby. Mama met him at the door. Doctor Hawkes got there right after he did. Ruelene was born on my mother's bed. She was born bald. She grew to be a beautiful little girl. In fact while we were living in Thatcher, she was "Little Princess of Box Elder County". We brought her home to our home on Salt Creek.

Later we bought Dale Compton's home in Thatcher. It had 3 acres which Doran planted in peas. We had a chicken coop, a cow, and a pig pen full of weeds. We were always gathering weeds! Doran put a nice clothesline up in back. He built a cute fence out in front. We wanted to build another bedroom for Ruelene and Dora Ann. The one bedroom by the kitchen, we used as a dining room with a table, a day bed, and a sewing machine. There was a lean-to across the back of the house. One end had been used to store coal and it was lined with pasteboard or celatex. One day when Doran came home from the milk route I had taken the transit window out and sawed through the wall to make a door into it. That put us busy and we fixed it up for Dora Ann and Ruelene. They slept in a double bed with not much room around it. On the back porch we had installed a Tueganalts wash stand and made a place to wash and bring water into. There was no indoor plumbing at that time. We canned on that porch. There was a trap door that went under the house into a room where we had a storage room to put the bottles of fruit in. We hadn't lived there too long when Ben Tolman helped Doran dig a well. Everyone had to dig a well if they wanted

water, or haul it in. The water was very alkaline though and you couldn't drink it. That's why Doran would carry water back from Wellsville for those he got milk from because the water was so terrible. Doran would work on digging the well after he finished the milk route. He would get back about 1 or 2 p.m. and then he would start work on the well.

I got pregnant with Brenda and she was born in the Tremonton Hospital while we were living in Thatcher. Mama was able to come out to Thatcher once in awhile. Blake, Spencer, and Margaret would bring her. They would come and can fruit and different things. She came when it was time for me to have Brenda so she could stay with Dora Ann and Ruelene. She had been there for a while, and I had had false labor and had made a trip to the hospital and stayed there all one night and the next day. Doran had slept all night with his head on the end of the hospital bed. When Doran came back from the milk route he came and took me home. It was false labor. I got home and called the doctor and asked if I could take my mother home the next day to Preston, and that she just couldn't be down here any longer. He said, "No, you just take another 3 ounces of castor oil." So I did, and mother said, "Anna you better get yourself bathed and ready to go because you are apt to go fast." I had to bathe in the round metal tub on the kitchen floor. We didn't have a bathroom. We would heat the water on the stove and pour it into the tub. I would get in it and have to put my feet out over the edge of the tub to take my bath. I started having pains. So we got in the car and we took Dora Ann and Ruelene to Anna White's and left them there. We went on to Tremonton and mother kept saying, "Anna let me drive!" I told her I wasn't going to let her. I would have another pain and I would push on the gas a little harder. We kept on going. Doran was working at the service station at the time. I pulled into the station and I said, "We are on our way!" He said, "I will be right over." She was born right soon after. Doran administered the ether which they gave to ease the pain. She was the only baby in the hospital so the nurses all took turns rocking her and curling her hair. She got lots of attention from day one. She was born with little curls on the side of her head.

(Doran: We made a dry run the first time. When Anna came to the service station and said, "we're on our way," we went just a block away to the hospital and then we just waited and waited. We waited all night. I sat on a chair with my head on the bed all night long. The next morning the doctor said, "You may as well go run the milk route." So I left, got my truck, and ran my milk route and came home and brought her home. The next day she came through again and we got results. I was the anesthesiologist. I walked into the hospital and the doctor said, "you come over here," and he put a gauze mask over her nose and he said: "when she feels pain put a drop on the mask but don't put too much." So that's what we did.)

While living in Thatcher both Doran and I were second counselors in the MIA and we would take the youth over to Crystal Springs on some trips in the milk truck. We would put benches in it. The whole thing would be full. We had fun. We had doors on each side where Doran would put the milk cans in.

(Doran: We would prop those doors open because they would get sea sick.)

I also served in the Primary and later as the chorister in the stake Primary. That was when we first moved out there. I would take Dora Ann and Ruelene with me. One time we went with a sister clear out to Promontory. We had an accident and went off the road and through a fence. I don't remember how we got out of it.

(A poem written to Anna in appreciation for her service in the Primary)

Anna

*A precious thing in a small parcel
Oft times we've been told.
But we know one that isn't so small
Yet worth its weight in Gold.*

*She's that neighbor of mine,
A neighbor to all
Her stature, so graceful, so
Stately and tall.*

*Her home, its her pride,
Her children her joy.
Three beautiful girls
Though they'd hoped for a boy.*

*While yet in her youth
Grief came to their home.
It stuck with such vengeance
Left then stunned, sad and alone.*

*Now of father bereft,
And a mother so frail,
Anna faithfully led up that long
Rugged trail.*

*Her's was the task,
Of running a store.
Buying and selling,
And many things more.*

*Helped with the chores
never to shirk,
See the children, to school,
Yet found time to work in her church.*

*Yours be the recompense
Yours be the joy.
Of a work well done
When your ships hailed, Ahoy!*

*Yes, you've gone from our Circle,
Yet you'll some day be back
You'll feel restless, exhausted,
There be something you lack,*

*You'll fuss, you'll reflect
No you won't need a crutch.
What you'll be a needing is
That Primary Touch.*

(Composed by Rosella Anderson who was on the Bear River Primary Stake Board, when I was released before we left Thatcher. She was also a very precious neighbor who lived across the street in Thatcher. She was Dora Ann's first grade teacher.)

Dora Ann went to school in Thatcher in first grade with Zella (Rosella) Andersen as her teacher. She and her husband Roy lived across the street. We also had friends Ben and Rose Tolman and one time we went to see them. Rose wasn't a very good housekeeper. Rose had a bunch of chips of wood and stuff behind the stove. Dora Ann got a broom and started sweeping it up. She tried to teach Rose how to keep house. Rose laughed about it. Across the street there was Uncle Jim and Aunt Ida Anderson, that's what we called them, no relation. Ida was so sickly, in and out of the hospital. She was on oxygen and in a hospital bed in the living room. She died not long after that. Uncle Jim adored Dora Ann, Ruelene, and Brenda. He was lame and he would struggle so, and I would go over and do his laundry. He would drag a bushel basket with his clothes in it along the clothes line. Dora Ann and Ruelene would go with me. I would once-in-a-while hang them for him. Also I would take food over to him. I went over this one time and Ida's hair was so dirty and her head was itching so bad. Her own daughter hadn't even attempted to wash it. Ida was under an oxygen tent. I took her out and washed it and had it about done when she started to go blue. I wrapped her head up and put her back under the tent. In those days when someone passed away they always brought the body to the house and they did with her. Her family came and we told them that if they needed a bed we would leave the light on that night and

they were welcome. It was cold. We had an oil heater in the kitchen that heated the house. When her family saw her body there in the house it frightened them and so all nine came over to our house. Some slept in a chair. We put the studio couch cushions on the floor, some on the day bed and some on the floor next to the heater. The next morning I fed them all breakfast.

When Brenda was born Uncle Jim just adored that baby to the point he spoiled her rotten. He would save all of his pennies and change in a purse and give it to her and some to Dora Ann and Ruelene. Even after we moved first to Fairview and then to Ogden, he would have us come on their birthdays. He would have a coin purse with change to give them and a birthday cake and pop. He gave a big stuffed bear to Brenda and Ruelene and a stuffed rabbit to Dora Ann.

One day Dora Ann and Ruelene were on tricycles, they would ride back and forth across the street to Uncle Jim's. There was a car going so cussed fast and he nearly hit them. I was petrified. If they would have moved just a little he would have got them. It was sure scary.

We would get baby chicks in the spring. We would have to keep them warm.

After Doran hurt his back on the milk route, we sold the milk route and we were going to buy 30 acres in Arco Idaho. Mother was going to sell the store in Fairview and we were going into farming together, Mother, and the boys, and us. She couldn't sell the store. We lived with her for a year. Doran worked in the sugar factory, sold cars, and a little of just about everything. Later he went down to Ogden to look for work. He stayed with Aunt Dortha and Uncle Darrel Bell until we could get ourselves located. There was hardly anything to rent. He got a job at Ogden Iron Works. He bought our little home at 3418 Eccles. There were no paved roads, only gravel. It was a humble little house 24 feet by 24 feet. It was square. Doran was the one who bought it and I was a little bit upset that I didn't have a say in it. But I was glad to get down to Ogden with him. We had the three girls in the one bedroom. In the front bedroom you could sit on one side of the room and someone opposite and your feet would touch. It was so small. There was no basement. There was no place to wash except in the bathroom. I would rinse the washing in the bath tub and then I would hang it out on the line in the back yard. We moved to Ogden in the spring. Brenda was about 2 years old. The three girls were some of the cutest little girls. I would dress them alike for best. Sometimes I made outfits alike for play too. I used to dress them really cute. That fall Uncle Vaughan (Doran's nephew/brother) helped Doran build on to the house. I had a utility room and kitchen then. They built a snack bar that we could all sit around and eat. There was room for Aunt Priel's drop leaf table and a couple of chairs. Doran had refinished it. We took the old kitchen and living room and made a new living room. We were so thrilled. I was happy to be together and to have a bathroom, which we hadn't had in Thatcher. The utility room had two deep wash tubs. I would bathe the kids, especially the twins in them, because I wouldn't have to lean over so far.

When Dee and Clara came home with their twins I said I wanted twins. One year and two days later we got our twins, Beverly and Bradley. It made it necessary for us to build on to the house again. We added the family room and carport. We had knotty pine walls that we got from Kamas. You can't even buy that any more. We had beds built with drawers under them and a corner "grow box" in the corner. When the kids would grow out of clothes we would put them in the "grow box" until someone else could wear them. The twins didn't sleep out there until they were older. We always had a project to do. Years later at Christmas time, we decided we wanted to build a fireplace in the family room. We made several trips to Tony's Grove up Logan Canyon where we got the rocks. We laid them on the patio. Doran started putting up the rock. I refused to help until he got it up around the firebox and then I helped. We wore our fingers raw. We built the fireplace and it turned out beautiful!

As our family grew we added on to our house. The roof of the family room and carport

were flat. Wayne Schow, our neighbor, helped us build two bedrooms and a little storage room on top. The kids would get in the storage room and hide and have a good time. We had all three boys in the long narrow room and Ruelene, Brenda, and Dora Ann in the other bedroom. Later we built a bathroom and small bedroom from part of the carport below.

Mama, Blake, and Spencer moved to Ogden in a basement apartment on 36th Street. They were there only a few months. Eddis Rawlings asked Mama to marry him. He thought he could take care of her. It was a happy day for them. They lived in his home in Salt Lake for a while. Then when she traded her home and store in Fairview for Bulkie's home at 990 Princeton Avenue in Salt Lake, she and Eddis moved in there. There was a building in the back with a swimming pool in it. I would go back and forth and take care of her even when I had five kids. When we lived in Thatcher I would go home to Mama's in Fairview about every three weeks and spend three or four days, especially when she was down. I would clean and wash and try and catch up on things because the kids were in school. Margaret, Spencer, and Blake were in school. Margaret was in operettas and Carol was married and lived in Idaho Falls. I did the same when she lived in Salt Lake.

On Saturdays, I would have Ruelene make bread and we would go through the house and really clean. We scrubbed the floors in the family room, kitchen, and utility room. Doran would dust mop and polish the floors and the kids would ride on the dust mop until we got a polisher. Doran had put dye powder in the concrete when he poured the floor in the utility room. It was a maroon color. We scrubbed and waxed it every week. We had dual tubs in the utility room and sometimes bathed the twins in them. When doing my wash I would use them. When I washed the clothes in the washer we used the tubs as a suds saver to conserve on water and soap. It made it so it wasn't so expensive. That was before I got an automatic washer. We eventually bought a braided rug for the family room and it was so pretty.

When we built the family room on to the house, we opened up a door between the stove and the snack bar. We got the doors for the family room from Bulkie's home that Mama and Eddis moved into in Salt Lake. They were french doors and we had them re-glassed.

August 22, 1954, the twins were born. In those days it was a real novelty to see twins. It's more common today. Yvonne Williamson and Jo Standing gave me a baby shower. Boy, we needed it! Their skin was so dry. Virginia Bissenden came over and helped me. She soaked their little feet in olive oil and got them looking good. They were a handful but they were fun. I've always said you haven't lived until you have twins. I couldn't have done it if I didn't have older children to help. Dora Ann had a load. They were such cute little stinkers.

When I was trying to train them. Spencer and Donna came up to see us. I couldn't go to church with them all. Daddy was working at the tabernacle. He would sometimes have four conferences a day. I had taken them in the hall and put them on the potties. All of a sudden we heard the piano playing. Oh, I would have given the world to have a picture. There they were on the pots on the piano stool playing. I don't know how they ever got up there. They were always into something. Beverly was usually two weeks ahead of Brad in walking and other things which is normal with girls and boys. It's so fun to see them together today.

With the twins, what one didn't think of the other did. One day they found an opened can of shortening under the snack bar and they took it out on the patio. They got it all over. They had watched us paint the fence, so that gave them an idea. They smeared the shortening all over, including in the kitchen, all over the patio, and on the fence. We had to use a lot of water and soap to clean up.

They were 22 months old when Debbie was born. She was born June 28, 1956. She was a

sweet, sweet baby. I just didn't have as much time with her as I wanted. I always felt that I neglected her. I feel bad to this day that I didn't have more time for her. Yet, she's gotten over it. I think that's why she is so independent, even when she was a young girl before she got married. She wanted her broccoli and other things. She was working for the telephone company. If she wanted it, she bought it, and wouldn't let anybody else have it.

She was only 20 months old when Michael was born on February 18, 1958. What a dear little guy he was. He was so cuddly and such a sweet baby. He had a hard time. When he got a fever he would go into a convulsion. It would scare us right to death. He was loved so much by the whole family. They were all loved. He was my most cuddly baby. He was blessed by his Great Grandfather Willard A. Larsen.

While I was taking care of Mama in our home for awhile she was determined to go home one day. She climbed over a pile of dirt and went to Jenny Walker's home to call Eddis to come and get her. She thought we were keeping her captive. Her mind just wasn't right because of the medication she was on. It was cortisone. It was for arthritis. She got so she couldn't even dress herself.

I was sitting sewing maternity clothes when I got a call from Eddis saying that Mama's lungs were filling up with water. I was pregnant with Michael, and Debbie was just a baby when Mama passed away.

The funeral was in Fairview. The viewing was in Preston at the Mortuary. She was buried in the Preston Cemetery.

We stayed at Uncle Vaughn and Aunt Geneva's in Fairview the night before. Dora Ann had cramps so bad after the viewing. We had her sit in a tub of hot water thinking it was just cramps. The next morning we took her to see Doctor Hawkes. He took her blood count and all, and told us that someone should stay with her. Mary Ann stayed with her at Aunt Priel and Uncle Bry's until after the funeral, then we took her to the hospital to have her appendix out. We didn't even go to Preston for the burial, we just went to the hospital. Her appendix were ready to burst. I stayed in Preston with her and Doran took Ruelene and Brenda and went home. Norman Hoyal was tending the twins and Debbie. I was in Preston for another five days before I could take Dora Ann home. She was a sick little gal. We were there for Halloween.

Then there was Pat. Pat was born on Halloween, October 31, 1962. To this day she doesn't like having her birthday on Halloween. We called her our "little pumpkin". I remember I was in labor and went to the Dee Hospital in the morning and Dr. Ross said it was his day off and he would be working up at the Lodge at Snowbasin but that he was as close as the telephone. I laid there all day long. The pains would go away and then come back. The nurses couldn't reach him. Oh, they were angry. Finally he came in at 9 p.m. and he said, "Anna do you want to have this baby" and then he gave me pit. That moved things along. When she was born and we saw that she was a little girl, I knew there was another child to come to us because my mother had come to me and said she had seen my son. So when I got pregnant with Bryant I knew it was going to be a boy. I was really positive about that. Pat was the apple of Uncle Bry's eye. She's always been a sweetheart. They hadn't had any grandchildren and they would come down from Preston quite often to see us. We would buy our hamburger from him. He would bring 25 or 30 pounds and I would separate it and put it into baggies. He would always take Pat and play with her on his lap. He would let her chew on his tie. It didn't matter. She always got "Pattie-wagon" from Bud DeRyke. I remember when Dora Ann bought her a cute bonnet. She looked so adorable.

Then there was Bryant, born in the Dee Hospital on March 2, 1965. Can you believe nine

children! We were really blessed! I knew that he would be a boy because my mother had come to me after Pat was born and told me. Bryant was a sweet beautiful baby. He was named after Uncle Bry and Grandpa Norman Larsen. He was such a cute little man. He got a lot of attention from all the kids at home. We loved him so much. Bryant was an ambitious little boy, really ambitious. When we moved up to Old Post Rd. he was just 5 years old, that was in 1970. He was out with Daddy putting in the sprinkling system. He would work so hard. He had been sweating and the streams were going down his dirty face. I wish I had a picture of that. (She laughed.) He learned how to work from then on. He learned how to do everything. I don't know what Bonnie would do without him. I'm so grateful that he is that kind of a man that considers his mother-in-law the way he does. I am really grateful. He is a very sweet daddy and a good husband. Bonnie can't say enough good about him. I'm so proud of him.

Mommy and Daddy felt we had some of the most beautiful children that was ever on this earth and we felt so blessed!

It was called Christopher Apartments but we liked "Village" and they let us change it. We put up the sign down on Harrison. Daddy and I drove to California to get the sign. Uncle Glenn had in small letters "prestigious living" and Daddy wouldn't put that on the sign. We put it on ties and it is still just as pretty today. The lettering was made out of very nice material. (Note: *She didn't want to talk about Christopher days. She said that Daddy has it all in his history.*)

I was pregnant with Bryant when Dora Ann was married. We had a beautiful reception for them. She had been waiting for Larry while he was on his mission. He was home six weeks when they got married in the Logan Temple right after Christmas on December 29, 1964. I was quite big in the line. Bryant was born March 2, 1965. It was hard but that was all right. We took Christmas trees and sprayed them with snow. Dora Ann had some blue bows made at Sears where she was working. We had made gold birds. We had the reception at the Weber Heights Stake Center. Dad was taking care of it then.

Brenda and Jay got married June 17, 1968, only eight days before Ruelene. Brenda's wedding reception was at the Institute. Doran was taking care of the institute at that time. They didn't charge us a bit. We built a pond in the recreation hall. We bought live gold fish to go in it. The theme was oriental. They made a pagoda for them to stand under. There were pretty Japanese umbrellas hanging from the ceiling. We got the bridge from the college and we extended it so people could cross the bridge and extend the line. The seed was planted for them to have their own wedding business years later. It was a beautiful wedding. I had made little ceramic Japanese girls with an archway for centerpieces.

Ruelene & LeRoy's wedding theme was Hawaiian and we sent to Hawaii for lays. They were beautiful. We had a backdrop of bamboo and some shear stuff. They hauled in a lot of plants from Moore Nursery. We had a waterfall in the corner. I had made all these Hawaiian dolls for centerpieces. It turned out to be a beautiful wedding too. Ruelene and LeRoy were married in the Salt Lake Temple on June 26, 1968. I don't know how I did it eight days apart!

Beverly and Richard waited for Brad to get home from his mission. They were married September 4, 1975 in the Salt Lake Temple and they had their reception in our back yard at the Christopher. We made an archway and pillars. Our flowers were gladiolas. We had Charlotte Stringham playing the organ down on the patio. Oh it was pretty! The people were served up on the patio.

When Brad and Alice were married on March 10, 1976 in the Logan Temple, her folks came from Canada for the wedding. We had an open house at our house. The wedding breakfast was at our house. It wasn't as elaborate as the others but it was nice.

Debbie and Lyle were next. They married on December 15, 1978 in the Ogden Temple.

We decorated in white and red at the Stake Center. It was beautiful and it turned out to be a very nice one. It was lots of work just before Christmas.

Michael and Jill were married in the Ogden Temple on April 10, 1980. They had a nice reception but I didn't have to worry about decorating for it.

Pat waited for Chuck on his mission. They were married in the Ogden Temple on August 20, 1982. They had their reception in our back yard at Christopher. It was a beautiful wedding.

Then Bryant and Emily were married in the Salt Lake Temple on September 4, 1985, and their reception was in the back yard. We planted the flowers that would go with their wedding colors. It was a special place for wedding receptions.

When Uncle Glenn decided he wanted us to pay rent, we moved back down on Eccles in our rental at 3431 Eccles. We were supposed to be able to live in the house as long as he owned the complex as part of our retirement, but he changed his mind. He wanted \$500 a month and we knew we couldn't afford it. We had to ask our tenants to move. The kids painted and worked hard to move us in. We just barely got in and started building on to the front of the house when daddy had to have 5 by-passes on his heart. We were very, very blessed. Dora Ann made out a schedule for someone to be with Daddy at the hospital and me at home. That's how we survived. He has done so well. Anyway, the boys gutted the kitchen and built the dining area on.

One day when we came home from Uncle Urven's birthday party, we found that the patio was being closed in. Michael had gotten the windows from the Triad where he was working, big pane windows. We wouldn't have ever been able to afford it. Michael and Brad had enclosed the sunroom in. It is such a delightful fun room. We would like to spend all our time out there. Daddy likes his computer out there. We have a nice home. We just really love our little home. It is so comfortable for us. I just never want to leave it and I know I'll have to some day.

519-2-5-19 PLACE OF BIRTH

STATE OF IDAHO
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WELFARE
BUREAU OF VITAL STATISTICS
CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH

Country of Bannock
City of Pocatello
No 413 So. 4th Ave
Hospital House Primary Registration District No. 261 Local Reg. No. 25 State File No. 25

FULL NAME OF CHILD Anna Harding
(Certificate of no value without full name of child)

Sex of child female ☒ Male ☐ Female
Trisect or other? ☐ (To be answered only in event of plural births)
Legitimacy yes ☒ Legitimate ☐ Illegitimate
Date of birth Sept 23 1923
(Month) (Day) (Year)

What bactericidal solution was used in eyes? argyrol

Number of child of this mother, including present birth one Number of child of this mother now living, including present birth one

FATHER
FULL NAME Alonzo Hazelton Harding
RESIDENCE 413 So. 4th Ave
COLOR White AGE AT LAST BIRTHDAY 23 (Years)
BIRTHPLACE Boston, Idaho
OCCUPATION Adl. Harding

MOTHER
FULL MAIDEN NAME Margaret Rue Larsen
RESIDENCE 413 So. 4th Ave
COLOR White AGE AT LAST BIRTHDAY 21 (Years)
BIRTHPLACE Fairview, Idaho
OCCUPATION Housekeeping

CERTIFICATE OF ATTENDING PHYSICIAN OR MIDWIFE
I hereby certify that I attended the birth of this child, who was Born alive 12240 P.M.
on the date above stated.

*When there was no attending physician or midwife, then the father, householder, etc., should make this return. A stillborn child is one that neither breathes nor shows other evidence of life after birth.
Give names added from a supplemental report.

(Signature) Mrs. Ann W. Bird
Midwife
(Physician or midwife)
Address 413 So. 4th Ave
Filed 11/1 1923 R. Harris

WITH PRINCELY WITH READING IN—THIS IS A PERMANENT RECORD
A. N. in case of more than one child at birth a SEPARATE RETURN must be made for each and the number of each, in order of birth stated.



Anna Harding

There is some interesting bit of information, that shows up on this birth certificate of Anna's such as, Anna was born in a house at 413 So. 4th Ave. in Pocatello Bannock, County, Idaho, which was Alonzo and Rue's home there in Pocatello. The midwife was Mrs. Ann W. Bird, and Anna was born on the 23, Sept. 1923 and Alonzo was 23 at the time of Anna's birth and Rue was 21.

The homes here are much like the home that Anna was born in at 413 So. 8th Ave. in Pocatello, Idaho on the 23, Sept. 1923. I Doran H. Barlow and Brenda Welling took these pictures Shortly after Anna's death. We found out that the home that Anna was born in has been torn down to make room for business that are near by. There are clusters of Rail Road homes in this area of Pocatello near the rail road track, I imagine looking much the same as it was back in 1923.

Anna's Childhood as I Remember It
A talk given at Anna's Funeral by Norma Szymanski

Anna and I were very close as young girls. Trying to remember her childhood I thought of the song we learned in Primary and the words that "Christ played as little children play." Anna and I played as little children played. I remember one of our favorite things to do was go over to Gilbert's and play house with Wilma, Thelma, and Barlow. I remember one time we pretended that Anna and Barlow were married and we went out in their trash and found old dishes to give them as wedding presents.

The Olson girls were older than we were but they would come and take us swimming in the irrigation ditch down behind Hinckley's. As young girls we would play paper dolls and cut out clothes from the Sears and Roebuck catalog. We had no problem keeping ourselves occupied as we had lots of friends of different ages in the neighborhood. We loved them all. This was one of Anna's special gifts. She loved everyone and no one was ever a stranger for long.

One special Christmas we got our first bicycle and even though there was snow on the road Daddy went out with us to teach us to ride. As we got older Dad bought a second bicycle. It was a large racer and since Anna was the oldest and tallest she got to ride the racer. One day we were going up to play with Alice, Donna, and Vila Rawlings and Anna fell and hurt her arm. We didn't think much of it until we were changing our bed on Saturday and it really hurt her to do this so she was taken to the Doctor and we found out that it was broke.

Anna was a very obedient, responsible, and ambitious child. Ours was a home where we were taught to love the Lord, and the Value of Work. We were also taught to love music and given the opportunity to study Piano. Anna made the most of this and became quite proficient on the piano. We also sang together. Anna had a beautiful Alto voice and at that time I was a soprano. Mother did not approve of us singing Country Western that my Dad loved nor the popular songs of the day, so we sang the hymns and Nelson Eddy and Jeannette MacDonald songs. Thinking back on that today I have to laugh and wonder how we could ever have sang - "Will you answer too, 000 , 000, 000, 000, 000.000 000."

We always had our chores to do. Anna would pitch in and get hers done right away while I would find a corner to hide in and read. I would always get mine done in time, but she couldn't understand why I loved to read so much. We would help Daddy in the store and we loved to do this. We learned to make change at a very early age. It was always fun when we got to help Dad. He would pay us by giving us a lollipop at the end of the week. As we got a little older Daddy would leave us to take care of the store and he would go help put up hay for \$1.00 a day. During beet vacation we took care of the store while he went and topped beets.

In the summer Anna and I would ride to Ogden with the Ice Cream Man and stay with Aunt Anneta and Uncle Carl. At the time they had no children so they really spoiled us. The high light of our visit was a trip on the Bamberger Train to Lagoon. Aunt Anneta would pack a delicious lunch and we would spend the day there.

Mother had a very bad heart and was not able to do much. She was often down with her heart and pneumonia. One Christmas eve when Anna and I were probably 10 and 12 she had had a heart

attack and Daddy could not leave her bedside so Anna and I played Santa that year and I think most every year after. She was so bad that the Doctor had told us that she could die any time. She had even chosen a new mother for us. I think the Lord was preparing us for what was to happen.

The summer before Anna turned 15 Mother and Dad went to Portland to a Red and White convention and to visit his brother there. Anna, with the help of Wilma Bodily, was put in charge of the store for two weeks. Our folks were so proud of her for the job she had done.

That December our Father was killed and as a result of the accident Mother was left bedfast for many years. Anna at the age of 15 took the reins and managed our home. Sometimes I didn't like the decisions she had made. I guess I just resented taking orders from her and we would quarrel. One Sunday we were in Mother's bedroom and were quarreling and she had had it and said, "For heavens sake stop your quarreling and go to fighting." The ever obedient children we were we did just that. Anna landed the first and only blow for that was all it took to wake us up. We ended up in tears in each others arms. I of course went to school on Monday with a black eye and told every one I'd rung into a door. It wasn't exactly a lie for Anna was strong willed and determined like a door whenever she made up her mind about something.

After Daddy died, Uncle Vaughan ran the store for Mother for a short time until he and Aunt Geneva were married and he left to farm. At that time Aunt Mary left her alcoholic husband and came to live with us and she took over the store until she and Dell were married. We all helped out there as well as at home. We had learned to check oil and pump gas years before so we could do anything that needed to be done. We had a very organized life at home. We each had our duties at home before we left for school and even Spencer and Blake, who were 2 and 5 at the time our Dad was taken, helped out. I remember they would shake the throw rugs each morning. Things like the laundry and baking bread were done after school and we would each take our turn as we got older.

I think it was about this time that we were hired by the ward to clean the church. It was a big undertaking for us kids but it was a way to help support the family. Each Sunday between meetings we would wash all the little glass sacrament glasses and shine the trays so they would be ready for Sacrament meeting that evening. During the week we would go over and clean the building. We would have to be there every night if there was something going on to lock the building after everyone left. I remember when we went in the vacant building during the week we would always see mice running down the halls and we would chase them with a broom and kill them. We were paid \$75. a month for taking care of the church.

Anna ran the store after Aunt Mary remarried until about the time I graduated from High School and Uncle Bry took it over. I remember she and I were both job hunting at the same time. She worked at the Court House as extra help for a short time, then at Ben Franklin, but eventually she ended up at the egg plant and candled eggs. While we kids were taking care of the store, if we had a car of coal come in Anna and DeWayne would get Grandpa's truck and they would unload the car of coal. They would deliver the slack coal to the church and fill the bin, and would deliver any orders we had, or they would unload it in the bins at the back of the yard. They would come home so black. This was really very hard work and I felt very lucky for I got to stay and take care of the store. It was at times like this that I felt very blessed for having exzema. It sounds like we worked all the time and we did put in lots of hours working, but every year after Mother was able to we

would celebrate Mother's birthday by going on a camping trip to Logan Canyon. We would go on the 24th of July and stay the 25th which was her birthday. Mother would bathe her feet in the river. We loved our trips to the canyon. As young children Daddy would often drive up Cub River Canyon on a Sunday afternoon.

Anna's senior year in High School was a very special one for her in many ways. She got to play the base fiddle in the High School Orchestra. She loved this and Mother made her a beautiful white blouse with flowing sleeves for performances and she loved it. She also had one of the leads in the Operetta that year. She played opposite Wendall Wiser, a lifetime friend who she respected and liked very much. However the most important thing that happened was that Barlow Gilbert came over to the house and introduced her to Doran. Things were never the same after that. Her schoolwork suffered and we were finding things in very strange places around the house. I specifically remember finding potatoes in the breadbox. She could not think of anything but Doran and her concentration about other things went out the door. Doran left on his mission to Kentucky on the 5th of March so life gradually got back to normal.

She stayed true to Doran while he was on his mission and a few weeks before he came home she received a letter from him saying that he thought they should see others. She really fell apart and she was determined she was going to join the WACS. Mother asked her to go speak to President Merrill before she made up her mind to do this. Luckily for us he convinced her that she shouldn't do this.

I remember the first Saturday night after Doran came home. He hadn't called her and she knew he would be at the dance at the Persiana in Preston. She stewed for a while before she said, "Come on Sis, we're going to Preston." We found Doran with his friends at Merrills, the local hangout in Preston. They talked for a while. When we left Doran said, "Ya all come!" For some reason this made Anna very angry and the next morning she got up and said she was going to Mink Creek. She didn't come home until later that day and she was happy when she got home so we knew that everything would work out for them.



They were married on July 28th of that year. I have not only lost a sister, but I have lost my best friend and I will miss her very much. I have always been grateful to Anna for not only mothering all of my brothers and sisters, but especially for being a second mother to my family. People in Minnesota couldn't understand why it was so easy for me to let my children go to school so far from home, but I knew that if they were ever lonesome or in special need of something they had Anna and Doran to go to. Their door was always open and they and their family have always been very special to my children. I know that Anna is happy and is with us today and I'd like to say just one more time. I LOVE YOU SIS. I say this in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Fairview, Idaho
March 9, 1941

A Patriarchal Blessing Given Under the Hands of A. Willard Larsen, Patriarch upon the head of Anna Harding daughter of Alonzo H. Harding and Margaret Rue Larsen Harding. Born at Pocatello, Idaho September 23, 1923

Anna Harding by virtue of my office and calling I lay my hands upon your head and give unto you a patriarchal blessing and I say unto you that the Lord has been kind to allow you to come forth and live upon the earth in this dispensation of the fullness of time, when the Gospel has been restored to the earth in its fullness, and that you have been born of Goodly parents that have taught you the truth and that you are of the seed of Joseph through the loins of Ephraim. I bless you with health and strength that you shall live long upon the earth and be useful in the hands of the Lord in doing much good while you shall dwell in mortality. You are of a kind and loving disposition and you shall be the means of making many friends wherever you go. You shall be called upon to hold many responsible positions in the Church of Jesus Christ and preaching the Gospel in the Wards & Stakes of Zion. You shall be called upon to feed and clothe those who will flee unto Zion to safety and to assist in building up the Center Stake of Zion. You shall receive, through your faithfulness and devotion a true Testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, in so much that you shall know that God lives and that Jesus is the Redeemer of the World, and that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God. I promise you that you shall be permitted to go to the House of the Lord and receive a companion and be married for Time and All Eternity, and become a Mother in Israel and with your husband you shall receive all the blessings of the Priesthood of God, and the day shall come when the Spirit of Elijah shall come upon you for your kindred dead, and I confer upon you all the blessings of Abraham, Isaac, & Jacob & seal you up against the power of the destroyer to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection, crowned with immortality and Eternal life and I seal upon you all these blessings according to your faithfulness, in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ, Amen.

Approved—A. Willard Larsen
Patriarch

Doran & Anna's Wedding



Those that went through the Logan Temple when Doran & Anna were married on the 28 July 1943. Standing right side: Willard Larsen, Urven Larsen, Viola Larsen, Geneva Larsen, Vaughn Larsen, Anna, Doran, Willis & Thelma Chatterton. In front left: Ethel Larsen, Dortha and Darrel Bell. My father Nathan Barlow was with us but not in the picture.



Bryant, Rebecca Tesch & Patricia



Patricia & Bryant in back yard on
3418 Eccles Ave. Ogden, Ut.



Center picture left to right: Dora Ann, Brenda, Ruelene, Michael, Ruelene, Dora
Ann, Brenda,. Bottom picture: Bryant, Bradley, & Beverly.



Top to bottom:
Dora Ann, Ruelene, Brenda,
Michael, Debbie, Bradley,
Beverly, and Patricia.





Back row left:
Beverly, Larry Tesch, Dora Ann,
Leroy Fox, Ruelene, Jay, Brenda,
and Bradley.
Middle row left:
Debbie and Michael.
Front row left:
Briant, Doran, Becky Tesch,
Anna, Jeff Tesch, and Patricia.



Back row left:
Brenda, Beverly, Bradley,
Briant, Michael, Dora Ann,
and Patricia.
Front row left:
Ruelene, Doran, Anna,
and Debbie.

Family Group Record- 1

Page 1 of 3

Husband						DORAN HEAP ** BARLOW-2SVB-RQ			
Born	15 Feb 1920	Place	PRESTON, FRANKLIN, IDAHO	LDS ordinance dates	Temple				
Christened	25 Apr 1920	Place	PRESTON, FRANKLIN, IDAHO	Baptized	16 Apr 1928				
Died		Place		Endowed	27 Feb 1941	SLAKE			
Buried		Place		Sealed to parents	BIC				
Married	28 Jul 1943	Place	LOGAN, CACHE, UTAH	Sealed to spouse	28 Jul 1943	LOGAN			
Husband's father	NATHAN BARLOW-64H0-GI				MRIN: 2				
Husband's mother	DORA MATILDA TOLMAN-1H3X-X2								
Wife						ANNA HARDING-2SVB-SW			
Born	23 Sep 1921	Place	POCATELLO, B. IDAHO	LDS ordinance dates	Temple				
Christened	4 Nov 1923	Place	POCATELLO, B. IDAHO	Baptized	10 Nov 1931				
Died	7 Feb 2002	Place	South Ogden, Weber, Utah	Endowed	28 Jul 1943	LOGAN			
Buried	12 Feb 2002	Place	Ogden, Weber, Utah	Sealed to parents	BIC				
Wife's father	ALONZO HAZELTON HARDING-2SVB-T3				MRIN: 3				
Wife's mother	MARGARET RUE LARSEN-2SVB-V8								
Children List each child in order of birth.				LDS ordinance dates	Temple				
1	F	DORA ANN BARLOW-2SVB-G6							
Born	7 Jul 1944	Place	PRESTON, FRANKLIN, IDAHO	Baptized	3 Sep 1952				
Christened	3 Sep 1944	Place	FAIRVIEW, FRANKLIN, IDAHO	Endowed	29 Dec 1964	LOGAN			
Died		Place		Sealed to parents	BIC				
Buried		Place							
Spouse	LARRY LEE TESCH-64GZ-74				MRIN: 4				
Married	29 Dec 1964	Place	LOGAN TEMPLE, C. UTAH	Sealed to spouse	29 Dec 1964	LOGAN			
2	F	RUELENE BARLOW-2SVB-JJ							
Born	19 Feb 1947	Place	PRESTON, FRANKLIN, IDAHO	Baptized	2 Jul 1955				
Christened	27 Apr 1947	Place	THATCHER, BE, UTAH, UTAH	Endowed	20 May 1968	SLAKE			
Died	26 Feb 2001	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Sealed to parents	BIC				
Buried	3 Mar 2001	Place	St. George, Washington, Utah						
Spouse	MYRON LEROY FOX JR.-3X7M-42				MRIN: 5				
Married	26 Jun 1968	Place	SALT LAKE CITY, SL, UTAH	Sealed to spouse	26 Jun 1968	SLAKE			
3	F	BRENDA BARLOW-2SVB-KP							
Born	27 Sep 1950	Place	TREMONTON, BE, UTAH	Baptized	2 Nov 1958				
Christened	5 Nov 1950	Place	THATCHER, BOX ELDER, UTAH	Endowed	17 Jun 1968	LOGAN			
Died		Place		Sealed to parents	BIC				
Buried		Place							
Spouse	BLAIN JAY WELLING-64GZ-6X				MRIN: 6				
Married	17 Jun 1968	Place	LOGAN TEMPLE, C. UTAH	Sealed to spouse	17 Jun 1968	LOGAN			

Family Group Record- 1

Page 2 of 3

Husband		DORAN HEAP ** BARLOW-2SVB-RQ			
Wife		ANNA HARDING-2SVB-SW			
Children		List each child in order of birth.		LDS ordinance dates:	Temple
4	F	BEVERLY BARLOW-2SVB-LV			
Born		22 Aug 1954	Place	OGDEN, WEBER, UTAH	Baptized
Christened		26 Sep 1954	Place	OGDEN, WEBER, UTAH	Endowed
Died			Place		Society to parents
Buried			Place		BIC
Spouse		RICHARD TWITCHELL HOLBROOK-64GZ-9G			MRIN: 7
Married		4 Sep 1975	Place	SALT LAKE CITY, SL, UTAH	Sealed to spouse
					4 Sep 1975 SLAKE
5	M	DORAN BRADLEY BARLOW-2SVB-HC			
Born		22 Aug 1954	Place	OGDEN, WEBER, UTAH	Baptized
Christened		26 Sep 1954	Place	OGDEN, WEBER, UTAH	Endowed
Died			Place		Sealed to parents
Buried			Place		BIC
Spouse		ALICE CARRIE CALLAHAN-64GZ-AL			MRIN: 8
Married		10 Mar 1976	Place	LOGAN TEMPLE, C, UTAH	Sealed to spouse
					10 Mar 1976 LOGAN
5	F	DEBRA BARLOW-2SVB-M2			
Born		28 Jun 1956	Place	OGDEN, WEBER, UTAH	Baptized
Christened		5 Aug 1956	Place	OGDEN, WEBER, UTAH	Endowed
Died			Place		Sealed to parents
Buried			Place		BIC
Spouse		LYLE RICHARD COX-68M6-3D			MRIN: 9
Married		15 Dec 1978	Place	OGDEN, WEBER, UTAH	Sealed to spouse
					15 Dec 1978 OGDEN
7	M	MICHAEL HARDING BARLOW-2SVB-N7			
Born		18 Feb 1958	Place	OGDEN, WEBER, UTAH	Baptized
Christened		30 Mar 1958	Place	OGDEN, WEBER, UTAH	Endowed
Died			Place		Sealed to parents
Buried			Place		BIC
Spouse		JILL ANN CLARK-18RN-WD			MRIN: 10
Married		10 Apr 1980 (Div)	Place	OGDEN TEMPLE, W, UTAH	Sealed to spouse
					10 Apr 1980 OGDEN
8	F	PATRICIA BARLOW-64HO-9K			
Born		31 Oct 1962	Place	OGDEN, WEBER, UTAH	Baptized
Christened		2 Dec 1962	Place	OGDEN, WEBER, UTAH	Endowed
Died			Place		Sealed to parents
Buried			Place		BIC
Spouse		CHARLES MILTON BERGLUND			MRIN: 11
9	M	BRYANT NORMAN BARLOW-2SVB-QK			
Born		2 Mar 1965	Place	OGDEN, WEBER, UTAH	Baptized
Christened		28 Mar 1965	Place	OGDEN, WEBER, UTAH	Endowed
Died			Place		Sealed to parents
Buried			Place		BIC
Spouse		EMILY HOLMES			MRIN: 12
Married		4 Sep 1985	Place	SALT LAKE TEMPLE, SL, UTAH	Sealed to spouse
					4 Sep 1985 SLAKE



Back row left to right:

Lyle Cox holding Tyler, Alice Barlow, Garry, Richard Holbrook, Tracey, Corey, Tausha & Jay Welling, Jeffrey, Larry, Jennifer, Stephen, & Curtis Tesch, Calvin, Leroy, & Bryce Fox, Jill Barlow holding Rodney, Charles Berglund, Emily Barlow.

2nd row left to right:

Debbie Cox, Joey held by Bradley Barlow, Matthew held by Beverly Holbrook, Brenda Welling, Dora Ann Tesch, Anna & Doran Barlow, Ruelene Fox, Michael Barlow holding Justin, Lyle held by Pat Berglund, Bryant Barlow holding Rendon.

Front row left to right:

Amy, Jeremy, & Kathy Cox, Carrie Barlow, Kami Cox, Cassie, Judson, & Leanne Barlow, Melanie, Michael, & Michelle Holbrook, Paul Welling, Anna, D. J. with Edward sitting in front, Brenda, & Allen Fox, James & Brad Berglund, Becky holding Jared & Mark Nuttall.



Larry & Dora Ann Tesch
Wedding 29th Dec. 1964



LeRoy & Ruelene Fox Wedding
26th June, 1968



Jay & Brenda Welling Wedding
17th June, 1968



Richard & Beverly Holbrook Wedding
4th Sept. 1975



Michael & Rebecca Barlow
Wedding 20th Feb. 2000



Lyle & Debra Cox Wedding
15th Dec. 1978



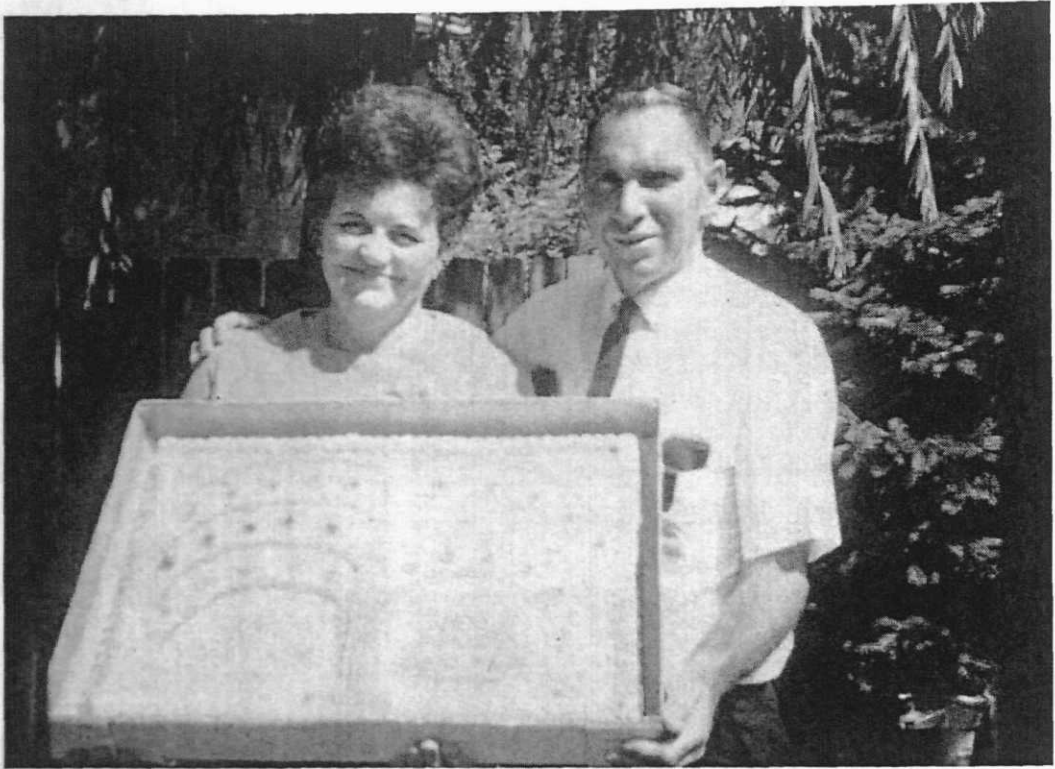
Bradley & Alice Barlow
Wedding 10th Mar. 1976



Charles & Patricia Berglund
Wedding 20th Aug. 1982



Bryant & Emily Barlow
Wedding 4th Sept. 1985



Doran & Anna's Twenty fifth Wedding Anniversary

Our Family= Back row
from the left: Brenda,
Beverly, Bradley,
Bryant, Dora Ann,
Patricia,
Siting left to
right=Ruelene, Doran,
Anna, and Debbie, and
Tobbie our Dog.





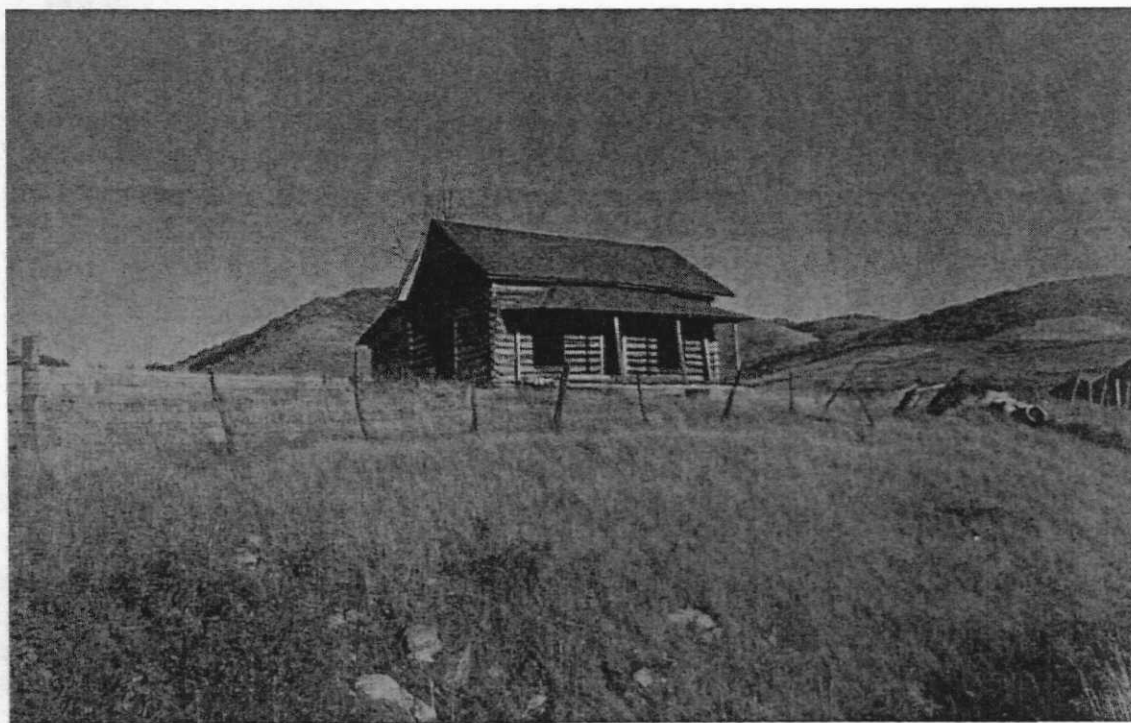
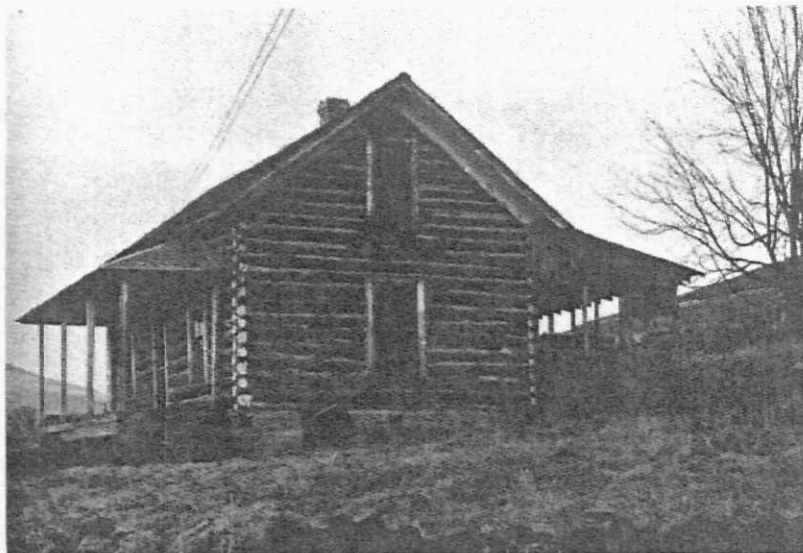
Doran & Anna's fiftieth Wedding Anniversary 28, July 1993



Our children: Back row left to right= Beverly, Dora Ann, Michael, Debbie, Patricia, Brenda. Left to right=Bradley, Ruelene, Doran, Anna, and Bryant.

Doran and Anna's first home on the Delbert Kellers farm in Mink Creek, Idaho. We had no water in the house, no bathroom. We got water out of a ditch that ran above the house for general use and got water from Delberts home for drinking. We had a kitchen stove, that was the only means of heating. We slept up stairs with no heat up there. We had no car so Anna had to get a ride with the milk man to Preston then take the car that Norma had driven up to work at Anderson

Lumber on home to Fairview with her laundry. Most 'generally taking two to three days.



This log house was the rangers home in Mink Creek and was out near where the church house is now. Delbert bought it when they built a new home for the ranger, and move it to where it is now. I got \$70.00 a month and this log home while I worked for Delbert Keller.



ISRAEL BARLOW
Utah Pioneer

See page 17



LUCY HEAP BARLOW

See page 20



SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF ISRAEL AND LUCY HEAP BARLOW

Left to right (top): Truman Heap, Sarah Isabel, Annie Lucette and Emma Lucette.
Bottom: Hyrum Heap, Minnie Rette, Granville and Nathan. See page 19.

(2)



Nathan Barlow, b 1869



Dora Matilda Tolman
Born, 13 Mar 1876.
Died, 16 Feb 1920



Dora Matilda Tolman
& Nathan Barlow 1891

Nathan And Dora's
Wedding Picture



Nathan, Owen, Wilford
As Young Men

Married, 24 June 1891 To
Dora Matilda Tolman
Nathan Died TR New TOWN



Dora Matilda Tolman
& Nathan Barlow 1895



Top Row, Matilda, Viola, Lue, Mary, Lucy.
Front Row, Carol Dawn, Dora, Lela.



Top Row, Nathan, Shelton, Doran, Granville
Front Row, Kimber, Walter



Top Row, Doran, Anna, Allen, Leonard, Lela, Allie, Nathan,
Lue, Aunt Lydia, Granville, Edith, Roy, Mary, Lucy
Front Row, Viola, Dora, Kimber, Carol Dawn, Walter, Matilda

I am going to enter another phases of my life that has been so challenge to me. Anna has been gone almost five years. The loneliness that goes with being alone by losing one's companion that you love is very hard to adjust to. I can't thank my children enough for the support they gave me, but the long nights and the times you need a sound board to air your frustration in life and just some one to talk to when you need to.

I believe that the Lord has had such a great part in directing my life and still does. It was last year on the 14, Feb. I and Beverly went to Boyd Jeppson viewing at Lindquist Mortuary we were standing in line back of Lar Mar Buckner when he asked me how I was getting along. I said just a day at a time. He then said would you like to come and help me do sealing at the Ogden Temple on Tuesday, I told him I surely would and started the falling Tuesday. There I found my self working with some very loving and great people, for the most part I knew them only by Brother or Sister. There was Lar Mar Buckner sealer , Frances Olsen, Dean Hurst, Paul Bott, Darrell & Lynette Weller, Karen Fowers, Barbara Henrie. as worker. Ferrel & Ila Jean Carter director of all the sealings on Tuesdays. Here I worked with such beautiful people until I went to Hawaii with Brenda on the 6, June 2005 for Paul Wellings graduation from the B.Y.U. of Hawaii. Having a wonderful time with Brenda and seeing Hawaii the first time wishing that mother could of been with me, for she wanted to go so bad and didn't .

Then on the first part of Aug. 2005 I went with Pat & Charles to pick up Charles from his mission back in New York. What a wonderful experience going and seeing many of the church history sights. Thanks Pat & Chuck

I came back to my sealing assailment when my whole life change, bringing happiness light to my life. About 19, Nov. 2005 Kathy & Camie Cox got me some tickets for the L.D.S Christmas Program. Beverly and Richard told me I should get some one to go with me to the program and they would take me down, I called a lady out in North Ogden that I had gone with a time or to, calling her three different day and was unable to reach her. I then said to Beverly that there was a sister Olsen at the temple maybe I'll call her and see if she will go with me. I called her and she said I would be glad to.. From there on we had several dates seeing the Work & Glory, also going with our children on dinner dates. On the 8, Dec. 2005 we went with Beverly and Richard to the conference cent for the L.D.S Christmas program. It was here that I got so raddled I couldn't find my tickets for the program, I stirred the family up trying to find them, Frances said this is our first date maybe the last. Just kidding. I later found them in a lower pocked that I didn't think about.

But from that time on our love for each other grew. On 28, Jan. 2006 in the Ogden Temple Lar Mar Buckner married us for time

State of Utah		Marriage License		County of Weber
				106297
To any person legally authorized to solemnize marriage, you are hereby authorized to join in Holy Matrimony.				
Groom	DORAN HEAP BARLOW	OGDEN, WEBER, UT	55	
	(Name)	(City, County, State)	(Age)	
Bride	FRANCES MAY OLSEN	OGDEN, WEBER, UT	54	
	(Name)	(City, County, State)	(Age)	
In Witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at my office in Ogden City, Weber County, State of Utah.				
Date of License	24-JAN-2006			
	Linda G. Lunsford Weber County Clerk <i>Linda G. Lunsford</i> Deputy County Clerk			
I, the undersigned, did join in the bonds of Holy Matrimony according to the Statute of Utah and caused their signatures to be signed below.				
<i>Doran Heap Barlow</i> Signature of Groom		<i>Frances May Olsen</i> Signature of Bride		
<i>E. Lamar Buckner</i> Signature of Elder		<i>Larry G. Henderson</i> Signature of Second Witness		
E. LAMAR BUCKNER, an Elder in the LDS Church		28 JANUARY 2006		
Pastor Name and Title of Minister		Date of Ceremony		
Ogden, Weber, Utah		City and County of Ceremony		
2/2/06		2/2/06		
in <i>Jennifer Buckner</i>		in <i>Kimberly Buckner</i>		
Deputy Clerk		Deputy Clerk		

NOTE: This Marriage License MUST BE USED WITHIN 30 DAYS OF DATE OF ISSUE. The return publishing the Marriage License is responsibility of the person who received the license. The return must be filed with the County Clerk within 10 days after the marriage is solemnized. It is a misdemeanor to fail to comply. All signatures must be legible.

What wonderful support we have had from both families. We had a wonderful dinner at the Maddox near Brigham City. We had about 92 with both family. What a happy time we had and still do, Frances is such a happy person and brings happiness to those she comes in contact. You just have to look at the smile she has on her face to know this.

Bryant & Emily took us to our bed & breakfast in Providence, Ut. near Logan. What a neat place to stay.



Mike and Rebecca came and picked us up the next morning. What a wonderful family we have, their concern was for our happiness.

History of Norma Szymanski

I was born in Fairview, Franklin County, Idaho on September 13, 1925. I was the second child of Margaret Rue Larsen and Alonzo Hazelton Harding.

In the spring of 1930 Dad rented the farm out and started to build a store and a 2-bedroom house across the street from the church. We lived in a little house that Aunt Tyra owned while they were building this. Carol was just a baby then and I remember pushing a stroller with her in it up to see how our new house was coming.

This was a good location for us as we were right in the center of Fairview, however having the house on the store was not good as it would get very noisy and I'm sure the customers felt that the noise from our house was distracting also.

We had good neighbors all around us. We would go over to play with Dallas Gilbert and his sisters. I remember swinging on a rope from the hayloft of their barn across the empty spot and being very afraid of falling. We also lived by Frank Gilbert's family and we had so much fun at their place. We would play house with Thelma and Wilma and Barlow. The neighbor kids would come to our house and we would set off fire crackers in the sand pile and see how high we could blow up the tin cans.

The neighbors were always a big temptation for me and I would go to their house without asking so I was punished a lot for this. I remember being tied to the bed, tied to the porch post, and nothing seemed to work until Mother sent me for a willow. I had to go cut it myself and she used it on the back of my legs. This cured my running away as I sure didn't want that willow again.

We would go swimming in the canal. The Olson kids were older than we and our folks would let us go swimming with them.

We also had lots of fun playing cricket on the church lawn with the neighbor kids. It was also a lot of fun walking on the pipe fence around the church. It wasn't so much fun though when you fell straddling it. Another thing we would do was hanging by our legs on the hitching post on the side of the store.

I started school the year I turned six. We went to school in the Fairview schoolhouse. We had two grades to a room and there were two rooms downstairs and two rooms upstairs. I loved school and I still love to fill up my extra time reading. My best friend in school was Alice Rawlings. Of course we were all friends but some were better than others. We all went to school together for 12 years. I had to work hard to keep up with Lynn Larsen, my uncle, and Shirley Cole, but I was Salutatorian when we graduated from 8th grade. We went to Preston for High School. I was so bashful that I had a hard time getting acquainted and making friends there. People today find it hard to believe that I was bashful, but I remember a teacher sending me over to the Art teacher for some reason and I was shaking so bad I could hardly relay the message.

My favorite class in high school was acapella choir. I sang soprano and had the highest range of any one in the choir and would sing any obbligatos. It seems impossible now for I sing tenor today.

Anna and I sang together a lot. When she got married I sang second soprano with Margaret and Carol. I also had the opportunity to sing second soprano in Elda Carlson's chorus for a while, but had to quit when Thad and I moved to Minnesota.



Daddy was killed when I was in 8th grade in 1938. This was devastating to our family. I remember that Anna came to me before school started after Christmas vacation and said someone is going to have to stay home with Mother and since she was in High school she thought she should finish school and I stay home until she was through and then I could go. I ran to Mother crying and asked if I had to stay home and she said that no one was going to quit school. Mother was such a wonderful example to us. She was very ill, but she had asked the Lord to let her live to raise her family and she had been allowed to come back to us and not only she but we kids also had faith that she would be with us until we were raised.

Aunt Mary divorced her husband not long after Daddy was killed and she and Lee came to live with us. She ran the store and we would often work in it after school. After she remarried Uncle Bry took over the store. It cut down on Mother's income a lot, but we were asked to take care of the church. We kids did this and were paid \$75 a month. It took a lot of time, as we not only had to clean it, but at that time someone had to be there to unlock and lock it whenever there was anything going on. In the winter it seemed that there was someone playing basketball every night. I don't remember just how many years we did this but it was until Anna and I were both out of school and working. Dee and the boys did the yard work in the summer.

We always had a big garden and would can the produce from it. I also remember picking pole beans to make a little money in the summer.

We always had a jersey cow and when Daddy was alive we would go along the road and pick up the beets that fell off the wagons to feed our cow. One year we were doing this and our little terrier was with me and was hit and killed by a car. I was really sad, but Dad came running for he thought it was me that was hit. We would also take Frank Gilberts cows to the pasture and for this he allowed us to pasture our cow with his. Some time after Dad was killed our cow was down in Grandpa's pasture and got out on the railroad tracks and was hit by a train so after that we bought milk from Frank.

We had been taught to work before Daddy died but we really learned responsibility after.

After I graduated from High School I thought I might have to go to Ogden to work. I had only had one year of type and one year of shorthand but after looking for work in Preston I went to Ogden and took the civil service test. I passed the typing part with flying colors, but had never taken dictation and typed it up before and I missed passing that test by 3 words. They encouraged me to come back and take it again for they were sure I would pass it. In the meantime I went home and was told that they were looking for someone at Anderson Lumber. I went for an interview and was hired. So I was able to stay home and help take care of things. I would have to be at work at 8 in the morning and we didn't close until 6 in the afternoon. Carol made live miserable for me, as she didn't think I was carrying my share of the load. Mother pointed out to her that I was doing all I could. I made \$75 a month to start with but it wasn't long before I made \$120 a month. This helped Mother out a lot for all but car expenses went to the family fund. Sometimes Mother would insist I get me a pair of shoes or a coat. She would help me sew dresses and one time I was standing on the bed so she could pin the hem of a dress and I passed out and fell. I was very lucky for I didn't hurt myself and the Doctor didn't find anything wrong with me. I guess it was the heat at the top of the room.

When Ray interviewed me he asked if I had a boy friend. I told him no. He said that was good because he didn't want to train a girl just to have her get married. He also asked if I would go to Ogden if they wanted me to and I said no that I wanted to stay with Mother.

It wasn't long after I started at Anderson Lumber that President Wynn sent someone from BYU to talk to me. They said that because I was a widow's daughter that I could go to the Y

tuition free and they would give me a job so that I could go to school. I told them that I couldn't leave my sick Mother. I didn't tell Mother about this and have always regretted it. I should have encouraged her to sell out and we could have moved to Provo and all of us gone on to the Y, but I didn't have the wisdom to do this.

The night before Anna got married I was working in the store. Clyde Fifield had been over visiting Mother and stopped at the store after. He asked me when I was getting married and since he was a B- Ser I said when I find someone tall enough for me. He was on furlough from the Army and he said there was a fellow in his outfit that was 6'5" and he'd tell him to write to me. I said, "You do that," and forgot all about it. In a few weeks I got a letter from Thaddeus Szymanski. I couldn't even pronounce his name so I took the letter to work the next day and asked Ray how he would pronounce it. He just said, "I knew it." He knew that this letter would mean a boy friend, but who would have ever thought I would end up marrying him.

Thad and I corresponded for over a year before I met him. It was a great way to get to know someone. He was a farm boy from Northern Minnesota. He was quite adventurous. He was born in a small log cabin. He had two older sisters at that time. At 16 he bought a motorcycle and told his Mom and sister to watch him. He took off very fast down the lane and a cow stepped out of the brush right in front of him. It killed the cow and wrecked the motorcycle and he didn't think he was hurt, but he walked like something had happened for the rest of his life. When they announced that they were going to draft men for one year prior to World War II he went in and enlisted. He was the first man to go from Pennington County. Of course when his year was up he had to stay in and was in the army for almost 6 years. He had been raised a Catholic but had never gone to catechism so he wasn't really a catholic. Mother and I both wrote and sent him tracts that Doran supplied with a Book of Mormon. He knew that I would never marry anyone but a Mormon. When he got a furlough the summer of 1944 he came down to meet me in person. We spent 2 weeks together and before he left he gave me a diamond. He went to Louisiana from there and knew he would be going to Germany. While in Louisiana he found the missionaries and was baptized before going over seas. When he came home he said he wasn't sure he believed in Joseph Smith and we broke up the day he got home. I drove back home and he caught a bus and got home shortly after I did. He said he couldn't go home without seeing Mother. While he was there we talked and patched things up. We didn't think we'd be able to go to the Temple but after Uncle Vaughn was put in as Bishop he came over and interviewed Thad and asked that we wait until the High Council met before we got married and see if they felt that we were worthy to go to the Temple. We were married on November 20th in the Logan Temple.

I had quit my job, as at that time women didn't work after they were married. Thad wasn't able to find work until spring so we spent the winter with Mother. In March we went to work for Carl Mortenson in Clifton. He moved on a little 2-room house for us. I fixed it up really cute. We had orange crate cupboards until Anna and Doran moved into Aunt Molly's and she didn't need her cupboard so we used it and thought we were in heaven. In August Merlin Whittle asked Thad to work for him. It meant a modern house and more money and was in Fairview where I could help out at home so of course we went to work for him. Merlin built a grade A dairy and part of our income was a percentage of the purebred heifer calves. Of course most of the cows were pasture bred so we didn't end up with many calves. In the summer of 1949 we heard about land being homesteaded up by Moses Lake, Washington so Thad & I and Doran went up to check on it. Since service men got first choice Thad put in for some land. That fall the country was in a recession and Merlin fired Thad. He had a younger man working for him that he could get for less money and he knew that as soon as we could find something we would be gone. He came up with the excuse that all I did was go over to Mother's and we would spread gossip about him. Nothing could have been

farther from the truth. Thad's Dad told him if we would come back to Minnesota he would help us get a farm so Thad traded our car for a truck and made a pen for our 3 heifers in the front corner of it. We loaded up all our belongings but my sewing machine made it to tall so I sold it. He left for Minnesota alone on the 1st of November. At this time we had 2 kids. Lon was born on May 15, 1947 and Christine on August 11, 1948. The kids and I stayed with mother until after Thanksgiving and Lon and Christine and I took a train back to Thief River Falls. The night before I left Fairview Merlin's wife came over and she and I sat in her car and she told me she knew that Mother and I had not done what Merlin accused us of and she and I talked and cried for sometime.

It was terribly hard for me to leave my Mother as I knew that she would never be able to travel to see me and I didn't know when I would ever get back to visit her.

When we arrived in Minnesota I found out that Thad had bought a 350-acre farm for \$3500. It had a barn on it that was about to fall over and you could throw a cat through the walls in places. Thad put a pole in it to brace it up. The farm also had a granary and chicken coup on it. An old tractor with lug wheels went with it. When they took me up to see it I cried when I walked in the house. It had been a homestead home and had been added onto twice. The last time was an old granary that had been on the back. Anyway when I started crying Grandma said, "Don't cry you'll be able to build a new house in a few years."

We stayed with Grandpa and Grandma until March and we had to get settled as we were getting baby chicks in a month. When we moved the snow was so deep that we couldn't drive into the driveway. The snowplow was just going by and Thad asked if he would plow our driveway, but he said he wasn't allowed to do this. We ended up moving a piece of furniture at a time on the stoneboat. The first thing Thad did was set up the stove and make a fire. In the meantime he had tried pumping water from the well and all he got was feathers and what looked like a dead mouse. When we saw this we knew we couldn't drink that water so he took a milk can and went to the neighbors for water. While he was gone smoke started coming from the wall and I thought the house was going to burn down. He got back before it started burning and cut the celotex out from around the stovepipe and everything was okay. Thank goodness we had left Lon and Christine at Grandpa's until we had everything done at the house for we just about froze that night.

We carried water from Nelson's for a couple of years until we were able to drill a well. We went down I believe about 75' and we had water, but it was so hard that when you washed your hair it felt like you'd put syrup on it. As soon as we could we drilled deeper and had to go over 300' deep before hitting water again, but then we got water that was so soft and we were never able to pump the well dry.

When we moved in we had no way to make money and we were broke. We asked Grandpa if he would loan us enough to buy a few cows, but he refused. We were devastated, as we didn't know how we were going to feed our family. We went to the bank and I guess we must have put up our heifers as collateral and we bought five cows. We didn't make enough money to meet our obligations at first so we went to Farm Home and borrowed from them to pay the bank and buy a few more cows. We didn't have money for groceries so we asked the manager of the Hartz store if he would charge some necessities until Thad received his veteran's bonus from the state. He was very nice and agreed to do so. In the meantime we kept hauling water and carrying the pot to the outhouse out back.

Mary was born on January 8, 1951. She was not planned and we didn't know how we were going to feed another child, but we found out that the Lord provides. She was such a good baby and I'm afraid because of this and because I had so much to do that she was neglected. I didn't realize what I was doing to her until the kids and I went home for a visit. While there she really

blossomed. Everyone fussed over her and I learned a lesson. If you want happy children you have to pay them some attention and give them lots of love.

I had never milked a cow before, but I learned to do this as well as drive a team that the only language they understood was cussing and I learned to do this as well, but I think the only time I used that language was on Dick and Dewey.

I had also never cooked for a threshing crew and I also learned to do this. The first year we had threshers I was very nervous about this and Francis Aandal came over to help me. When you had men helping you had to take coffee and cookies out to them in the morning, then you had a big dinner for them and coffee and cookies in the afternoon and a big supper at night so you were kept busy cooking and serving them all day.

Ben was born on April 15, 1953 and Thad was going to build a Grade A barn that year. That meant that he would have to put the water in the barn and milk house and I said that if the cows were to have water we were to have water in the house as well. We bought a new sink for the kitchen and we found an old wash basin that I cleaned up and we put it in the bathroom and an old tin shower cabinet and a toilet so for the first time since moving to Minnesota we didn't have to use the little house out back nor did we have to bathe in the round tub. We thought we were in heaven.

The missionaries came out to our house just about every weekend when they were living in Thief River. We would have Sunday School in our home and Evelyn and Karl Nelson would bring their daughters over and join us. Evelyn and Karl had set a date for their baptism but the night before they cancelled it. They were converted to Elder Sonderegger and when he was transferred they cancelled their baptism. We never did get anyone interested in the church in Mavie while we lived there but everyone respected us and some would ask questions. They said that the church sounded very good, but the church they belonged to was good enough for their Mother so it was good enough for them.

When I would go to group activities in the community at first I felt like they were looking for my horns, as they were very standoffish. This ended when I was in the hospital with Mary and I heard the nurses mention Mrs. Bendickson so I asked if there was an empty bed in her room and they said yes and moved me in there. This gave us a chance to get well acquainted as well as with her visitors and they all accepted me after that.

Richard was born on January 9, 1955. We had had a birthday party for Mary on the 8th and in the middle of the night the kids woke up sick and throwing up. About this time I started into labor and poor Thad had to take the kids to Grandpa's and me to the hospital and go home and wash bedding. I really had a good husband for he would do things like this and didn't feel it was women's work.

Each time I had a new baby somehow we would come up with money for train tickets so that I could go home for a month to see Mother. So the summer after Richard was born all the kids and I went to Salt Lake. Mother had married Edis Rawlings since I had been home before and I am sure it was quite different to have a family move in for a month but he treated us royally. The train conductors were wonderful also and would see that I had a place to keep milk cold so that it didn't sour and would help some with the kids.

We were still living in the old house and had no hopes yet of ever building a new one although we were building a reputation with our good herd of cows. We would all work on the farm. I would go to the field during haying time and we would hire a high school girl to watch the kids and help in the house. Lon started driving the tractor at the age of six. He would have to pull the derrick up with a load of hay and Thad would be on the stack and yell at him when to stop. If it was dumped too soon or too late it would either go over the stack or fall in front. It really made a nervous wreck of him. We hated to have him work like this, but we needed his help really bad. I

would rake the hay with one of the horses and an old dump rake and this made me very nervous also as the horse would go faster than I wanted it to and I was always afraid that I would fall off that seat and be run over with the rake. As the kids grew we worked as a family picking rocks and putting up hay. We only had one accident when Lon was on the farm hand and Mary on the tractor raking up. One was going one way around the stack and the other one the other way and Thad couldn't get their attention. Luckily the crash wasn't too bad. We had a family crew that could put up hay faster than a crew of men haying across the street.

Paul was born Nov. 7, 1957. When he was born all the family, including Thad, had the Asiatic flu and were very sick. We tried to get someone to come in and help them but no one would. My kidney quit functioning after Paul was born so I had to stay in the hospital for a longer period of time. All I could do was talk to Thad and try to help him with the kids.

I don't remember how long I was in the hospital but when I got home I was lying in bed one morning and playing with Rick. I raised him above my head and noticed he had crossed eyes. I'm sure it was a result of the flu and a high fever. We were sent to a specialist in Grand Forks and he wore an eye patch for some time and glasses for several years.

We were trying to get a loan to build a house and after Paul started school I thought I could help out a little financially so I got a job as secretary to the High School Principal. I wasn't always busy so I would go ask the Superintendents secretary if there was anything I could help her with and she gave me the financial records for the classes to take care of. She quit the following year and they asked me to take her place. I worked for the District for 5 years. I was working for them in 1965 and had gone to town on a Saturday morning as I usually did to do my shopping. After I left town and got out in the country the wind was blowing so hard that there was a ground blizzard and you couldn't see anything in front of you. I thought that I would go to the first farm house I came to and wait until it had quit, but I came upon a bunch of cars that were traveling about 5 miles an hour so I kept going. We had just about made it to my turn off when a car hit me and he was going 65 miles an hour. It pushed my car into the car ahead and did damage to his car as well. My car was totaled. I didn't think anything had hurt me so I went on home. Needless to say I was very sore. On Tuesday afternoon I realized that something was really wrong with my back so I called the Doctor and he warned me not to bend and to get in to see him as soon as possible. He put me in the hospital and kept me in traction for a week but I didn't get any better so he sent me to Fargo to a specialist. They did a Milogram on me and I had a ruptured disc. He thought perhaps with traction and special care I would get better. I stayed there in traction for several days and we rigged up something at home so I could sleep in traction, but I didn't get over it. In the meantime the High School basketball team was having a no loss season and Lon was the star of it. It was the district meet and the Doctor said I couldn't go to the games so I missed those games and the team beat Red Lake Falls by 1 point in the last minute of the game and Lon made that point. I made up my mind I wasn't going to miss the region games. Lon sprained his ankle and they would put him in the whirlpool and wrap it good so that he could play. They won all of their games and Lon made 50 points in one so that he held the record of the most points scored in the North Dakota University field house. Unfortunately when they came up against the team from Bemidji, Mi. They had learned how to guard against Lon scoring and they triple teamed him and the other guys on the team couldn't do anything so they lost the region to a much larger school. Lon was named on the State Basketball team. The thing that meant more to me than anything was a statement made on the radio by one of the coaches when he said that Lon was not only a good player, but he was also a gentleman.

The following winter I went to Grand Forks and had my first back surgery. It seemed that I never got over this. I blamed it on arthritis.

We never heard anything from our housing loan and my stove had given out so I went to town on Saturday and looked at stoves. I had wanted to wait until we built and get a drop in but felt we couldn't wait any longer. When I got home I told Thad what I had found and asked if I should buy it. This was the winter of 1968. He said, "No let's sell out and move to Arizona." Just like that we asked the kids if any of them wanted to farm and they all said no so we made plans to sell everything in the spring. When we told Farm Home they said we just approved your housing loan, but we had made up our mind that we were going. It was sad to see all of the livestock go for they had all become special to us. It was especially sad to sell the kids horses and they sure didn't want to go. When they went to load them they weren't going to go and it was as if they were crying as well as the kids. We had a lot of struggles on the farm and it was a wonderful life and a great place to raise our children. They all learned to work and this helped them so much in their lives. 4H was an important part of their lives for they showed their calves and cows and the girls learned to sew. I became a sewing leader and several girls learned to sew by coming to my house and I and Christine helping them. This was the only way their mothers would let them sew. It was a thrill to see them all get blue ribbons their first year. I would look at what they had done and if I found something wrong I would point it out to them and tell them it was up to them if they wanted to undo it and every one of them would unpick. What a good bunch of kids.

We left Minnesota in the middle of the night the night of Mary's graduation. It started to rain and we wanted to get out before it got too bad. We had two outfits and Ben and I were driving one and Mary and Dad the other and they were pulling a trailer. We stopped at DeWayne and Clara's in Montana and went on to Ogden where we stayed with Anna and Doran for Lon and Mozelle's wedding on June 13, 1969. The day after the wedding we went on to Los Vegas where friends of Lon's had told us where to get a key to their home and we stayed there a couple of days before going on to Lake Havasu, AZ. We didn't have air conditioning in our cars and the kids were dying of the heat. They had been thrilled at the idea of going to Arizona, but I think they were having second thoughts, as it was extremely hot.

We had planned to build our own home when we got to Lake Havasu but the heat changed our mind about that in a hurry. We found a real estate agent that very day and were shown homes that were for sale. We bought a small 3-bedroom house that was completely furnished for \$25,000. Of course we couldn't move in that day but the realtor showed us where our Bishop lived and they fed us supper and Bryce called to see if we could stay in a house trailer down at the point of the peninsula. They gave us permission to do this but said if anyone came over from Los Angeles we would have to get out. We were able to stay there until we could get in our home. The kids loved it there, as they would just have to walk down the hill and get in the Lake. At first Paul was very frightened and we would put a life vest on him then he would go in the water. It wasn't long before he was swimming like a fish.

After we got settled in the trailer we started looking for jobs. Thad got a job at a welding establishment at minimum wage. After a few weeks he got a better job working putting in water and sewer for the city. It wasn't too long that he got on at McCulloch doing maintenance work and this was where he worked until he reached retirement age and they were having cut backs so they laid him off. Christine got a job sewing drapes for the furniture store and she did some dressmaking on the side. Mary was unable to find steady work so she had an enjoyable summer. Ben went to work for a construction company framing houses. Rick and Paul were too young to find work. I went to work at Herb's grocery store and worked there in the office for 2 weeks, but it was only part time so I kept looking. I found a job at a bookkeeping firm, but I could see she only gave me her problem cases so I quit that after two weeks. I then went to Ray Lumber Company to see if they needed help and he hired me on the spot when he found out I had experience in lumber. I

stayed there until I retired in 1988. We grew until I had to have help and eventually I was made office manager. Everything was wonderful as long as John Wyss was manager, but he got ill and they brought in a man from Phoenix the last year I was there and he didn't like Mormons and made my life miserable the last year. I did all his work plus my own and weathered the storm until I was old enough to draw social security. Thad loved Havasu for he loved to go looking for Gold in the mountains around Havasu. I didn't care for it for the people weren't friendly like they were in Minnesota. I did make some very good friends while there but did not feel bad about leaving. It was interesting at work because the city was really growing. One of the highlights was the bridge being built. They were unable to find bedrock so they built the bridge on Styrofoam. The first batch we sold them wasn't right so we ordered something else and this is what London Bridge stands on. It was fun being in on the ground floor of these things. I learned a lot while there. A lot of the contractors would not place an order for pre-hung doors with anyone but me as they said no one else got there orders right. I would even order beams and windows the last year I was working. He also had me price inventory. I really don't know what he did other than B-S with some of the preachers who came around. Rosemary and John Wyss, Bill and Teletha Green, became very good friends as well as work mates. I made three wonderful friends in church. Pat Shields. Her daughter Susie, and June and George Thomas. Pat has since passed away but June and I are very close considering that she lives in Boise and I in Ogden.

After we both retired we would spend our summers in Utah and go to Lake Havasu for the winter. We did this for about three years and then moved full time to our trailer in Bluebell, UT. We would spend from June to September as camp hosts for the forest service. The altitude got to be too much for Thad so we had to quit doing this. We enjoyed being with Mary, Kerry and the kids. We were accepted in Bluebell and made several friends there. We had bought this house trailer very cheap for the skunks had driven the lady that owned it out of it. Isaac and Alicia crawled under the trailer after Kerry had moved it in the yard and they pulled all the insulation out of it and there were several dead skunks in it. We had thought we would have a hard time getting the smell out of it, but just removing them did it. We had fixed the trailer up nice and had insulated the bottom and the roof and lived in it for several years. We noticed that Thad was really starting to fail and in October of 1996 we took him to a Doctor that Rick recommended in Layton. We also applied to get into a senior apartment complex and the first of November we moved in. Unfortunately Thad did not live to enjoy it as he passed away on November 20, 1996. I stayed in the apartment for about 3 years but could see that there was no way I could afford to stay there so I moved back to Bluebell. We had sold the trailer, but I bought another one and the boys came over and sheet rocked it and we put in new cupboards and it was a beautiful trailer, but once again on February 24, 2003 strategy struck and Mary was killed when her car went into a gully, she was such a good driver, but the roads were very icy. Kerry was very lost and a year later he remarried. Chris and John encouraged me to come and move into their basement. It has been a very good move. They treat me like a queen and I feel so secure here.

I have not said anything about my church service so here goes. My first calling was as chorister when I was in MIA. My second was as Sunday School Chorister in the Fairview Ward after Lon was about two. I also taught the Beehives in Fairview. When I was in Minnesota I was asked to teach my children Primary. This was never a calling that I was set apart in.. When I was in Havasu I served in the Young Womens Presidency. I taught Primary, was Relief Society Chorister, Primary pianist, Choir president, also later choir director. I was also a charter member of the Community Choir. After moving to Bluebell I was Primary pianist, choir director, Relief Society teacher, Relief Society pianist and always both places a visiting teacher. In Ogden I still sing in the choir and serve as a visiting teacher.



I feel I have to include a part of a letter Thad wrote to Lon as it shows his love for his animals. Thad only had an 8th grade education and this is in his exact words.

I suppose you heard about the colt we have, a "real cute little filly." We are lucky she is alive I think as Melissa must have had a ruptured water sac all winter as her tail was always wet. She was always touchy when I'd bump her or feel her teats, but this one time she called to me. I went in the pen and touched her side and her ears went back and I took hold of her tail. Well you should have been there to see the pleased look she gave me. It touched my heart, (believe it or not, Ha!) Anyway, our eyes met for an instant and it seemed we read each others thoughts or

communicated, you know, perfect harmony between man and beast. She then lay down and was in a trance like from 7 to 10 minutes after the colt came. She sure did need help to as the front feet were coming out the rectum with the lining over them of course. Well it was like a tug of war in reverse and I finally won and got the feet back and coming out the right hole. I finally got the little bastard out with a rope around the manger and sitting on it and in desperation I jumped on it and out she popped, but was dead or so I thought. I straightened things out and pondered over this. Why the hell shouldn't she be alive with the cord intact with blood pumping through it and through all the colts veins naturally. So you can imagine how nice I felt when a nostril quivered. Well to make a short story long, I got the little bugger on her feet after some time and tied the cord and then slapped the old hoss on the neck and said, "Wake up old girl and take a look at your kid." Again she knew she had a colt as she lifted her head and nickered to it and she wasn't looking in the right direction cause I seen when her eyes did focus on it. Horses are so much more intelligent than a cow and I would have felt horrible if I'd had to have shown her a dead colt.

The following example of how he was with his children as told by Rick.

It was an exciting day for us all when Dad brought home his new Allis Chalmers chopper. I sensed his pride as he walked around it and hooked it up to the tractor. There was a pile of hay in the yard just waiting to be chopped.

"Boys!" he yelled, "grab a fork and let's try it out!" He fired up the tractor and engaged the power take off. I pitched hay with all my might, trying not to be outdone by Ben, when suddenly I realized with horror that the fork was no longer in my hands. I looked over my shoulder and saw the tines of the fork entering the chopper with Dad in hot pursuit. He almost dove in head first after it, but my feeling of helplessness mounted with the racket that followed as the fork hit the blades, that moment heading up the conveyor. Dad saw what had happened and dove for the fork, but it was too late, the blades were ruined. His angry eyes met mine and I felt as though I were doomed to sudden destruction. I then did the only natural thing I could I bawled my eyes out. Through my tears I saw Dad's face had turned soft. He put his arms around me and said, "That's alright, it could have happened to anyone." The blades cost \$120.00 to replace which was a lot of money in 1967.

Another time Dad told me to unhook the chopper and pull the tractor forward. I knew he'd be proud as I performed the task with such vigor, but I forgot to unhook the hydraulic hoses and they snapped as I pulled forward. Once again his anger was quickly overcome with empathy for my pain as he forgave me.

Dad was quick to anger but softened just a quickly. I revere my Father for his tremendous capacity to love and forgive.

A MAN

(Character sketch written in November, 1967, by Christine Szymanski.)

He stands six and a half feet tall and weighs about 185 pounds. His large frame is strong and sinewy. He is respected by all who meet him and loved by all who know him.

He is not a particularly handsome person but is very masculine and proud. From the top of his short, dark hair to the tip of his slightly pointed chin, his whole face radiated fun and mystery when he laughs. His forehead is slanted; his eyes dark and deep-set. His narrow mouth is enclosed with firm, thin lips. His nose is long and slender, his ears fairly large, and his features are all sharpened by lack of weight. Stout muscles can be seen rippling all over his strong body as he goes about his work. His hands are perhaps one of the first things a person notices about him; even the hand of a very large woman seems miniature in his. His handshake is firm and strong; it suggests the power and confidence of the man.

His trade is that of a farmer. By the sweat of his brow, he had brought many acres of land under cultivation, which once were covered with forest. He has built barns and an excellent dairy herd, and made a home for his wife and six children.

He has a quality of love, which can best be seen in the things he does. He handles his livestock with a firm but kind hand. He has no patience with stubbornness, but can be kind and gently with the sick, or injured, or untrained. The same can be said for the way he treats people; he is kind, gentle, and full of assistance for those who are sick or inexperienced, but will not waste his precious time on those who just don't want to learn. The love of this man can best be felt by working with him, as his emotions are deep, but seldom expressed. He is a quiet man, and only those who are very close to him really know him, and often they don't know him as well as they would like.

Companionship, patience, love, and kindness are the guides he uses in raising his children. Sharing the task of childrearing with his wife, he seldom loses his temper. He teaches them the virtues of honesty, hard work, etc. by working with them, sharing the load, and encouraging them onward, and by setting a good example.

He is a deep-thinking man, troubled by philosophical and scientific questions. His formal education extended only to the eighth grade, and his childhood home had little religious spirit. He has done much reading and studying, and he joined a church to win his wife. But he is bothered by the reality of the beliefs that his wife and children hold. Because he is proud, he refuses to allow his heart to accept what he cannot explain intellectually. The questions he poses only tend to strengthen the testimonies of his family, because they answer them by spiritual means. But this man cannot accept that answer, and so remains in a state of confusion and darkness as to the origin, purpose, and goal of life.

This man is a good, kind, strong, powerful man. When he speaks people listen, even though his language is unscholarly. Like all men, he does have flaws, but he has a quality that is getting scarcer in these troubled times. He is a real man.

A WOMAN

(Character sketch of Norma Harding Szymanski, written by Christine Szymanski, November 1967.)

Sweet, loveable, kind, and gentle, she is really a person to be loved and admired.

Standing five feet ten inches tall, she commands the respect of friends and family alike. Her blue eyes twinkle when she laughs; her round rosy face dimples with delight. She is a rather pretty woman; she has dark brown hair, a high broad forehead, high wide cheekbones, and a rosy red chubby nose, all topped off by a beautiful smile.

Courage is perhaps one of the distinguishing characteristics of this woman. With two small children, she left the security of her old home, family, and friends, to follow her husband hundreds of miles to an area different in every way from her old home. It took courage for her to look at the dilapidated shack which was to become her new home, and to prepare it for occupancy for herself and her family. It took courage for her to accept the fact that she and her family were the only people of her faith within seventy miles, and that she alone had the responsibility of teaching her children the true gospel.

This woman also has great strength, for not only did she face her new life with courage, but she had strength to tackle the task before her, and to come out successful.

The faith of this woman also is outstanding. In spite of social pressures against her, she clung to her beliefs, relying on prayer and God's helping hand. She never faltered, even when her husband could not accept her beliefs. She labored diligently to teach her family, and developed within them a desire to know for themselves of the reality of God, and a faith that through study and prayer they could know these things for themselves.

With loving care and guidance she cares for her family, making a warm and happy home filled with love and companionship, and she labors to teach her children the way whereby they may obtain eternal joy. This should be the goal of all womanhood, and she has proven herself to be a real woman.

Norma & Thad on their wedding day - November 20, 1945





and Ben by the home in
Minnesota.

Norma about 1930




Norma,
Rick, Lon, Christine, Mary,




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Husband THADDEUS SZYMANSKI-DG2C-PP				
Born	26 Jun 1919	Place	RHODA, P. MINNESOTA	LDS ordinance dates
Christened		Place		Baptized
Died	20 Nov 1996	Place	LAYTON, DAVIS, UTAH	Endowed
Buried	26 Nov 1996	Place	BLUEBELL, DUCHESNE, UTAH	Sealed to parents
Married	20 Nov 1945	Place	LOGAN, TEMPLE, C. UTAH	Sealed to spouse
Husband's father	Benjamin SZYMANSKI			MRIN: 2052
Husband's mother	Mary Oski			



Wife NORMA HARDING-64H0-R0				
Born	13 Sep 1925	Place	FAIRVIEW, FRANKLIN, IDAHO	LDS ordinance dates
Christened	4 Oct 1925	Place	FAIRVIEW, FRANKLIN, IDAHO	Baptized
Died		Place		Endowed
Buried		Place		Sealed to parents
Wife's father	ALONZO HAZELTON HARDING-2SVB-T3			MRIN: 5
Wife's mother	MARGARET RUE LARSEN-2SVB-V8			



Children List each child in order of birth.				
1 M LON HARDING SZYMANSKI				
Born	15 May 1947	Place	PRESTON, FRANKLIN, IDAHO	Baptized
Christened		Place		Endowed
Died		Place		Sealed to parents
Buried		Place		
Spouse	MOZELLE HARMON			MRIN: 368
Married	13 Jun 1969	Place	SALT LAKE CITY, SL, UTAH	Sealed to spouse
				13 Jun 1969 SLAKE
2 F CHRISTINE SZYMANSKI				
Born	11 Aug 1948	Place	FAIRVIEW, FRANKLIN, IDAHO	Baptized
Christened		Place		Endowed
Died		Place		Sealed to parents
Buried		Place		
Spouse	JOHN H. MOORE			MRIN: 369
Married	5 Jun 1972	Place	LOGAN, CACHE, UTAH	Sealed to spouse
				5 Jun 1972 LOGAN
3 F MARY Szymanski				
Born	8 Jan 1951	Place	THIEF R. FALLS, P. MINNESOTA	Baptized
Christened		Place		Endowed
Died	24 Feb 2003	Place	Altamont, Duchesne, Utah	Sealed to parents
Buried	28 Feb 2003	Place	Bluebell, Duchesne, Utah	
Spouse	KERRY LLEWELLYN BIRD			MRIN: 370
Married	13 Oct 1977	Place	ALTAMONT, UTAH, UTAH	Sealed to spouse
				13 Oct 2001 VERA

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Husband	THADDEUS SZYMANSKI-DG2C-PP		
Wife	NORMA HARDING-64H0-R0		
Children	List each child in order of birth.	LDS ordinance dates:	Temple
4	M BEN HARDING SZYMANSKI		
Born	15 Apr 1933	Place	THIEF R. FALLS, P. MINNESOTA
Christened		Place	
Baptized	4 Jun 1961		
Endowed	13 Nov 1972		PROVO
Died		Place	
Sealed to parents			BIC
Buried		Place	
Spouse	PAMELA JANE POWERS		MRIN: 48
Married	10 Jun 1976	Place	OAKLAND, CA, CALIFORNIA
Sealed to spouse	10 Jun 1976		OAKLA
5	M RICHARD HARDING SZYMANSKI		
Born	9 Jan 1933	Place	THIEF R. FALLS, P. MINNESOTA
Christened		Place	
Baptized	28 Apr 1963		
Endowed	10 Jul 1975		PROVO
Died		Place	
Sealed to parents			BIC
Buried		Place	
Spouse	CYNTHIA LOUISE BRODA		MRIN: 371
Married	25 Apr 1978	Place	PROVO, UTAH, UTAH
Sealed to spouse	25 Apr 1978		PROVO
6	M PAUL ALEXANDER SZYMANSKI		
Born	7 Nov 1937	Place	THIEF R. FALLS, P. MINNESOTA
Christened		Place	
Baptized	5 Jan 1966		
Endowed	21 Jan 1977		MANTI
Died		Place	
Sealed to parents			BIC
Buried		Place	
Spouse	SHARON ANDERSON		MRIN: 372
Married	28 Mar 1980	Place	SALT LAKE CITY, SL, UTAH
Sealed to spouse	28 Mar 1980		SLAKE



Norma and Thad Memories at Lagoon.



Back row: Cathy, Aaron, David, Jay, Paul, Eric, Lon, Cindy, Richard, John, Jared, Kerry, Trinity.
 Center row: Bryan, Angela, Ryan, Sharon, Justin, Kathleen, Mozelle, Rachel, Norma, Jennifer,
 Christine, Amber, MaryAnn, Mary, Tiffany, Alicia, Devin, Isaac.
 Front row: Scott, Patrick, Amy, Allison, Katie, Chad, Matthew.
 Our family with exception of Nathan and Ben's family taken about 1998.

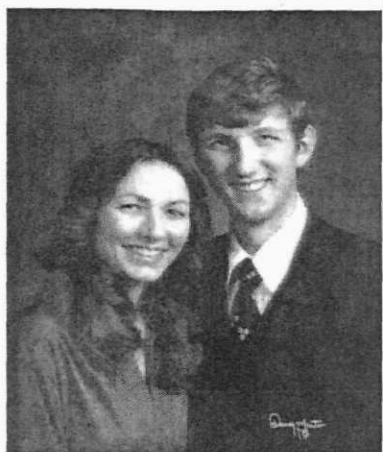


Norma surrounded by children
 in her roll of "Because of
 Elizabeth"



<<Ben & Pamela

Lon & Mozelle> >



Christine & John>>

<<Richard & Cynthia



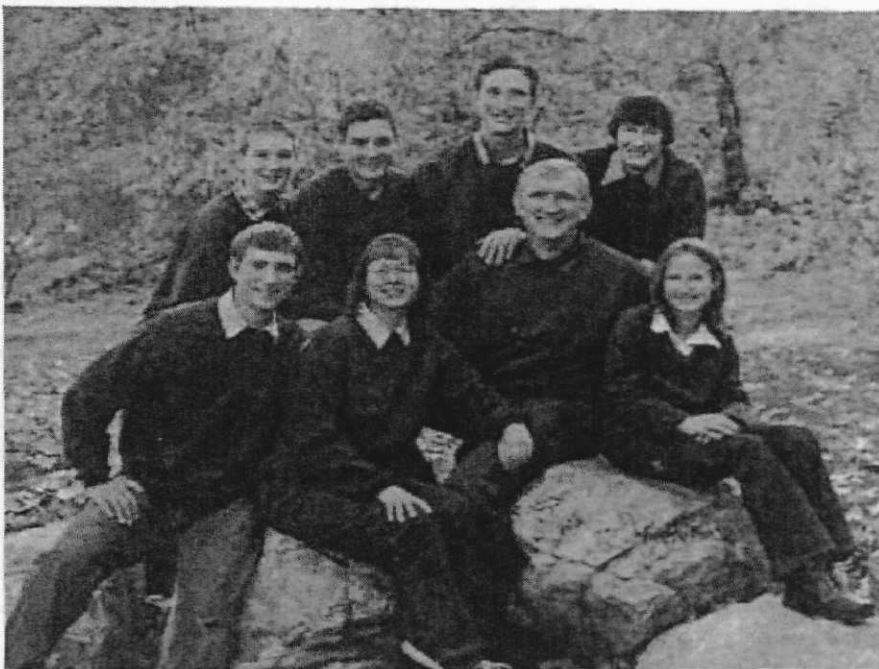
Mary & Kerry>>

<<Paul & Sharon





Lon's family the night of Keith and Katie's wedding 17 June 2004



Back row: Patrick, Aaron, Matthew, Scott
Front row: Bryan, Cindy, Rick, Rachel

History of DeWayne L. & Clara Harding

On July 7, 1947 I, DeWayne L. Harding was discharged from the United States Army, and took the bus back to my home at Fairview, Idaho from Camp Stone man, California. Being out of the army and used to the army discipline, it was very difficult to get used to having no job and no prospects. I purchased a broken down Model A Ford coupe from Thad Szymanski, my brother in law, who had run it until it had broken down. I began tearing it down, found the timing gear gone, and had it running in a few days. Then I tore out the fabricated roof, and floor boards which were broken up, and began fixing them up when my brother in law, Doran H. Barlow, called from Thatcher where he had purchased a milk route from Cecil McNeely, Clara McNeely's father. Doran had also just purchased a hay bailer, had his brother, Kimber Barlow, running his milk route and wanted to know if I would be interested in coming over to help him bale hay in the community. So my brother, Blake and I went over to Thatcher where Blake drove the tractor pulling the bailer, and Doran ran the needles, pushing the wires thru to me where I tied the bales together. We made quite a successful team, bailing hay all over the valley.



The first Sunday evening I was there, Kimber asked me to go to church with him, so Blake and I went with him in the milk truck. When we got to church, he met his sweetheart, Faye Peterson, but forgot to tell me he had a blind date arranged with Clara for me, so after church, Faye & Kimber walked out to the truck, Clara walked along with them and the four of us hopped in the truck cab, Clara having to sit on my lap, and Blake having to sit on the cans on the truck rack. We took Faye and Clara home. She was a sweet little thing, and the two of us began a courtship, falling in love. We were married after Faye and Kimber, on the birthday of Clara's mother, the 26th of November 1947.

Since we had no home, apartments were scarce after the war since there had been no building of homes and apartments during the war. We moved in with Clara's folks. I topped sugar beets for Clara's father and helped in the harvest with him, after the hay season had ended. One day Clara asked me if I hadn't better get a job in town for the winter instead of hunting rabbits all day, so I went to work for Peterson Tractor services in Tremonton as a bookkeeper, and personal secretary. It was hard to teach him that some swear words were to be left unsaid. I worked for Peterson's as a Caterpillar Salesman in Preston, Idaho for a year and back to Tremonton as the Caterpillar & John Deere Parts man.

When the Korean War broke out, the National Guard stationed in Garland, Utah was called up as an Artillery Unit. They had gone to the High Schools in Box Elder County and had recruited all the High School boys of 18 to 19 and told them they would not have to go to War if the war broke out if they were in the National Guard. So when the War did break out, all those draft age boys went to war. When the Box Elder County Draft Board fell some 200 members short on the draft quotas, Anna Rosenberg, head of the U.S. Draft system, demanded they meet their quota by drafting any young married men between the ages of 18 thru 30 who had no children. Bingo, I was one of the first 100 drafted, leaving by bus out of Brigham City, the first week of January. Clara and I had just purchased a little white house to be moved on to an acre of ground her father had given us. We had to sell it. Ironically, the week before I received my draft notice, I had been asked to speak in the Thatcher Ward Sacrament Meeting. After the meeting, the bishop had called me into a meeting with his counselors at the office.

Bishop James Wight told me they were impressed with my Testimony and felt my life would be better in the long run if I would be called on a mission for two years, and to talk it over with Clara and report back to them—they would see to all my financial needs and take care of Clara until I returned. The following Monday, I received my draft notice, so when I left Salt Lake at Fort Douglas I was in charge of about 120 men to get them to Fort Lewis, Washington, since I had prior service. I picked out 10 men I thought I could rely on, as leaders of 10, and I would handle the total groups. Fortunately for me, I picked the right men, and the 3 days in transit went very well with me having to have only two major disciplinary problems on the way. Needless to say, when the Master Sergeant met me at the train station in Tacoma, Washington to take the group to Fort Lewis in Busses, and said to me, you are relieved of your duty, I was thankful.

At Fort Lewis, those of us who had prior service were put in the lower level of the barracks, and those others were put in the upper section & other barracks. I had brought with us to Fort Lewis, Garth Geddes from Preston, Idaho and his missionary companion, a Hunsaker lad from Honeyville, Utah. They had been drafted as soon as they had returned from their mission. The first night, just after supper, Barth came running down the stairs, asking me to come up quick as the men upstairs had Hunsaker by the heels hanging him out of the upstairs balcony and were about to drop him. We ran upstairs and I said to the men, "Bring him back in and let's talk this over. Tell me what he is doing that has upset you so, and then if I cannot answer to you satisfactorily, I will help you drop him over."

The men said he had gotten under their skin, this Mormon lad, who had been telling them that his was the only true church, etc., etc., & etc. I then told them, let him go, he had just returned from his mission in the New England States, and had not been told yet that he cannot proselytize in the U.S. Army. Then they let him go, and he went downstairs & was mad at me that rest of the time I was there at Fort Lewis. Then Garth & I proceeded to answer all the questions these men had to ask us about the Church & why Hunsaker had said what he had. We answered every question, until they stopped asking. I had brought a number of Books of Mormon with me—this was to be my mission as Bishop Wight had asked—and during the course of my stay at Fort Lewis I wished I had brought more with me. Because I had prior service, I was not sent to Basic Training again, this time only going thru a reminder in shooting the M-1, M-1 Carbine, and crawling under machine gun fire. I was sorry to see Garth Geddes & Hunsaker going off to basic, since I lost track of them at that time, but I did read in the book, "Saints At War," about Garth Geddes becoming a helicopter pilot and flying in Vietnam.

After the bang, bang reminders, I was then sent to the Army Arctic Center, at Big Delta, Alaska (Now known as Fort Greeley). I left for Big 'D' on the 16th of March aboard the troop ship, "The USS James O'Hara." Since the ship would discharge the men at various destinations, and Big Delta would be the last stop, I and 3 other soldiers were bunked, along with others, 4 to a cabin in the lower hold of the ship. The quarters were exceptional, since the bulk of the soldiers were living one and two decks above. We had no seasickness on our deck, but as I went to visit some of the guys above in the canvas deck beds, the vomit rocked back and forth across their decks, but each morning until they got over their seasickness, the personnel in charge would roust them out and have them mop it all up. Needless to say, I did not stay but in the doorway for a second, and went back to our cabin. One afternoon, one of the guys brought his friend in to play cards. When he came in, in his southern drawl, he began to want to throw us "Yankees" out of our own cabin, and we had to forcibly eject him, as he declared, "The South will rise again."

We arrived at Kodiak Island after 8 days, dropped some supplies there. It looked from the ship, like an island of volcanic material, low in the water, from what we could see. And one more

day sailing we were in the Port of Whittier which is the only all weather port in the winter in the North part of Alaska. We then went by train, through a long tunnel under the mountains-there were no roads going in the Port of Whittier- and after another long day arrived in Fairbanks where the bulk of the men were to be stationed. A busload of us went on down to Big Delta. As we were about to get on the bus, A Sergeant First Class, Sgt Taylor, with a steel helmet in the top of his barracks bag, stepped on the bus, and was told by a Lt. you are not to board yet-he dropped his barracks bag, striking me in the head with the steel helmet and knocking me to the ground. Perhaps that is why I am a first class nut these days.

Arriving in Big Delta in the dark of the night, and on March 16th that would be midnight since the sun was coming up at 3 A.M. We were put in a Quonset hut out in the boondocks, where the wolves were having good old howling time. One little guy from New York didn't sleep a wink all night. In fact he was cold all summer wearing his parka even though in June it was very nice. That night though 16 degrees below was the norm.

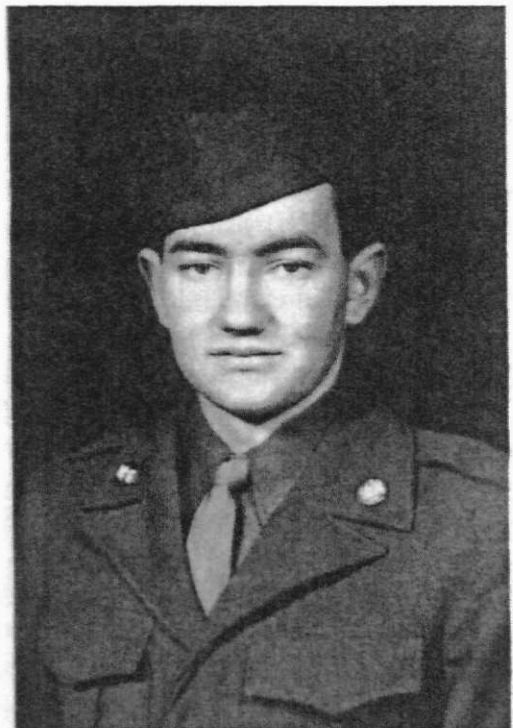
I found friends quickly, Ray Johnson, Wally Jacobson, and their views were there, and I found I could bring Clara up as soon as I could find a place for her. There being no places, I wrote to her and told her in May I could get a 10 day emergency leave and to have Loren fit a hitch on our 1946 Plymouth, buy a trailer, and I would fly down to drive her up. This I did, and we had 7 days to drive the Alcan Highway. What an experience we had. The highway at that time was all gravel & dirt, and it was the rainy season. Fortunately we took the Lower Slave Lake Road and the Canadian Army had just repaired the bridges that had washed out and graded the road most of the way ahead of us. We had only enough money for the trip, and as we entered the Highway at Dawson Creek, the road made a 90 degree turn off a long slope, and went up a steep mountain. As we drove up the mountain I turned into the left lane to pass these odd pairs of large rocks in the right lane. Clara asked, "What are those pairs of rocks in the road" to which I replied, "I don't know" and passing the last pair I got back into my lane when the rear wheels of the Plymouth lifted mostly off the ground from the weight of the trailer and I said to Clara, with my feet on the brakes, I know now, jump out, grab a pair and put behind the trailer wheels. The mountain road was so steep that the weight distribution had changed. Fortunately, but by no accident, two young Canadian soldiers drove down the mountain with a deuce and a half., asked if we needed a tow, and hooked on to us. They pulled us up the road 5 feet, the weight went back on my car wheels, the chain came undone, and I wheeled around them and made the top of the incline. They drove up and I stopped and asked them what I owed them. They replied it would cost \$250.00 for a tow truck to come from Dawson Creek, to which I handed them a \$20.00 bill and said that was \$10.00 a foot that they had towed me and I would not report them to the Army Post ahead of us, where they were laying in wait for those like us. And on we went with me telling Clara, "That is the last time I'll be towed" and from then on we would go down the mountain, and get a good run up the other side, and the Lord was with us as there were no more 90 degree turns at the bottom of the countless mountains we went up and down.

We learned a lot on that trip. The first real lesson was to put a sheet on our bed each morning, which we could carry outside the trailer and shake out the two or more inches of dust that had found it's way inside. When we got to Big Delta, we took everything out of the trailer and washed the inside completely. Well, enough said.

We found a niche in the woods, cleared a pathway a hundred yards off the highway, put our trailer on a foundation, skirted it all around, built a lean-to on the west side, put in an extra oil stove, we needed both when it got 65 degrees below the following two winters. I don't know how Clara did the cooking in that little 21 foot trailer, but we had a great time and even had friends in

for dinner at times. Then we met Bill Richardson, a young returned missionary who walked into the Laundry where I was the SGT in charge, and said, "I understand you're a Mormon." "Yes, I am," and the two of us rounded up Ray & Norma, Wally & Jeannie, Major Bagley & his wife, a young airman from Brigham City, and another friend of Bill's, and we organized a Sacrament Meeting each Sunday, among other social affairs amongst ourselves. We got together, built Ray & Norma a little home next to our trailer, and they moved out of the dugout they were living in to their new little mansion. Later, when Ray rotated home, Bill brought up Marilyn for the last months of his tour, and on August 22nd of 1953, when our twins, David and Daniel were born at Fairbanks, Alaska, we moved into Rays mansion since our trailer was too little for two cribs, and all the diapers we had to wash, by hand no less, until Clara let me take them into the Laundry and wash them before my men arrived for work in the early morning.

Finally, on November 1, 1953 came our rotation date. I had made an appointment with Pan Am Airlines some three weeks ahead, for the flight from Fairbanks to Salt Lake City, for 1 November. We arrived at the airport a couple hours early, with all our suitcases, barracks bags, something like 32 bottles of baby formula Clara had prepared for the long flight home. As the time drew near, but none in the airport but a Black Janitor sweeping, I walked over and asked him, "Is Pan Am flying on time tonight?" "Yes Sir, right on time." So we relaxed even though it was 10 to 7, and past time to board. About then, came a crew from Alaska Airlines, loaded up their plane, and were on the flight line. I walked over to the Gent loading, and asked, "When is the Pan Am people coming, we were to fly out of here at 7pm tonight?" His answer was, didn't they let you know, their schedule changed on November 1st. He picked up his phone, contacted the pilot starting down the runway, "Hold that plane, I've got a couple of babies and their folks who have to be on it." He grabbed our luggage with me, we ran out to the plane with our babies, and they boosted us up to the Stewardess, and I asked him to try to make us a connection at Seattle for a flight on to Salt Lake. I guess he could not, for when we got to Seattle International Airport, I went to the ticket master, and a flight was going to Salt Lake in 30 minutes. He told me he could not get me on the plane, and we were running short on baby bottles now. I went back and Clara, loaded with baby problems, and a wonderful Black Lady had given her a hand. I took the two little fellows on in each arm, walked back to that ticket master, "Sir, I have to be on that plane. These little fellows have only a couple 2 ounce bottles left. They have been flying all night. We know no one in Seattle. We have just enough money to get to Salk Lake, have been let down by Pan Am-you have to get us on that plane." He looked at the two little fellows, his heart melted, as he replied, "I can get you to Boise airport, do you know anyone down there?" "Sure do, if you can get me there I'll be alright." I phoned Frances, Clara's brothers widow, to meet us at the Boise airport. When we got to Boise, Frances met me at the gate of the airport, I told her there were 20 or more empty seats on the plane and we were going on down to Salt Lake. Of course, she was disappointed that we could not stay for a day, but it was a good thing we went on down, for over the mountains as we reached the Idaho border, the turbulence was rough and



the babies started crying. We were out of bottles, and they cried themselves to sleep. Arriving in Salt Lake City Airport, Anna and Doran had come down to meet us. Anna ran out to the plane-it was allowed in those days-and said "Give me those babies.

I want a pair of twin." Just one year later she had Bradley and Beverly, Fraternal Twins. A miracle to say the least. We went up to Mothers at 990 Princeton and spent a night or two before buying a car and going on up to Tremonton, where we rented a house in town. We lived there for a year and two months. I could not find work, made a deal with Ed, manager of the NAPI parts store in Tremonton. He hired me as an outside salesman, covering Box Elder County, and Malad, Idaho and promised if I could keep the sales of the store up to the same level as the year before, he would pay me at the end of the year, the same Christmas bonus as the other two long term employees. I sold auto parts to all the repair



shops in my territory and worked on the counter and in the shop after my calls. At the end of the year, we had doubled our sales of the previous year. On the day before Christmas, he passed out the Christmas bonuses to the other two fellows, Lee Hunsaker and Grant Bowen, in the early afternoon and gave them the rest of the day off. I worked through the whole afternoon, and no customers on the day before Christmas, so I knew something was wrong. As I put on my coat to go home, he finally handed me my bonus as I was walking out the door. I opened it, a check for \$5.00. I said to Ed Quinney, "This is not fair. We had a deal and I doubled your outside sales of last year." He replied, "I know it is not the deal I had promised you, but the Salt Lake people would not allow the bonus, because you were a new employee." My reply was "Well, Ed, you can tell your people in Salt Lake I will be moving on at January 1st. I cannot stay with a company that cannot keep its word. I have worked for half the pay I could have made at other places, relying on my Christmas bonus." His reply to me was, "You can't leave. We have trained you, and you can't leave." "Ed, you haven't trained me one iota. I have trained myself, learned your system, learned how to seel, as if I didn't know before I came here. You relied on that when you hired me, failed to inform your superiors they had a great employee, and now you can just cut my final pay check. I'll be here for it next week, because I am gone from here." "I'll talk to them and see if I can't get a better bonus," replies old Ed. "Ed, now you admit you have failed to talk to them in a way they listened, and the time is over for talking, just have my final pay check ready." And I walked away from the place.

Clara of course was disappointed in a \$5.00 bonus, but I started right a way to search the paper for work in Ogden, and Salt Lake City. I took a job in Ogden the first of the year 1955, and in a snowstorm, with a rented open trailer, we went to a place just out of the Ogden City. I had found it, and we rented there for a little while, while Clara found a better place. We had a TV at the place, but no antenna. The landlord did have four outside clotheslines where Clara could dry our clothes. So I hooked the TV up to the four wire lines and had good TV reception until we moved on into Ogden proper. I went to work for Shaw Supply Company, making and installing Cupules sliding window. There was one other fellow, the shop foreman name of Roy. He was a very nice fellow, younger than me with less experience in other things than windows, and we got along very well, me making most of the windows and screens, and him taking care of the outside

work. One day, when Roy was gone on an outside call, Jack Shaw came down to the shop, and said, "I'll bet you can't make 100 windows in one day." "I'll bet you \$20.00 besides my pay, that I can, with one condition, you keep Roy out of my way for the day." Of course Jack said you are on, I'll keep him gone, and the following morning I went to work. About 3 PM the next day, I walked up to the office and asked Jack to come on down and count the windows. He came and windows were stacked all over the place. He reached in his wallet, handed me a \$20.00 bill and said, "Why don't you do that every day?" "Well first of all, Roy is in my way every day, and second, you don't pay for a super human effort every day." Of course he did not offer more pay, and left.

But in early August, he came down, stating the State Capitol wanted some sun screens installed on the State Capitol windows and he would like to put in a bid on the job, and asked how we would like to do the job, by hourly pay or by binding the job. Roy of course stated he would want to bid the job for the two of us on an hourly basis. Of course, Jack said one of us would have to man the shop. So Roy said he would bid on the job by the hour at \$10.00 per hour plus gas from Ogden to Salt Lake City. I said, I would take the job on the bid basis. I would do the job in one week, you pay my regular pay and forget the gas to and from- that would pay it. And I would do the job in one week or less for \$300.00 labor-which was 6 times my regular pay for a week. Jack's eyes glistened for he knew he could make money at \$300.00 labor, and he stated he would put in the bid, Roy would have to stay and run the shop, and my bid would go in.

Jack came down a few days later, stated we were the 13th highest in the bidding so we did not get the job. About a few days later, he came in and asked me if I was sure I could do the job. "Of course," I replied, "Certainly." But you haven't even seen the sun screens, or the window, and advised me to go down and look it over to which I told him it would be a wasted trip, I could do it and he said "Alright. The other 12 companies could not do it, and we got the job. I'll have the screens Monday morning, so you can go to work." Of course Roy complained that he was left out, and Jack amended the deal on Monday morning by saying, "You will have to pay Roy \$50.00" to which I replied, "That wasn't in the deal." And he replied, "it is now." And I paid Roy \$50.00. As I was ready to go he stated, "You'll have to take my eight year old son down to help you." "No way, I haven't got time." "But you'll have to, I want him to learn to work like you." And the first day, Monday, I took him with me. He paid no attention at all, was flitting here and there in the offices, bothering the State workers which was no big deal, if you know most of the State workers, and at the end of the day I took him home and told Jack, that's it with your son. I just don't have time to baby sit another minute for your son, and look him up every now and then. For the rest of the week, I worked by myself. Come Thursday night, I went into the office and told Jack, "Get your inspectors down there. The job is done and done right." And he did and came up and paid me my \$250.00 and the \$50.00 to drone Roy, and I then told him, "Jack, September 1st, I will be registering at The University of Utah for the fall semester." To which Jack replied, "I knew it. I knew if you ever got any money ahead you would be gone. I will be sorry to lose you but I know it is the right thing to do." And at the first of September we headed for Stadium Village. Our Arctic friend, Bill Richardson, had fortunately put in for a Stadium Village apartment for us. We had gone to the Aggie University in Logan, looked at housing, dirty old Quonset huts-we had enough of Quonset huts in the Arctic- and went to the U. When I registered for the G.I. bill, paid my tuition, a couple months rent which was \$25 per month, bought my books, and a new pair of shoes, we had enough \$\$ left to support ourselves for a couple of months, which gave me time to find some part time work. Which I did, becoming the night truck loader at the Associated Foods Warehouse- the only employee except the two bosses to have a key- loading out the Cash and Carry truck each evening and early morning for the City

deliveries. Later on, Mr. Lloyd-the big boss-came to me and asked me to supervise the inventory count, with the idea that I could tell him who was stealing the warehouse blind. So I took the job. After the inventory came up short by \$10,000 plus I reported to Mr. Lloyd it was his Cash and Carry Foreman, feeding all the boys ice cream every night on loading the transports, allowing each of the men on the different warehouse floors to have their own case of their favorite juices, and everything they wanted to eat and I told him I thought the foreman wasn't stealing anything, just allowing it to walk away instead of counseling his employees.

Mr. Lloyd realized he had the wrong man in charge and fired him. Reed North, who ran the Cash and Carry city deliveries, of which I was a part, said to me, "You know, you are the lowest paid employee in the whole warehouse, have been here the shortest time, and you have a key to the whole place-someone really has faith in you." Of course, it was Reed North who gave me the key, since I came in the evenings working till midnight and early in the morning loading out city deliveries for Reiholt Rhode-a German soldier who had immigrated to the U.S. after the war. He was about my age. One morning I heard a great ruckus on the 2nd floor-Reinholt's floor. I went up and saw 8 to 10 of the veterans of the war holding him by the legs ready to drop him out the 2nd story window. I shouted, don't drop him, bring him in and tell me what the problem is. They hauled him in and pointed to a picture of Adolph Hitler about 20" x 30" hanging on the support post. He was Reinholt's hero. I then told the fellows, you know when Reinholt was just a kid, Adolph came into power after the depression & WW1. The Germans were starving and nobody was doing anything about it. Adolph came along and like FDR began creating a way for them to feed themselves, and then they made him the Big Shot Boss and he led them to war and devastation." Then I turned to Reinholdt, and told him that he came to America because he knew Adolph was a traitor, and here in America we could not tolerate a picture of him, and tear it up, bury it, or take it home, or I will help the guys to drop you out the window. He did, and we remained friends.

At the University of Utah, 1565 Kappa #3 Stadium Village, my two sons, David & Daniel were making history. In 1955 when Clara & I entered the "U" they were two years old. Their escapades took them to the study room a block away from home from time to time. This study room had a snack bar café, and they would run in, hook sugar cubes from the tables and run out. I would study there between classes and the waitress's would keep me informed. I always asked "how much do I owe you for sugar today?" The response was always, "they are so cute, and it's worth it to just see them run in and out." The workmen, who kept up the stadium, when they saw me, would say "Saw your boys today. They sure enjoy hopping down the seats of the stadium," and they would laugh. As the spring came and summer, they would eat all their lunches on the little hill in front of our building. They were outside kids. Fortunately, Clara always knew where they were since the stadium was close and also the study room. They were the ringleaders of the kids in the Village.

I ran for mayor of the village. They had conned me to run, and then they went to Bill Richardson and conned him to run, and then they told us who we were running against, and we both tried to resign, but they wouldn't let us. I was thankful when I lost to Bill, since he had lived in the Village a year longer than I, and I was working at the time at the Fort Douglas Veteran's Hospital 40 hours a week besides school. I had signed up for the Hospital's summer Nursing Aides School, which was held July, June, & August, training me to work on the Geriatric, Alcoholic, Surgery, Tuber colitis, Neurology, and Psychiatric Wards. After training, I put in for the 3 PM to Midnight shift, and served on the Psychiatric Ward most of the time I was there, doing a stint on the Alcoholic Ward for a few months. I learned a lot about human nature, and enjoyed the patients.

Sue Ann was born on 22 April 1958, so we finished our schooling with three lovely children. In the spring of 1958 I was hired to keep the books at the Cottonwood Club which had just been organized by Ralph Westwood, an Attorney, and other prominent men in the Salt Lake Community. I kept the books in Ralph's office, and when summer came I went to the farmhouse on the property.

There I was the manager of the yards, the tennis people, the swimming people, and the little lake on the property. I helped sell more memberships, and raise the money to build the new clubhouse. When I decided to move on they hired Ralph Jones to be the new manager, hired Dennis Clove-my classmate-to keep the books, and after graduation in mid 1959 I went to work to organize the business details for Wally Jacobson & Ray Johnson, my fellow soldiers from the Arctic. We organized J&J Construction Company, Wally Jacobson, Inc. Galaxie Homes, and Wally's Building Specialties. We built several subdivisions in Granger-now a part of West Valley City-some homes in Taylorsville, and Bountiful, built the homes in Ron-Clare Village in Ogden, and a couple subdivisions in Sandy, before I left them and went in the Insurance Company where I could write all lines of Insurance. I worked at the 8th So. Sears store since at that time we were selling form booths in the Sears store. I sold in Salt Lake from 1963 thru 1966. Christy Lynne was born on 13 May 1963 just after I started with Allstate. On January 1, 1966 I transferred to Helena, Montana where the family and I learned our Love of Montana. Sue Ann went to college at Ricks in Rexburg, Idaho where she met her husband, Samuel George and they married. Sam graduated from Ricks and then went down to the BYU where they established a home in Orem, Utah. Christy went to the BYU where she met her husband, Bruce Andrews and they now live in Draper, Utah. Daniel went on a mission in Finland, came back after two years, went down to BYU where he met his wife, Elaine Snyder, and they established a home in Orem, Utah. David went to Missoula, Montana and his final year transferred to the University of Utah where he and Daniel graduated together. He then came back to Helena and married Doreen Michaud and they live in the Helena Valley, where he is a Family Farmers Insurance agent and Doreen a beautician. On July 1, 1992 I retired from Allstate and since we have 12 Grandchildren in Utah, we left our two grandchildren & David & Doreen in Montana and came to Utah so Clara could help with Christy's new adopted babies. At this writing of September 2005 we have 14 grandchildren and 3 great grandchildren. Clara has had many positions in the L.D.S. Church in the Primary, the Relief Society, taught in most of the organizations. In Montana I served as the Stake Mission President where we baptized enough members to make a Helena Stake and a Bozeman Stake. When we arrived in Montana Helena, Butte, Lincoln, Townsend, Three Forks, Boulder, and Butte, Dillon, & all the little towns in between were part of the Butte Stake. We taught in all of these towns until we had baptized enough people to make the 3 stakes that comprise these towns now. I have held many positions since, Clara and I have been on a Stake Mission in Helena & Boulder, Montana and another in Sandy, Utah. I have been a High Priest Group Leader in the Parkview Ward in Sandy, Utah, have been an Executive Secretary in Helena, & Sandy & served as a Ward Clerk in Montana. So we have been very busy, but now we have been out to pasture since we have gotten this age. Clara's health has been generally good thru all these years. I have had both knees replaced, lost a right kidney to cancer on 1 September 1998, had my gall bladder removed, rotator cuff surgery, and on 13 July 2005 had Lumbar Stenosis Surgery on my spine, so I should be able to make these golden years with Clara if I take care of all of this repair work.

There has to be a lot of our History within this history that can be enlarge upon since we have many stories that pertain to each facet of our experiences, but the telling might be much more entertaining than the writing. However, with any luck at all we will be able to fill in with stories at a later time, and if and when we can write a more detailed of each of our early lives.



To bring this History to a conclusion, let me name the families within our posterity at this time:

David's Family: David and Doreen Michaud Harding
1320 Cayuse Road
Helena, Montana 59601

Their children: Zackary & Jessica, both at home.

Daniel & Elaine Snyder Harding
4820 Mile High Road
Salt Lake City, Utah 84124

Their children: Daniel & Rachel, both at home
Sarah & Capt. Lamar Breshears
4276 Calinda Lane #125
Niceville, Florida 32578

Sue Ann and Samuel George
948 W. 130 N.
Orem, Utah 84057

Their children: Joshua & Jena George; Jackson & Sammy
198 W. 170 N.
Orem, Utah

Leslie Ann & Jared Tyson: Sammy
Elm Lawn St.
Wauwatosa, WI 53213

Elder Timothy George; LDS Mission
 North Carolina-Raleigh Mission
 6508 Falls of Neuse, Suite 100
 Raleigh, North Carolina 27615

Michael, Matthew, & Lacey, all at home.

Christy Lynne & Bruce Andrews:
 909 E. Ranch Circle
 Draper, Utah 84020
 Their Children:

Christopher, Conner, & Colbie- all at home.

No History would be complete without acknowledging how DeWayne was able to get to the University of Utah. First, Jack Shaw Supply Company in Ogden, Utah allowed me to bid on the Screen Installation at the State Capitol which enabled Clara and I to have excess money to start at the U. The Veteran's Administration's G.I. Bill enabled us to support our children, pay rent and food enough to be self supporting on Tuition and books. This money came from my employment and Clara's Grocery Store which she set up in our small apartment's kitchen. She had penny candy, milk & eggs, a few other essentials, bread & ice cream, and the Students in Stadium Village used her store night & day. There were no 7-11's in those days, so my hat goes off to this little storekeeper & through her help we were able to build our first home in Cottonwood Heights as we left the University.

Our sons graduated from the U, making the three men in Clara's life-Utah Men are We. Our daughters married graduates from the other Church School- Brigham Young University- which gave balance to our family. We shall be ever grateful for this balance, since our grandchildren are taking advantage of both schools.

David is a long time Farmer's Insurance Agent in Helena, Montana.;

Daniel is the CEO of Axta-the financial arm of Equitable Insurance Company here in Salt Lake City.

Sue Ann, since her children are about mature, now is cooking at the Timpanogos Temple in American Fork. She has cooked and managed the kitchen at the Salt Lake Community College in Orem, Utah.

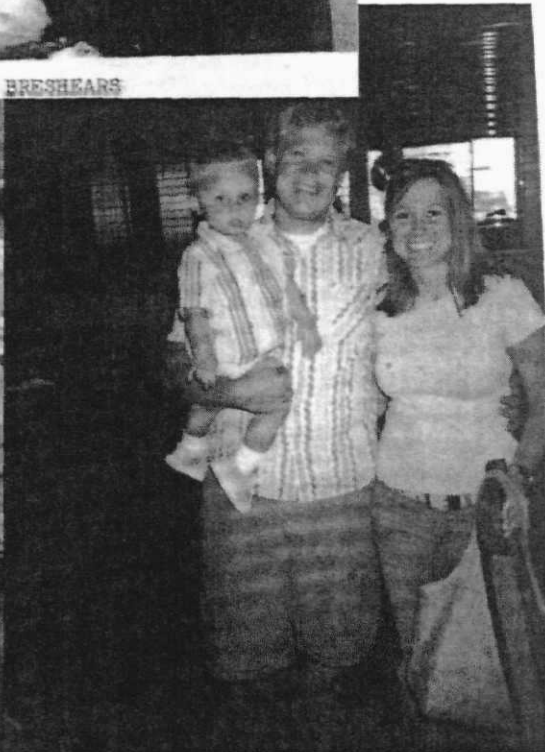
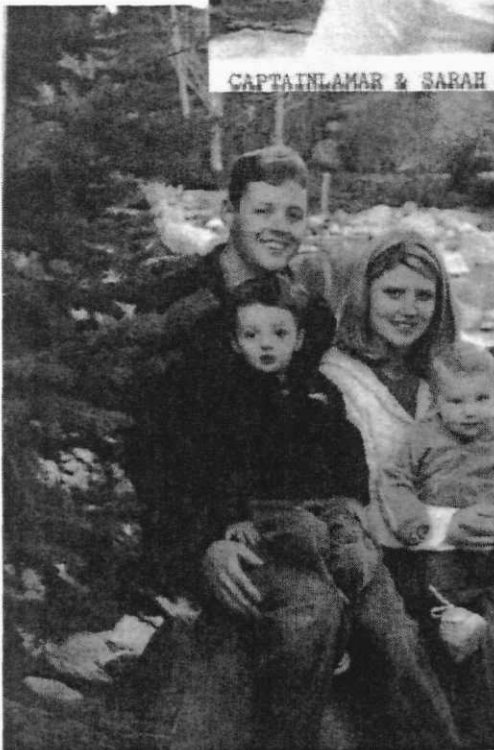
Christy Lynne has adopted three wonderful children, football players & soccer players, as they mature. We are very proud that our children and our son's children have had full time mothers during the young and maturing age of their children, teaching them to work, to play, and to love & honor their siblings and mother's and father's. Clara and I have been very blessed of the Lord, and in our declining years can rejoice in a wonderful posterity.

Compiled this 22nd day of September 2005 by

Dewayne L. Harding, Writer. Clara McNeely Harding, Editor.



CAPTAIN LAMAR & SARAH BRESHEARS



Family Group Record- 340

Page 1 of 2

Husband			
DEWAYNE LARSEN HARDING-64H0-S5			
Born	1 Dec 1927	Place	FAIRVIEW, FRANKLIN, IDAHO
Christened		Place	
Died		Place	
Buried		Place	
Married	26 Nov 1947	Place	FAIRVIEW, FRANKLIN, IDAHO
Husband's father	ALONZO HAZELTON HARDING-2SVB-T3		MRIN: 2
Husband's mother	MARGARET RUE LARSEN-2SVB-V8		
LDS ordinance dates			
Baptized	9 Dec 1935	Temple	
Endowed	30 Jan 1948	LOGAN	
Sealed to parents	BIC		
Sealed to spouse	30 Jan 1948	LOGAN	
Wife			
CLARA LOUISE MC NEELY-DG2C-QV			
Born	16 Sep 1929	Place	THATCHER, BOX ELDER, UTAH
Christened		Place	
Died		Place	
Buried		Place	
Wife's father	Cecil B. MCNEELY		MRIN: 2183
Wife's mother	Jenny christina Anderson		
LDS ordinance dates			
Baptized	17 Sep 1937	Temple	
Endowed	30 Jan 1948	LOGAN	
Sealed to parents			
Children List each child in order of birth.			
LDS ordinance dates			
Temple			
1	M DAVID CECIL HARDING		
Born	20 Aug 1953	Place	Fairbanks Fairbanks, Alaska
Christened		Place	
Died		Place	
Buried		Place	
Spouse	DOREEN LYNN MICHAUD		MRIN: 373
Married	25 Jul 1981	Place	CLANCY, JEFFERSON, MONTANA
Sealed to spouse			
2	M DANIEL LON HARDING		
Born	20 Aug 1953	Place	FAIRBANKS, FAIRBANKS, ALASKA
Christened		Place	
Died		Place	
Buried		Place	
Spouse	ELAINE SNYDER		MRIN: 374
Married	3 Jun 1975	Place	SALT LAKE CITY, Salt Lake, UTAH
Sealed to spouse			
3	F SUE ANN HARDING		
Born	22 Apr 1958	Place	SALT LAKE CITY, SALT LAKE, UTAH
Christened		Place	
Died		Place	
Buried		Place	
Spouse	SAMUEL LESLIE GEORGE		MRIN: 375
Married	26 Apr 1977	Place	SALT LAKE CITY, Salt Lake, UTAH
Sealed to spouse			
4	F CHRISTY LYNNE HARDING		
Born	13 May 1963	Place	SALT LAKE CITY, SALT LAKE, UTAH
Christened		Place	
Died		Place	
Buried		Place	
Spouse			
Married		Place	
Sealed to spouse			
Prepared by		Address	
Dorin Heap Barkow		3431 Eccles Ave.	
Phone		Ogden, Utah	
621 4949		84403	
Date prepared			
09 Jun 2006			

History of Carol Harding Harmer

by Herself

I was born December 19, 1929 to the world's most wonderful couple. Alonzo Hazelton Harding and Margaret Rue Larsen Harding. I was born in the farmhouse five miles south of Preston in Fairview, Idaho. I was a sickly baby, having only a pinhole opening in my stomach. I weighed less than 3 lbs. At birth and had developed rickets and a habit of being cross, which seemed to stick for life. At seven months of age the problem was corrected and I soon became



birth weight.

The summer after I was born we moved to a new home connected to the store just 1 mile north of the Utah border.

Margaret was born when I was eighteen months old and we were always very close. We shared the same friends, tap dancing, singing together and in choirs. We were the best of friends. We danced in a lot of programs and the first time we sang together was at a funeral for a Whittle baby when we were in the third and fourth grade.

For one of our dances we had wooden shoes and for another I had a top hat and I was an old man and she was an old lady. I can't remember the song, but Daddy thought his family was the most talented in the whole world.

We played basketball and raced races and all the fun things together. We often dressed alike and tried to tell people we were twins.

When Mother had to go to the hospital in 1937 I stayed with Uncle Bry and Aunt Priel and became very close to them.

Daddy had the house moved away from the store and onto a basement. It was also enlarged so that we had a larger living room and kitchen. This was such an improvement to our lives as we had more room and didn't have the noise of the store in our home.

On February 26, 1938, Mother and Aunt Leda Choules took Barbara and I to Logan to the Temple. I was baptized by Charles C. Anderson and confirmed by Daniel M. Reese.

I learned to ride a bike on an old English racer. It was extra large and I put my leg through the triangle under the bar, tipped the bike slightly to the side to learn since it was too large for me.

Later we had a balloon tired bicycle and we would ride around the ward delivering movie calendars and for this we would get into the movies in Lewiston for free.

I do not remember going to town as a youngster except to the dentist. I remember going to Ogden at about seven years of age to stay with Annetta Hess, Mother's sister. She was quite

cross and I would cry to go home. Aunt Eliza Smith, my Daddy's sister took me to her home in Ogden, where I was happier and stayed the rest of the week. Then I rode home with a friend of Mothers, Lydia Cottle.

When I was very young and had trouble with my siblings, Aunt Mollie Jameson would take me to her home close by and have me dust furniture or some other chore. She always made me feel special.

I went to kindergarten in the old dance hall 2 summers before I started school. Because of my December birthday, I started school a year behind most of my friends. Billie Lou Gilbert, Clarice Cole, and Barbara Choules were ahead of me in school, but I played with them a lot.

We had a four room red brick school house with two grades to a room. My first and second grade teacher was Miss Hogan. In the 5th and 6th grades Emil Larsen was my teacher. He taught me so well in English that it helped me get A's at Weber State in English composition classes. Mr. Larsen was also very good in Music and had us sing in public. He was very strict and many people didn't like him but I did. In the 7th and 8th grades my teacher was Mr. Checketts. He also helped me a lot. Often the kids in class made me feel like a weirdo, but Mr. Checketts made me realize they were jealous. I graduated from 8th grade as one of 2 valedictorians. All of my siblings and I grew up to fast as we had to take responsibility so young after Daddy's death.

In the winter we walked to school on frozen drifts. Snow drifted over fences. We often walked through deep snow for ¼ mile to the cemetery where we could dam up water and have an ice skating pond. I skated pretty well.

In Fairview school as a 7th and 8th grader, I felt like an outsider. I did participate in music. I was captain of the basketball team, where we lost the county championship the last second by one point. I was also pitcher on the softball team. I was 2nd place in county high jumping and showed good in foot races. I didn't have time after school to goof off and socialize. I didn't really have that kind of disposition. I had learned to run as I would take a bottle of soup home to Mother from school each day.

Mother taught me to crochet and embroidery when I was 9 years old as a homebuilder Primary girl. I learned to quilt and sew clothes by pulling the sewing machine up by Mother's bed and she guided me step by step. I learned to quilt well from her. The only time I entered quilts in the Steel Days quilt show. I received best of Show on my Amish Inspiration and 1st place on a baby quilt I did.

When I was 9 years old I took piano lessons for about 3 months. We really couldn't afford it, so I didn't take long but long enough to read music.

The summer after I was in 9th grade I picked beans for Uncle Will Jamison and got a little money to help the family needs. When raspberries came on, I would pick berries early in the morning. I would get 1/3 of my pickings to take home.

When I started MIA, I became the song leader and after a year or so I became secretary of MIA.

Sometimes I got teased at school, but I was used to that because I was the fun one for my brothers and sisters to tease. I would cry and they would laugh. I would climb up into a wardrobe in the bedroom, close the doors and have a good cry. It was times like that I missed Daddy so much.

My teachers in grade school made me feel like I was teacher's pet though, because I was a very good student. My younger sister and brothers were nicer to me than the older ones even though they would enjoy it when the older ones laughed at me.

Margaret, Norma, and I sang in the Gold and Green Ball while I was still a Beehive girl. Margaret and I had our first formal. It was blue and very pretty, which we made with Mother's help.

I didn't date much. I went to a couple of dances in 10th and 11th grade. I went to a movie with about 6 kids from Fairview on our bikes on a Saturday afternoon. That was a fun date even riding uphill nearly 6 miles.

We would go to Donata Hot Springs or Lava Hot Springs for family reunions with Daddy's siblings every year or two. That is where we became acquainted with our cousins, as we would play in the pools. We always had a program and Margaret and I would sing and dance.

Once I started school in Preston High, I excelled in most classes and especially in music. I was accepted in the older classes. My best friends were Juniors and Seniors when I was a Sophomore.

I was elected as President of Idaho State Future Homemakers of American. I was elected to serve as Year Book Co-Editor. I didn't get to serve however as I got married Sept. 14, 1946 and wasn't allowed to go to school.

In my Freshman and Sophomore years I had taken heavy loads. I also belonged to the homemaking Kanoma Club and Thespian Club for being in plays and shows in school and Church.

A neighbor, Mary Webster, visited my Mother often. They talked me into writing to her son, Lavelle Barlow Bair. He was in Japan in the Army. He had served in the battle of the Bulge. He served behind the lines as a steam fitter, helping to get hot showers for the soldiers. He was a nephew of Doran Barlow, my brother in law.

When I went to Pocatello for a vocal contest and choir contest, seated in the front row was a big grinning smile in a soldier suit. That was early May. We dated through the summer whenever he could get down from Idaho Falls. He worked as a plumber with his Father. He found an apartment and we were married in Fairview at our home.



Caroline was born Sept. 22, 1947. We were living with Mother in her basement apartment at the time. In March 1948 we moved to Idaho Falls to work for Lavelle's dad again as a plumber. It was a very bad winter as it was the coldest on record and building was at a standstill. Everything we made had to go on bills. Glenn Harding, my cousin, kept us in potatoes, fish, and deer meat. This kept us from starving that winter. After 4 years we knew we had to go to a warmer part of the world if Lavelle was to do plumbing for a living.

Douglas was born in Idaho Falls on Easter Sunday, March 25, 1951. We didn't know if he was going to live for 48 hours. We moved to Bothwell, Utah in April 1951.

Lavelle worked for a plumber in Brigham City, but would never go to take the test for a Utah license so they let him go. He then started working for Scowcrofts as a semi-driver for 9 years. That year he got snowed in in Ogden and I was snowed in in Bothwell. So we decided we'd better move to the wicked city of Ogden.

We rented a 1-bedroom apartment and the children slept on the couch in the living room. I was soon hired to manage the other three units and collect rent.

Lorraine was born on Sept. 20, 1952 while we lived in the apartment, but we soon bought a home at 1921 Grant. It was a very old home.

We had a large garden and I did a lot of work in the garden and chopped wood for the stove. We had a hard time to make ends meet but Lavelle started a night class to take the plumbers test in Utah, but wouldn't stick it out for 6 weeks one or two night a week.

Lavelle's mother lent us \$1000 to get into a larger home at 1520 Lake St. in Ogden. It was a much better area where the schools were better. I felt the children would aim higher in education and talents.

Kenneth was born Jan 17, 1954 soon after we moved. We were very poor people in an old home surrounded by well to do people. I ironed for music lessons for Carolyn. It wasn't long before several people had me ironing for them. It helped so much to get our needed food for the family.

On May 4, 1956, Ruelonda's birth was very difficult. For 4 months Carolyn 8 yrs. old, took over, as I was to stay in bed as much as possible. I tried to tend the younger children while she was in school. After losing the baby, it wasn't long until I was back ironing and tending some of the neighbor kindergarten kids half a day.

On April 12, 1957, when Wendell was born I was a nervous wreck after losing Ruelonda. I kept working at home to help keep surviving.

Mother died Oct. 25, 1957. It was a terrible loss. Even though she couldn't help me physically she was always emotionally helpful and a great teacher to my children.

Shaunalee was born on April 5, 1959. The day she was blessed I received my Golden Gleaner award.

LaVelle had back surgery in Nov. 1960. I started working 11 p.m. to 7 a.m. at Dee hospital as a nurse's aid in labor and delivery. It didn't take long to really be knowledgeable, partly because I had been taught a lot about bed baths, sterile technique and medication while caring for Mother. I was soon working in ICU burn unit.

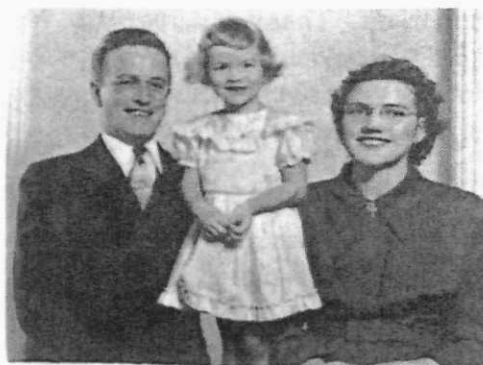
I would go home and stay up watching the kids until I could get them in bed then I would get 3 to 4 hours of sleep before going to work. I did this until Sheila was born, April 7, 1962, and then took my 6 weeks off and then back to work.

I loved it when we went back to school after summer as this was like a vacation to me. We did go on a family vacation when Sheila was less than a year old. We drove to Los Angeles to bring Carolyn home. She spent six weeks at Margaret and Glenn's helping them and working for a concert pianist. Carolyn was nearly 16 years old and very good on the piano.

The other vacation was after Mother died. The following July Lavelle built a trailer and we took Mother's living room set to Norma in Minnesota.

We had another vacation when Shaunalee and Sheila were playing violin in General Conference in Los Angeles. It was at this time the song "Where Love Is" was introduced. I was able to go with them and the girls and I spent Easter at Margaret's. I made divinity, bread and cookies and the children went door-to-door selling it to make money so we could go.

I had a couple of trips with June Sackett and the Tabernacle Choir. One was to Cedar City to dedicate a new building at the college. Another was to Seattle. I would hand out Books of Mormon to people. I was actually waiting for an open slot in the choir. We then flew to Vancouver Island for concerts at the World Fair. That was a good vacation. I was treated as a



choir member and given the VIP treatment. I had taken all the tests and was informed that I would be in when another member retired or a spot was available.

I went back to work for the new McKay Dee Hospital in 1970 at night and was taking classes to get my High School Diploma after the kids got off to school. I got my R.N. in three years at Weber State where most everyone got it in 2 years.

I had to keep working and keeping up my home. LaVelle kept working at Scowcrofts until they closed their business. He started driving truck delivering plumbing supplies for Standard Plumbing. He got cranky and Pete, his boss, put him in the warehouse where he didn't have as much to do with customers.

When I was under a lot of stress and went for counseling, I was offered help from the State to get my schooling at Weber State. I accepted help for 2 years. When I became an R.N. It took ten months (State Tax) to repay the help I received from the State. My family was able to eat better and I was able to pay for Doug's mission. This wouldn't have been possible if I hadn't received help as LaVelle hardly worked from that time on.

I passed my state nursing exams the first test. I felt very blessed. Sometimes with working I didn't get much study time, but the Lord helped me so much.

I sang, "This Day is Mine" and another song at my graduation. Carolyn accompanied me, which was always very exciting. I still had yard and garden to keep up and caring for the family. It was easier because I could sleep more hours.

LaVelle was soon laid off his work and never even tried to get work from about 1975. It was very hard. He had moved into the basement, avoiding me. He never felt the boys needed to go on missions. We went for counseling for nearly a year. One day he ordered me out of the house. I stayed at my sisters that night and called a lawyer. I knelt and asked the Lord if my decision was right and a voice said, "This is no eternal marriage." I felt at peace and broke into tears.

I furnished a government-subsidized apt. for LaVelle and my divorce was final Nov. 1984.

He has been much happier and I have too.

My last missionary son had come home in July 1979, which had lifted a financial burden, again reinforcing to me that the Lord loves me very much in the way he constantly gives me growing experiences.

I had to work most of the midnight shift and always on the holidays and many Sundays. Since LaVelle wouldn't go to church very much, I would go and fight sleep, I would always wake and remind him, and the rest was up to him.

Carolyn was taking the responsibility that LaVelle should have been helping the kids and me. She was working playing piano for choirs and for dance lessons and still kept her grades up enough to have a scholastic scholarship and a music scholarship and became an RN by 19 years of age.

One Sunday morning I was at work when a call came, "Mama, Sheila woke up numb all over." I told them to get her here immediately. I was in charge in my own dept. and I couldn't concentrate, so someone had to take over.

Sheila's eyes had started crossing a couple weeks earlier, but glasses seemed to be helping. When Dr. Van Hook came he found the reports showed a tumor on the brain stem. The minute Sheila got to the hospital she passed out and was taken to surgery. The Dr. went into the brain to release some pressure.

I started taking Sheila to Salt Lake to the University Hospital for radiation treatments on the tumor. McKay Dee Hospital co-operated and put me on the 3 p.m. to 11 p.m. shift and I had

her to the university by 8 a.m. almost every morning. I carried all the family insurance and couldn't quit; beside I had to keep food on the table.

The doctor told Sheila she couldn't live long, but she never got depressed and would say, "I'm the lucky one I'll get to know Grandma and Grandpa and Ruelonda."

The East Ogden Stake held a fast for her. It seemed a miracle to have her live, but she lost so much weight she looked like a newborn bird.

Wendell left on his mission and about 15 months later, Sheila had gone into kidney failure. Dr. Roberts replaced her shunt. She was in intensive care for a month. I had vacation time coming and I spent the month with her. They gave me an easy chair, and a place to shower. She had petty mall seizures, which the nurses didn't recognize, but I did. She has lived and has 3 beautiful daughters.

Music has always been very important in my life. Both Daddy and Mother had very good voices. Daddy would get us all singing so we wouldn't quarrel while working, especially doing dishes.

In 9th grade I was in the chorus of the operetta. In the 10th grade I had a minor lead in Victor Herbert's "Red Mill." Margaret and DeWayne had major leads. The show had such good ratings that Mr. Shipley asked if we would do it the 4th night Saturday. Most everyone was willing. As the curtain was opened up, the house lights were turned up and there in the aisle was Mother on a cot. Mr. Richards, the mortician, had brought her up to the show. Of course DeWayne, Margaret and I broke out crying and everyone in the cast wondered why. It was the only show Mother got to see even though Margaret took the lead the next 3 years.

Later that spring in the State Music Contest in Pocatello, Id. I got the highest ratings of Preston's soloists. I was a contralto and leads were always written for sopranos in Operettas.

I sang in a sextet in Idaho Falls for 4 years. I was called to sing at funerals at two mortuaries when families didn't know whom to call.

I sang in the "Celeste Singers" for 17 years. I sang contralto solos in Ogden, Weber State Community Choirs "Messiah", "Elijah," "Creation," and also many programs at Weber State after I was in my fifties. I had a vocal recital at 55 years of age at the Arts Center in Ogden. I sang in German, French, and Italian and of course English. I also sang a duet with Dr. Sherman Johnson.

I took the test for the Tabernacle Choir. I was told there would be an opening for me when some member retired after they came back from Australia. Before they got back, I lost my voice and couldn't talk for two months. They figured I had a stroke and also pre-cancer on the vocal chords. I had surgery and that ruined my singing. Along about that time I was having transient ischemia attacks at work quite often.

Of my special memories, my family choir was so special. As they married the spouses joined in. The last time we were all together in a sacrament meeting, we sang "Oh, That I Were and Angel."

I met Orval as he was leaving a singles dance in Ogden. I spoke to him, thinking he was a high councilman, there as a chaperone. A couple weeks later he came to Ogden again from Provo, and for the next fifteen months, we saw a lot of each other. My children had all met Orval, but his had never heard my name.

I had sold my Condo, in Ogden, when I stopped to see Orval, on my way to St. George. He had been in the



church film, "The Lords House." He asked me to see it with him, as the Church Authorities were being shown it that day. As we left the theater, Orval said, "I don't want you to move to St. George. Will you marry me?" We married the next day, Mar.30, 1993 in Provo, Utah. I wore a bright red blouse and a red and black skirt. This had always been a favorite outfit of Orvals.

April 23, 1994, Orval and I had received clearance to be sealed in the Salt Lake Temple. I wore a beautiful white formal dress I had bought when I was singing a lot, and had never gotten my voice back after a stroke, so I had never used it.

We lived in a basement apartment that was almost like camping for a couple months, while our condo was being insulated and painted. It is in American Fork. It has two bedrooms, two baths, kitchen, dining room, living room, and a full basement.

We were married when Orval was 75 years old, and I was 64 years old. We enjoy ballroom dancing, fishing, exploring new roads, cruising, and touring the world. Orval had helped in building most of the roads around the state, and loved to tell me about places as we drove.

We took a lot of trips, even trips to California and Yosemite Park and through the Canadian Rockies. We took a cruise up the inner passage to the edge of Alaska and flew to and from Seattle on the trip.

We had a cruise through the Panama Canal and one around the five Hawaii Islands, and one back across to Mexico from Hawaii. We flew to Hawaii and spent a week when we were first married. We had a cruise down to Puerto Valarte and San Cabo Lucas.

He continually teaches me new things as we travel. We enjoy cruising and touring the world.

I had never been fishing before I met Orval. The first fish I ever caught was when several singles and I went to Glenn Canyon Dam on a houseboat. I was the only one to catch a fish. They made me throw it away. I went to Strawberry, Schofield, Soldier Creek, Jordanell, Piutte, Otter Creek and other areas. We fished a few other places from shore. We often caught 16 fish between us. The one special time I remember was when we caught such large fish, full limit, and it was so much we couldn't hold them up very well. The Deseret News took a picture of them. I was embarrassed at how we looked and so many of our friends recognized us from the newspaper. I guess fishermen look this way, dressed for the cold.

One fishing trip to Strawberry was when it was so cold I couldn't breath. I turned gray and Orval gave me a blessing then headed for home and the hospital. It was my heart and I was hospitalized. Obviously we didn't catch anything that day.

When I first started fishing I was a little nervous being out on the water at Strawberry or Schofield Lakes, but I soon got over it as we went fishing once a week or more. One time we had to have the boat towed in. Another time a storm came up so suddenly that we got soaked to the skin. By the time we got to shore, I was shaking and so cold I got into the bed in our van to warm up.

Another time, I had a heart attack, as we got ready to go out, due to the high altitude. Orval raced me to the hospital. One time we went to Lake Powell with a large group of singles. That time I went swimming in the lake.

Once on Schofield Lake a wind came up and we ran out of gas and were blown to the far side of the lake. Orval had always kept an extra can of gas in the boat, but someone had taken it for the lawn mower here at the condos and put it back in the boat empty. While I stayed with the boat, Orval and his cousin Glenn walked to find gas at a cabin. By the time they got back, I was worn out trying to keep the boat from blowing away in the strong wind even though it was tied to a great big rock on the shore.

Special trips Orval and I have taken are:

1. We went to Oahu, Hawaii
2. A cruise to Matzalon, San Cabo Lucus, Puerto Valarte
3. Cruise to all the Hawaiian Islands and back to Ensenda
4. Flew to Seattle, bus to Canada, ferry to Vancouver Island, cruise the Inner Passage to Prince Rupert, train to Prince George, Prospector Railroad then bus to Seattle and flew home.
5. Lake Havasu and Phoenix, and Mesa by car.
6. Auto trip through Montana, Salmon River country and Sun Valley, Idaho
7. Flew to San Diego, cruised down the coast, stopped at Columbia, through the Panama Canal and stopped at Columbia and Aruba, Then to Puerto Rico where we flew home.
8. We traveled several times through Southern Utah and all over this state. We went to Yellowstone and through the East entrance to ten sleep, Wy.
9. Flew to Oahu then cruised the five Hawaiian Islands, then cruised to Mexico, then bussed to San Diego to fly home.
10. Flew to London, cruised the Balkans
11. China

Hopefully I will be remembered for being generous and being a good mother. None ever tried harder. I didn't always have things go, as I'd like. I would hope to be remembered for my service, especially in music. I not only participated but also worked hard to help give my children opportunities to develop the talents they had been born with. I hope to be remembered for my ambition in all areas.

My callings in music were the most enjoyable. I had a very good choir of young men and women when I was MIA chorister. I would hope to be remembered for my service, especially in music.

I taught a Mia Maid class and also emergency care in Relief Society one summer.

After Orval and I were married, we were called for 4 months to Provo Temple Laundry, then 18 months at the Lindon Storehouse, then 2 years as Member Locator Mission in the American Fork Center.

I have a Testimony. I do know that God lives, that Jesus was crucified to save us all, if we will keep ourselves worthy. I know we lived before we came to this World and that we will live again. It will depend on how we keep our covenants. I know I will again see my loved ones.

I know God does not condone divorce. How many times I wish I had been more in tune with Heavenly Father and would never have been married so young and to a man who didn't really have a testimony nor a desire to keep his covenant nor treat his family as queens, princes, etc. I feel very strongly that I heard a voice say, "This is no eternal marriage." Then when I decided to divorce, I received the peace and calmness that drove me to tears, after I made my decision and asked the Lord to confirm my decision.

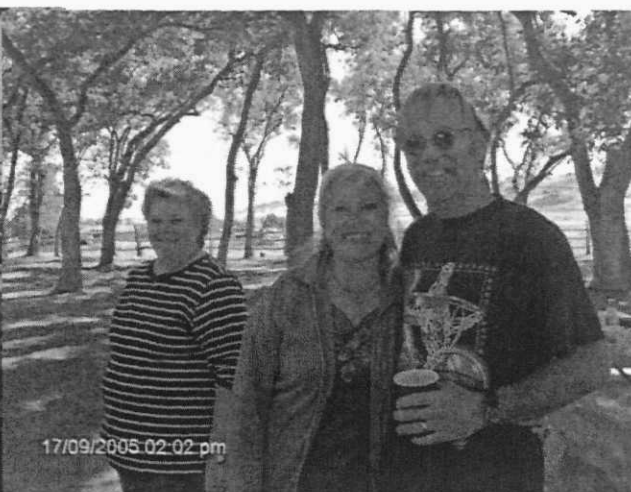
I know we will have some terrible things come to us because of the wickedness in this world.

I know that Joseph Smith was visited by God the Father and Jesus Christ in the sacred grove. I know the Book of Mormon is a true testament of Jesus Christ and the people of Lehi and the Jaredites. It is a true history.



Orval

Sheila



Beverly

Chris & Kenneth



Diana, JoAnn, Carolyn & Carol



Carol, Orval, ShaunaLee

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Husband			
LA VELLE BARLOW BAIR-64HO-TB			
Born	24 Sep 1923	Place	SALT LAKE CITY, SALT LAKE, UTAH
Christened		Place	
Died		Place	
Buried		Place	
Married	14 Sep 1946 (Div)	Place	FAIRVIEW, FRANKLIN, IDAHO
Husband's father	PRESTON SCOTT BAIR-DG2C-FB		MRIN: 13
Husband's mother	MARY BARLOW-64HO-JR		
LDS ordinance dates Temple			
Baptized	15 May 1932		
Endowed	17 Jun 1947		LOGAN
Sealed to parents			
Sealed to spouse	17 Jun 1947		LOGAN
Wife			
CAROL HARDING-DG2C-R2			
Born	19 Dec 1929	Place	FAIRVIEW, FRANKLIN, IDAHO
Christened		Place	
Died		Place	
Buried		Place	
Wife's father	ALONZO HAZELTON HARDING-2SVB-T3		MRIN: 3
Wife's mother	MARGARET RUE LARSEN-2SVB-V8		
LDS ordinance dates Temple			
Baptized	26 Feb 1938		
Endowed	17 Jun 1947		LOGAN
Sealed to parents			BIC
Children List each child in order of birth.			
LDS ordinance dates Temple			
1 F CAROLYN BAIR			
Born	22 Sep 1947	Place	PRESTON, FRANKLIN, IDAHO
Christened		Place	
Died		Place	
Buried		Place	
Spouse	LAURENCE CLARK WHITE		MRIN: 210
Married	24 Nov 1966 (Div)	Place	OGDEN, WEBER, UTAH
LDS ordinance dates Temple			
Baptized	20 Nov 1955		
Endowed	12 Mar 1968		LOGAN
Sealed to parents			BIC
Sealed to spouse	12 Mar 1968		LOGAN
2 M DOUGLAS HARDING BAIR			
Born	25 Mar 1951	Place	IDAHO FALLS, BONNEVILLE, IDAHO
Christened		Place	
Died		Place	
Buried		Place	
Spouse	KAYE BRAMWELL		MRIN: 211
Married	24 Mar 1975	Place	OGDEN, WEBER, UTAH
LDS ordinance dates Temple			
Baptized	1 May 1959		
Endowed	4 Feb 1972		OGDEN
Sealed to parents			BIC
Sealed to spouse	4 Mar 1975		OGDEN
3 F LORRAINE BAIR			
Born	20 Sep 1952	Place	OGDEN, WEBER, UTAH
Christened		Place	
Died		Place	
Buried		Place	
Spouse	DENNIS RAY PORTER		MRIN: 212
Married	4 Feb 1972	Place	LOGAN, CACHE, UTAH
LDS ordinance dates Temple			
Baptized	16 Oct 1960		
Endowed	4 Feb 1972		OGDEN
Sealed to parents			BIC
Sealed to spouse	4 Feb 1972		LOGAN
4 M KENNETH HARDING BAIR			
Born	17 Jan 1954	Place	OGDEN, WEBER, UTAH
Christened		Place	
Died		Place	
Buried		Place	
LDS ordinance dates Temple			
Baptized	25 Feb 1962		
Endowed	11 Jan 1973		SLAKE
Sealed to parents			BIC
Prepared by			
Donna Hope Barlow		Address	
Phone		3431 Eccles Ave.	
621 3949		Ogden, Utah	
Date prepared		84401	
09 Jun 2006			

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Husband		LA VELLE BARLOW BAIR-64HO-TB		
Wife		CAROL HARDING-DG2C-R2		
Children		List each child in order of birth:	LDS ordinance dates Temple	
4 M. KENNETH HARDING BAIR				
Spouse		CHRISTINE MORGAN MRIN: 213		
Married	29 Jun 1973	Place	OGDEN, WEBER, UTAH Sealed to spouse: 29 Jun 1973 / OGDEN	
5 F. RUELONDA BAIR				
Born	4 May 1956	Place	OGDEN, WEBER, UTAH Baptized	
Christened		Place		Endowed
Died	4 May 1956	Place	OGDEN, WEBER, UTAH Sealed to parents	BIC
Buried		Place		
Spouse				
Married		Place		Sealed to spouse
6 M. WENDELL HARDING BAIR				
Born	12 Apr 1957	Place	OGDEN, WEBER, UTAH Baptized 18 Apr 1965	
Christened		Place		Endowed 22 May 1976 OGDEN
Died		Place		Sealed to parents
Buried		Place		BIC
Spouse		HELEN DENISE PRINE MRIN: 214		
Married	16 Feb 1979 (Div)	Place	OGDEN, WEBER, UTAH Sealed to spouse: 16 Feb 1979 / OGDEN	
7 F. SHAUNALEE BAIR				
Born	5 Apr 1959	Place	OGDEN, WEBER, UTAH Baptized 30 Apr 1967	
Christened		Place		Endowed
Died		Place		Sealed to parents
Buried		Place		BIC
Spouse		JOHN THOMAS ZITO MRIN: 217		
Married	20 Oct 1978 (Div)	Place	ELDO, ELKO, NEVADA Sealed to spouse	
8 F. SHELTA BAIR				
Born	7 Apr 1962	Place	OGDEN, WEBER, UTAH Baptized 26 Apr 1970	
Christened		Place		Endowed
Died		Place		Sealed to parents
Buried		Place		BIC
Spouse		DEAN ERIC CARLSEN MRIN: 219		
Married	21 Jun 1980	Place	OGDEN, WEBER, UTAH Sealed to spouse: 23 Aug 2003 / BOUNT	

2005 Glenn and Margaret Meek Family History

The history of Margaret Harding and Glenn Meek began in Preston, Idaho. Our parents shared many stories and picture from the Preston High School yearbook. Our mother, Margaret Harding, daughter of Alonzo Harding and Rue Larsen, was a gifted singer and performed in many school productions. The Harding family had to deal with sadness with the loss of their husband and Father Alonzo (Lon). Margaret said she was approximately eight years old when she heard the news that her father had been killed by a drunk driver. This devastated the family and put them in financial hardship. Family members came to the family's aid.



Margaret said she and her siblings had to learn in their youth how to work hard to survive. To complicate financial matters Margaret's mother, Rue, was for many years of her life not in good health. Margaret and her siblings were blessed with the gospel of Jesus Christ and their faith in God to help them through these difficult times. Surely questions were asked in their home. Why did our Dad have to be taken? Why does our mother have to endure these infirmities? Does God really know us and care about our circumstances? These questions that can only be answered through the sweet whispering of the Holy Ghost.



Glenn was the son of Gerald Rodgers Meek and Maude Louise Pinson. Glenn also attended Preston High School and was involved in vocal and football. Glenn had a sad childhood and spend a couple years living with his Aunt and Uncle Oneida and Melvin Keller in southern California.

Glenn and Margaret met in high school, no doubt in a musical production. They began dating and fell in love. Glenn recalls that he was embarrassed to take Margaret out on a date in his Dad's sheep truck.

Glenn served a mission in Alberta Canada, and approximately ten days after his return they were married in the Logan Temple, (this is not a recommended timetable). Glenn and Margaret decided that they wanted to try and go to dental school.



Margaret Harding

Will be seen in the high school opera Tuesday and Friday in the role of "Lizette". She is the daughter of Mrs. Rue Harding and is a sophomore this year. Miss Harding sang one of the leading parts in the school's presentation.



They moved from Preston to Logan to attend Utah Stated University. Prior to attending Utah stated, their first child, Diane, was born in Preston, Idaho and eighteen months later Robert was born in Logan.

Glenn was accepted to dental school at the University of Washington. Glenn and Margaret spend the next four years in Seattle, Washington.

Glenn was busy at school and Margaret was working part time and tending other children to make ends meet. One unformulated incident occurred while Glenn was in dental school. The only time he went skiing he broke his leg and recalls how difficult it was to be in school with crutches. Margaret tells stories of how the black children would want to touch Diane's hair to feel how smooth it was. I'm sure it was a difficult time and sacrifice for the new little family. Two new additions to the family came while in Washington, David and Brent, two more sons.

After dental school Glenn decided to practice in Southern California. Julie was born in Northridge, California and a couple years later Bruce, the final child in the Glenn and Margaret Meek family was born. With the support of a loving wife and family and help from his Uncle Melvin Keller, a dentist in Southern California, Glenn began a successful dental practice.

Diane Meek was married to Jedd Talbot Bennett on May 31 1975. They have three children, Kristin, Brooke and Stephen. Kristin, their oldest, is married to Kris Hoffman and they have a son, McKay and daughter Maddison. Brooke is married to Eddas Watkins and they have a daughter Lucy and a son Eddas Jr.

Robert was married to Carrie Richards on Jan. 6, 1978. They have five children. Casey, their only daughter, Preston, Jordan, Garrett and Cameron. Preston is married to Cassie Sharp and they have a son Carson.

David was married to Brenda Judd on Dec. 29, 1977. They have five children, Meghann, Nathan, Jocelyn, Lauren (who died in infancy) and Wilson. Meghann is married to Brandon Jones and they have two boys Porter and Tyler.

Brent was married to Brooke Baker on Aug. 21, 1980, they have two children. Jared is their son and Bronwyn is their daughter.

Julie was married to Phillip Taylor on 7, March 1981. They have four sons and two daughters. Ryan, Brett, Drew, Andrea, Garrett and Paige.

Bruce was married to Cynthia Smith on September 3 1988 The have five children. Christopher, Patrick, Lauren, Andrew and Sarah.

All of Glenn and Margaret's six children were sealed in the temple. All of their sons served missions. Two grandsons are presently in the mission field.



The Gospel of Jesus Christ has been the guiding influence in their generation and will be in future generations. Our parents taught us that there is nothing more important in this life than following the Savior and his teachings.

Our mother, who passed away April, 1, 2004, was without a doubt one of the most Christlike individuals we have ever met. What a stunning example of how to live and how to leave this life.

My Memories of The Childhood of My Sister Margaret

By Norma H. Szymanski

Margaret was born on June 29, 1931 at the home of



Sister Talbot just north of our home. Sister Talbot was such a sweet lady and she took very good care of Mother for several days. Margaret was a beautiful baby and a very good baby. Mother needed someone like her as she was just a year and a half younger than Carol and Carol was a cross baby. Margaret grew up to be the peacemaker in our family. Uncle Art tells about how when he got home from his mission they placed his trunk at the



foot of the bed and Margaret was sitting on it. He and Mother went someplace and Mother told her to stay right there. When they came back about 30 minutes later she was still sitting on the trunk. She and Carol were very good friends and took dance lessons together. Both were extremely good dancers and I remember them doing cartwheels in the back yard. I believe this was something that Carol was a little better at than Margaret.

When they were in the 3rd and 4th grades they had a teacher who got the class singing in 2 part harmony. Margaret was a soprano and Carol sang alto. This was the beginning of their singing together and they kept on until they were both married. I was privileged to sing in a trio with Margaret and Mildred Hall. Margaret and I both sang in Elda Carlsons chorus until I moved to Minnesota and Margaret and Glenn left Preston.

When Margaret got into High School it was only natural for her to try out for the lead in the school operetta. She played the lead every year she was in school and so many said that there should have been a talent scout in the audience the year they put on the Red Mill she was so outstanding.

Margaret's freshman year Carol and Dewayne also had minor leads. I answered the phone after tryouts and it was Elda Carlson who had been one of the judges. She wanted to talk to Mother, but since Mother couldn't come to the phone I took her message. She said she had never seen a family with so much talent. It was all I could do to keep from telling her that there were two more of us who were also talented singers.

She found out later when I was privileged to sing with her chorus that there was myself. Anna and I sang together for years and she had a lead in one the operetta's when she was in High School. Music was a very important part of the Harding family home.

Music wasn't the only important thing in our home, but learning responsibility was also very important. Margaret could always be counted on to do her share and she never complained. As she grew older Uncle Bry would count on her often to take over the store in the evenings so that he could go home. He knew that everything would be alright with her in charge.

She and Glenn started going together her junior year. Glenn told me several times that he would stand on his Grandfather's porch and watch her get on the bus. He could never see anyone but her. I don't think she ever dated anyone other than Glenn. I was in the store one evening after Glenn had left on his mission and the phone rang. Margaret answered it and it was someone she had gone to school with wanting a date. Her answer was, "Didn't you know that I am waiting for a missionary." She was always true to Glenn until the day she died. I treasure that times that I was able to be in their home and to be close to my sister. I especially treasure the time I was able to spend with her just before she died. She was always such a gracious hostess and she maintained her sweet attitude and personality right to the end. She was one of those rare people that everyone loved.

Glenn & Robert with their catch for the day and a special time together. { 1955 } In Seattle, Washington.



A long flight for the Meeks to visit the Szymanski's in Minnesota about 1962. And what a special time it was.



Meek Family Reunion - August 5 to 10, 1962



David, Robert, Glenn, Diane, Margaret
Julie, Brent and Bruce

Husband			
GLENN PINSON MEEK-DG2C-S7			
Born	26 Nov 1929	Place	PRESTON, FRANKLIN, IDAHO
Christened		Place	
Died	16 Oct 2005	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
Buried		Place	
Married	6 Jul 1951	Place	LOGAN, CACHE, UTAH
Husband's father			
Husband's mother			
LDS ordinance dates			
Baptized	30 Sep 1939	Temple	
Endowed	15 Jun 1949	LOGAN	
Sealed to parents			
Sealed to spouse	6 Jul 1951	LOGAN	
Wife			
MARGARET HARDING-64H0-VH			
Born	29 Jun 1931	Place	FAIRVIEW, FRANKLIN, IDAHO
Christened		Place	
Died	1 Apr 2004	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
Buried		Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
Wife's father	ALONZO HAZELTON HARDING-2SVB-T3		
Wife's mother	MARGARET RUE LARSEN-2SVB-V8		
LDS ordinance dates			
Baptized	6 Aug 1939	Temple	
Endowed	6 Jul 1951	LOGAN	
Sealed to parents		BIC	
Children List each child in order of birth			
LDS ordinance dates			
Temple			
1	F	DIANE MEEK	
Born	10 Jun 1932	Place	PRESTON, FRANKLIN, IDAHO
Christened		Place	
Died		Place	
Buried		Place	
Spouse	JEDD TALBOT BENNETT		
Married	31 May 1975	Place	LOS ANGELES, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
LDS ordinance dates			
Baptized	6 Aug 1960	Temple	
Endowed	31 May 1975	LANGE	
Sealed to parents		BIC	
Sealed to spouse	31 May 1975	LANGE	
2	M	ROBERT HARDING MEEK	
Born	10 Nov 1953	Place	LOGAN, CACHE, UTAH
Christened		Place	
Died		Place	
Buried		Place	
Spouse	CARRIE RICHARDS		
Married	6 Jan 1978	Place	SALT LAKE CITY, SALT LAKE, UTAH
LDS ordinance dates			
Baptized	6 Jan 1962	Temple	
Endowed	22 Sep 1972	SLAKE	
Sealed to parents		BIC	
Sealed to spouse	6 Jan 1978	SLAKE	
3	M	DAVID HARDING MEEK	
Born	11 Jun 1956	Place	SEATTLE, KING, WASHINGTON
Christened		Place	
Died		Place	
Buried		Place	
Spouse	BRENDA RUTH JUDD		
Married	29 Dec 1977	Place	SALT LAKE CITY, SALT LAKE, UTAH
LDS ordinance dates			
Baptized	1 Feb 1964	Temple	
Endowed	29 Jan 1975	SLAKE	
Sealed to parents		BIC	
Sealed to spouse	29 Dec 1977	SLAKE	
4	M	JERALD BRENT MEEK	
Born	11 Apr 1958	Place	SEATTLE, KING, WASHINGTON
Christened		Place	
Died		Place	
Buried		Place	
Spouse			
Married		Place	
LDS ordinance dates			
Baptized	30 Apr 1966	Temple	
Endowed	8 Jun 1977	SLAKE	
Sealed to parents		BIC	
Sealed to spouse			
Prepared by		Doran Hep Barlow	
Phone		621 4949	
Date prepared		09 Jan 2006	
Address		3431 Eccles Ave.	
		Ogden, Utah	
		84403	

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Husband	GLENN PINSON MEEK-DG2C-S7		
Wife	MARGARET HARDING-64H0-VH		
Children	List each child in order of birth.	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
M	JERALD BRENT MEEK		
Spouse	Brooke Pagles Barker		MRN: 2913
Married	21 Aug 1980	Place: Snake Lake City, Utah, Utah	Sealed to spouse: 21 Aug 1980 SLAKE
F	JULIE MEEK		
Born	15 Oct 1949	Place: NORTHBRIDGE, L.A., CALIF.	Baptized: 4 Nov 1967
Christened		Place:	Endowed:
Died		Place:	Sealed to parents: BIC
Buried		Place:	
Spouse	Philip Taylor		MRN: 2510
Married	7 Mar 1981	Place:	Sealed to spouse:
M	GLENN BRUCE MEEK		
Born	27 Apr 1962	Place: NORTHBRIDGE, L.A., CALIF.	Baptized: 2 May 1970
Christened		Place:	Endowed:
Died		Place:	Sealed to parents: BIC
Buried		Place:	
Spouse	Cynthia Smith		MRN: 3770
Married	3 Sep 1983	Place:	Sealed to spouse:



Glenn Pinson Meek Family at their Swimming pool.

History of Thomas Blake Harding

As remembered by Blake and Norma

Blake has always been a very ambitious boy. As a small child he would spend a lot of time with Dad and I think he must have learned a lot from him. I don't remember how old Blake was when the table tipped over on him and paralyzed his face. He was taken to Logan a Doctor who was both an M.D and a Chiropractor and life was brought back into his face.

Blake was just five when Daddy was killed. It hit Blake awfully hard for he was too young to understand what had really happened. He would lie on Mother's bed and ask questions about Dad. The following is what Mother wrote about this.

Lest I Forget These

Sweet thoughts of my 5 year old son Blake talking to me of his Fathers death one afternoon about two weeks after the tragic accident. Our conversation went something like this.

Mother what did you go for? I didn't want you to go. I was going to phone and tell you.

Son we had to go. He then asked, why didn't you go on the other side of the street. I said, "Darling we were on the right side of the street, but the lady was drunk and couldn't drive and came right over on our side and ran into our car." He then sat thinking then said, "Mother does Jesus build houses up in heaven?" No dear but Daddy will have a house built for us when we get up there. He will make it beautiful with lawn and trees and flowers, even more beautiful than he has made it for us here. After some thought Blake asked, "What does Jesus do Mama, turn on the stars?" Yes Son! I think he does. Will he let Daddy help him turn on the stars? Yes Son! I think he will. Mama are there two Jesus's? No son, Why? There would need to be two Jesus's so one could walk on each side of Daddy and take hold of his hands so he could walk. But Darling, Jesus will heal Daddy so he can walk with Jesus without help and turn on the stars.

But Mama how will Jesus get Daddy up to heaven in that thing? Meaning the casket. I then told him, Darling Jesus will send his Angels down to get Daddy and take him to heaven. He then was satisfied about it. (Close Quote.)



Let I Forget These.

Sweet Photo of my 5 yr Old Son Blake. Talking to me of his Father's Death One Afternoon About Two weeks after the Tragic Accident Our conversation went something like this.

Mother what did you go for, I didn't want you to go, I was going to phone & tell you.

Son we had to go. He then asked, Why didn't you go on the other side of the street. I said, Darling we were on the right side of the street. But the Lady was Drunk & couldn't drive & came right over our side & ran into our car. He then sat thinking. Then said

Mother Does Jesus ~~xxx~~ Build houses up in heaven, No Dear. But Daddy will have a house built for us when we get up there, He will make it

Beautiful with Lawns & Trees & flowers even more beautiful than he has made it for us here.

After Son thought Blake ^{asked} ~~said~~ What Does Jesus Do Mamma? Turn on the Stars.

Yes Son! I think he does. Will he let Daddy help him turn on the Stars?

Yes Son! I think he will. Mamma are there two Jesus's? No Son! There would need to be two Jesus's so One could walk on each side of Daddy & take hold of his hands so he could walk.

But Darling Jesus will help ^{Daddy} ~~him~~ so he can walk with Jesus with out help & turn on the Stars.

But Mamma how will Jesus get Daddy up to Heaven in that thing?

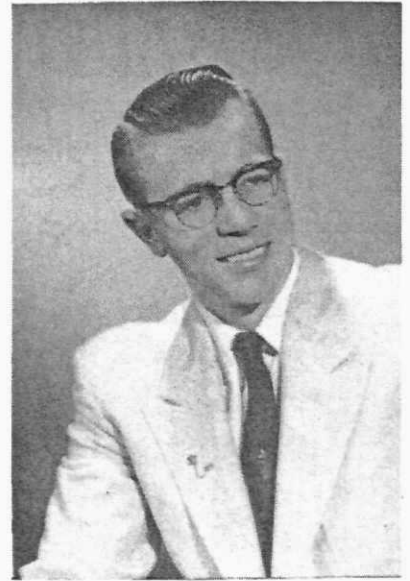
Meaning Basket.

I then told him, Darling Jesus will send his Angels down to get Daddy & take him to Heaven.

He then was satisfied about it.



When Blake started school it was discovered that something was wrong with his eyes. He went to several eye specialists and we were told by one that he saw things upside down and others would say he saw them backwards. We found out that he was dyslexic. Mother would have him on her bed and try to teach him to read and help him to do his homework. We all tried our best to help him. He struggled throughout school until he was in High School and Mother fought to have them give him an IQ test. His IQ was way above average so they put him in a mechanics class and his English teacher worked with him so that he could graduate. After High School he went to work as an airplane mechanic at Hill Field.



As a youngster he would get cardboard boxes and make cars and trucks out of them. He still has a toy train that he had as a kid. He loved Fire Engines and had a little one he took to Bear Lake and felt really bad because he lost it there in the sand.

He would work for Frank Gilbert helping on the farm. We all had our turn taking Frank cows to pasture. Blake would harrow with the horses. He'd also chop hay. One day Spencer fell in the hopper and Frank grabbed him and saved his life. Blake also remembers feeding cattle on the sand hill. Also he would get Syrup from the sugar factory and pour it on the hay for the cattle. He also remembers going to the sugar factory with the horses for beet pulp. It was cold enough for the horses to have whiskers but he stood in the pulp to stay warm.

Another favorite memory of both Blake and Norma is of going to Logan Canyon to celebrate Mother's birthday. Mother would wade out in the river and sit on a rock. The river was still very cold even though it was July 25th but this was something Mother loved to do and we would all struggle out over the rocks to be with her.

Blake worked at Hill Field for a year or so before he found an apartment near Anna & Doran's and he moved Mother & Spencer to Ogden. Soon after that Edis came into their life and they moved into a home in Salt Lake that Mother had traded the property in Fairview for.

Blake & Spencer were the housekeepers and no one was fussier than they were. I remember going to visit Mother and cleaning the house before we drove up to Fairview to visit family. When we got back I was told all the things that I didn't do and I thought I was a good housekeeper. We all learned from the same parents.

Blake bought a '41 Chevrolet car, pulled the fan belt off and had to put a rod in. He licensed it and Spencer drove it. Spencer took Donna to a movie in Bountiful and Blake had to tow him back in his Plymouth. Spencer took her home in the Plymouth.

Blake also bought a '54 Mercury and got in a fender bender and had to have it fixed and while he was at the body shop he bought a Kaiser or Fraizer, he couldn't remember which, but he gave it to Spencer. Blake also bought a Harley Davidson Motorcycle and he let Spencer use it. Spencer drove it to Lehi to see a girl and it died on him. He couldn't get it going so Blake went down and towed Spencer back on the motorcycle going 65 miles an hr. Blake doesn't remember what happened to it.

Blake was working on Highland Drive in Sugar House and bought a PT14 boat. He drove to 9th east and flipped it on the asphalt. He had to get it on the trailer and took it back and had to fix it up. Of course he hadn't tied it down good. JoAnne said she was paying for it while he was in the service.

Blake has always gathered things like broken bicycles and fixed them and would give them to anyone who wanted one. He would also take lawn mowers that didn't work and fix them and sell them for \$25. or just give them to someone who needed one. Mary was a recipient of one that worked for years after he gave it to her.

I have met several people who knew Blake as a member of their ward or who had friends who were Blake's neighbors and he has served and is loved by all who have known him. I am very happy to say he's my brother. Another thing I admire about Blake is that he has never given up on reading he has paid tutors to help him learn to read. I admire him for many of his qualities and although he doesn't remember his Dad he is like him in so many ways.

After Blake graduated from High School he went to work at Hill Air force Base in Ogden, Utah. About 1954 or 55 a friend he worked with fixed him up with a blind date. The girl was a nursing student. His friend went with JoAnne Casper



who was also a nursing student at the University of Utah. The night of the blind date JoAnne said she and Blake held hands under the table. Anyway Blake got JoAnne's number that night and the following night he took her dancing at the Rainbow Rondevue in Salt Lake City. At this time Blake was driving a 48 Plymouth. They dated for about 3 years when JoAnne broke off their relationship as she wanted to finish her nursing and graduate from the University. In the meantime Blake dated some of her friends in Provo and



while he was down there he would stop and visit JoAnne's parents. JoAnne decided that she liked Blake more than she had thought and they got back together. They took Carol and Lavelle and their family to Idaho Falls and stayed with some of their friends while there. When they returned home they drove up to the This Is The Place Monument and there they became engaged. JoAnne said she was the instigator of this. The first person they told was Blake's Mother. She was very happy about their engagement. Mother was living at 990 Princeton in Salt Lake at that time. They started making plans for their wedding when Blake got his Draft Notice. He had been 4F for many years but had been reclassified. This changed their plans dramatically. They were married the following February in the Salt Lake Temple by El Ray Christianson.

Blake was sent to Fort Ord, Ca. for basic training. He ended up in the hospital and wasn't able to finish his basic training. They kept him at Fort Ord and he had to repeat his basic training. After he finished this he was sent to Fort Hood, Texas. From here he was given a short furlough and he and JoAnne got up early one morning and went to the Temple. When they got home the drapes hadn't been pulled so they knew something was wrong. When they got inside they found Mother dead. They called Edis right away and Blake got an extension on his furlough until after Mother was buried. When Blake went back to Fort Hood he found out that the fellows he had gone into the service with had been sent to Korea. He was sent to Fort Dix, New Jersey and put on a ship for Neuronberg, Germany. He left JoAnne pregnant and to finish her nursing program. After graduating she moved to Provo to live with her parents and worked at the Utah Valley Hospital. Blake wasn't able to get home when Diana was born. In fact she was about 6 months old before he got home.

Blake went back to work at Hillfield upon getting out of the service. He spent 37 years before he retired.

JoAnne taught nursing at Weber State College and worked for McKay Dee Hospital for 16 years.

They have 4 children – Dianna, Connie, Tim, and Joy. Connie was born with spinabiffada and was not supposed to live more than 18 years. She is now in her 40's and still going strong. JoAnne had many miscarriages 2 of which were boys. These were hard times for both of them. They have 13 grandchildren and 3 great grandchildren. The 3 are Diana's grandchildren.

They have earned the respect of all their brothers and sisters and have a very strong marriage.





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Husband			
THOMAS BLAKE HARDING-64H0-WN			
Born	9 Feb 1934	Place	FAIRVIEW, FRANKLIN, IDAHO
Christened	1 Apr 1934	Place	FAIRVIEW, FRANKLIN, IDAHO
Died		Place	
Buried		Place	
Married	21 Feb 1957	Place	SALT LAKE CITY, SALT LAKE, UTAH
Husband's father	ALONZO HAZELTON HARDING-2SVB-T3		MRON 3
Husband's mother	MARGARET RUIE LARSEN-2SVB-V8		
Wife			
JOANN CASPER-DG2C-TD			
Born	25 Dec 1934	Place	CHARLESTON, WASATCH, UTAH
Christened	3 Feb 1935	Place	CHARLESTON, WASATCH, UTAH
Died		Place	
Buried		Place	
Wife's father	Wallace George CASPER		MRON 2256
Wife's mother	Dora Vengoy Danner		
Children List each child in order of birth.			
LDS ordinance dates			
Temple			
1 F DIANA HARDING			
Born	26 Jul 1958	Place	PROVO, UTAH, UTAH
Christened		Place	
Died		Place	
Buried		Place	
Spouse	BRUCE ALLEN MILLER		MRON 377
Married	9 Jun 1978	Place	OGDEN, WEBER, UTAH
2 F CONNIE HARDING			
Born	29 Jan 1960	Place	OGDEN, WEBER, UTAH
Christened		Place	
Died		Place	
Buried		Place	
Spouse	Dennis Albert Dantz		MRON 2514
Married	6 Jun 1990	Place	West Jordan, Salt Lake, Utah
3 M TIMOTHY BLAKE HARDING			
Born	28 Nov 1963	Place	OGDEN, WEBER, UTAH
Christened	5 Jan 1964	Place	NORTH OGDEN, WEBER, UTAH
Died		Place	
Buried		Place	
Spouse	PEGGY CREAMER		MRON 379
Married	8 Jun 1985	Place	SALT LAKE CITY, SALT LAKE, UTAH
4 F JOY HARDING			
Born	12 Oct 1971	Place	OGDEN, WEBER, UTAH
Christened		Place	
Died		Place	
Buried		Place	
Prepared by Doris Heap Barlow			
Address 3431 Eccles Ave.			
Phone 621 4949			
Date prepared 09 Jun 2006			
Ogden, Utah			
84403			

Childhood Memories of Spencer Harding

By Norma, Blake, & Doran

Spencer was born December 28, 1936. Mother had a heart attack and went into labor. She was in labor for 3 days and 3 nights. Spencer cried for 6 months and the Doctor said that the opening of his stomach wasn't fully open. When Mother went to Salt Lake for surgery Norma and Spencer went over to Aunt Mary's. Lee was still very young so Norma was in charge of taking care of Spencer. While there he grew to be a very happy baby. He was put on jersey milk and he grew a lot.

One of his friends was Steven Hinckley. He had a beautiful pinto pony and he and Spencer spent a lot of time riding it. One choice memory of Spencer was on his birthday when he was about six. We had given mother wallpaper for Christmas and we were hanging it when in walked Spencer with several friends and announced they were having a birthday party.

We had a lot of lath around our house. The boys dug them all out and built a lath house.

At Easter time Blake and Spencer took their candy and went out to the house and ate their candy.

Spencer worked a lot for Frank Gilbert as he got a little older. One day they were chopping hay. Blake and Spencer were pitching the hay into the chopper. Spencer got too close to the edge and fell on the conveyor belt. Frank happened to be right there and grabbed his coat and pulled him out and saved his life.

When Spencer was about 10 he was working for nothing and Frank told him he would give him a calf to show for 4H. When the time come Spencer came home broken hearted because Frank refused to give him a calf. I went over to tell Frank what I thought of him. He told me he couldn't afford to give this kid a calf. I told him that I thought he should learn not to promise a kid something if he couldn't keep his word.

I remember Dee, Blake and Spencer coming to my house in Clifton and they went out on the banks of Bear River and shot rattle snakes. After they came to tell me how many they



Spencer Harding - 1946



shot and ate special cookies that I had baked for them They also came to see me when they had been hunting birds. I think they knew there would always be something to eat for them.

Spencer didn't have an easy time in School because of his eyes. He graduated from South High in Salt Lake. Blake had a Harley Davidson motorcycle and Spencer rode the motorcycle down to Lehi to see a girl that he had met. The motorcycle quit on him and Blake went down to get him in the Mercury. He towed him back home on the motorcycle and there were times that they were doing 60 miles per hour. It was a wonder he got home alive. It was at South High that he met Donna and he took her to Bountiful to a movie in his 41 Chev. that he had purchased from Blake. Blake said it had a knock but Spencer drove it anyway. It quit on Spencer in Bountiful and again Blake came to his rescue and towed him back in his little 48 Plymouth. It was a good thing Spencer had such a good brother.



Blake had an accident on 9th East while backing in to a parking place and a lady hit him and ripped his front wheel and fender. He took it to a body shop and Blake saw a Frazier all fixed up sitting in his lot. Blake bought it and sold it to Spencer. Spencer really liked it. He sold his 41 Chev. in order to buy that Frazier. Spencer eventually sold this and bought a 2 door Mercury. He and Donna were married right out of High School and it was after they were married that he bought the Mercury.

After graduation he went to work at an iron works. He learned to machine parts. After they bought their home in Sandy he was doing yard work for the people in the ward, eventually he turned this into a business that would become a family business.

One other thing that Spencer learned was the art of keeping house. He and Blake were the youngest in the family and as the girls went to work or were married they had to clean and their Mother expected the house to always be immaculate.

Doran had this to say about Spencer. "As a young man he was as honest as the days were long. His word was as good as his bond. He was dedicated to his work, to his church, to his family and if he committed to do something he followed through on it. He was one you could depend on if you called him to do something. He was a wonderful brother in law."

He would go to his family members and aerated their lawns. He and Dee also came from Salt Lake and trimmed Doran's tree. He served his fellow man all his life.

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Husband SPENCER LON HARDING-64H0-XT			
Born	28 Dec 1936	Place	FAIRVIEW, FRANKLIN, IDAHO
Christened		Place	
Died	25 Feb 2003	Place	Sandy, Salt Lake, Utah
Buried	1 Mar 2003	Place	Sandy, Salt Lake, Utah
Married	1 Sep 1955	Place	SALT LAKE CITY, SALT LAKE, UTAH
Husband's father		ALONZO HAZELTON HARDING-2SVB-T3	
Husband's mother		MARGARET RUI LARSEN-2SVB-V8	
		MARR: 3	
Wife DONNA DIANTHA NORRIS-DG2C-VK			
Born	21 Sep 1937	Place	SALT LAKE CITY, SALT LAKE, UTAH
Christened		Place	
Died		Place	
Buried		Place	
Wife's father			
Wife's mother			
		MARR: 3	
Children List each child in order of birth.			
1 F CYNTHIA DAWN HARDING		LDS ordinance status Temple	
Born	10 Feb 1957	Place	SALT LAKE CITY, SALT LAKE, UTAH
Christened		Place	
Died		Place	
Buried		Place	
Spouse		STEVEN EARL SYBROWSKY	
Married	27 Jun 1975	Place	SALT LAKE CITY, SALT LAKE, UTAH
		Sealed to spouse	
		MARR: 387	
2 F TAMARA LEE HARDING		LDS ordinance status Temple	
Born	10 Nov 1958	Place	SALT LAKE CITY, SALT LAKE, UTAH
Christened		Place	
Died		Place	
Buried		Place	
Spouse		DARVY REED JERRY YOUNG	
Married	18 Dec 1977	Place	SALT LAKE CITY, SALT LAKE, UTAH
		Sealed to spouse	
		MARR: 388	
3 M THOMAS SPENCER HARDING		LDS ordinance status Temple	
Born	12 Jul 1961	Place	SALT LAKE CITY, SALT LAKE, UTAH
Christened		Place	
Died		Place	
Buried		Place	
Spouse		SHERI ANN GILSON	
Married	15 Mar 1985	Place	SALT LAKE CITY, SALT LAKE, UTAH
		Sealed to spouse	
		MARR: 389	
4 F TERRI LYNN HARDING		LDS ordinance status Temple	
Born	17 Apr 1964	Place	SALT LAKE CITY, SALT LAKE, UTAH
Christened		Place	
Died		Place	
Buried		Place	
Spouse		WILLIAM ARTHUR MC CANN	
Married	14 Sep 1984	Place	SANDY, SALT LAKE, UTAH
		Sealed to spouse	
		MARR: 390	
5 F SUSAN HARDING		LDS ordinance status Temple	
Born	15 Dec 1967	Place	MURRAY, SALT LAKE, UTAH
Christened		Place	
Died		Place	
Buried		Place	
Spouse		GEORGE GRANT FAIRBANKS	
Married	28 Aug 1987	Place	SALT LAKE CITY, SALT LAKE, UTAH
		Sealed to spouse	
		MARR: 391	
6 F LESLIE ANN HARDING		LDS ordinance status Temple	
Born	20 Mar 1972	Place	MURRAY, SALT LAKE, UTAH
Christened		Place	
Died		Place	
Buried		Place	
Spouse		JOSEPH MARK FRANTZEN	
Married	20 Jun 1996	Place	BOUNTIFUL, DAVIS, UTAH
		Sealed to spouse	
		MARR: 392	
7 M MATTHEW LON HARDING		LDS ordinance status Temple	
Born	8 May 1981	Place	SALT LAKE CITY, SALT LAKE, UTAH
Christened		Place	
Died		Place	
Buried		Place	
Spouse		Lindi Victoria Groberg	
Married	Dec 2002	Place	Salt Lake City, Utah, Utah
		Sealed to spouse	
		MARR: 2158	
Prepared by		Debra Hogg Beeson	
Phone		621-4949	
Date prepared		09 Jun 2006	
Address		3431 Euclid Ave. Ogden, Utah 84403	

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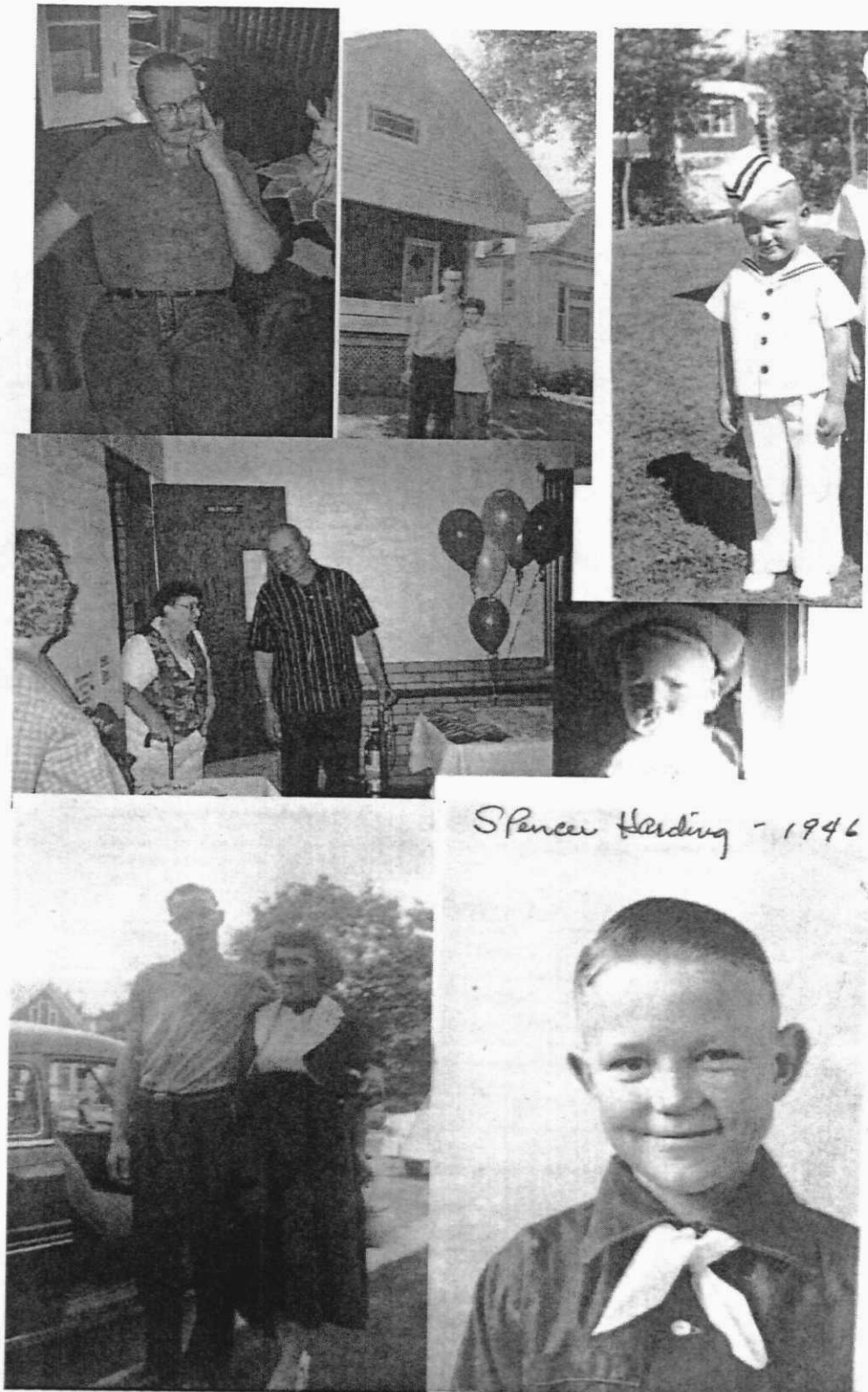
Page 2 of 2

Husband SPENCER LON HARDING-64H0-XT			
Wife DONNA DIANTHA NORRIS-DG2C-VK			
Children List each child in order of birth.			
4 F TERRI LYNN HARDING		LDS ordinance status Temple	
Spouse		WILLIAM ARTHUR MC CANN	
Married	14 Sep 1984	Place	SANDY, SALT LAKE, UTAH
		Sealed to spouse	
		MARR: 390	
5 F SUSAN HARDING		LDS ordinance status Temple	
Born	15 Dec 1967	Place	MURRAY, SALT LAKE, UTAH
Christened		Place	
Died		Place	
Buried		Place	
Spouse		GEORGE GRANT FAIRBANKS	
Married	28 Aug 1987	Place	SALT LAKE CITY, SALT LAKE, UTAH
		Sealed to spouse	
		MARR: 391	
6 F LESLIE ANN HARDING		LDS ordinance status Temple	
Born	20 Mar 1972	Place	MURRAY, SALT LAKE, UTAH
Christened		Place	
Died		Place	
Buried		Place	
Spouse		JOSEPH MARK FRANTZEN	
Married	20 Jun 1996	Place	BOUNTIFUL, DAVIS, UTAH
		Sealed to spouse	
		MARR: 392	
7 M MATTHEW LON HARDING		LDS ordinance status Temple	
Born	8 May 1981	Place	SALT LAKE CITY, SALT LAKE, UTAH
Christened		Place	
Died		Place	
Buried		Place	
Spouse		Lindi Victoria Groberg	
Married	Dec 2002	Place	Salt Lake City, Utah, Utah
		Sealed to spouse	
		MARR: 2158	



Back row: Cindy, Steve, Dee, Tammy, Donna, Spencer, Terri

Front row: Matthew, Leslie, and Susan



Top left: Spencer after retirement. Spencer & Donna at 990 Princeton, Spencer about 3 yr.
 Center left: Spencer's retirement party, Right - Spencer at 2 years old
 Bottom Left: Spencer & Donna (newlyweds) Spencer at 10 years old

****RECOLLECTIONS OF MY HUSBAND – SPENCER LON HARDING****

.....By Donna Norris Harding 9-8-2006

My husband was a very industrious, honest worker with a personality that everyone admired. He taught his seven children to work just as hard. They worked with him in many people's yards in the Salt Lake Valley. More on this later. As of this writing, I am in the rehabilitation hospital here in Sandy. Our children are all married. Cindy is a Sales Rep for Mary Kay Cosmetics. She and her husband reside in Las Vegas, Nevada. Sue is a registered nurse at the Primary Children's Hospital. Her husband, Greg, is a manager at United Parcel Service. Tammy is an Office Manager at a Doctor's office, and her husband is a Brick Salesman. Leslie is a full time mother and she and her husband reside in Idaho Falls, Idaho. He is a Medical Equipment manager. Thomas is a Sales Representative for General Equipment and Sherry is a Medical Technician at the L.D.S. Hospital. Terry is a billing manager in a Doctor's office and her husband, Bill, manages a lumber building supply. Matthew is in Wyoming doing his thing. His wife is currently in Brigham City. I forgot to mention Cindy's husband is a sales rep at the R.C. Willey furniture company in Las Vegas. All of our children are workers.

If they gave out awards for grounds keeping, landscaping, handyman work, to Spencer would go the Oscar, for he served people all over the Salt Lake Valley and through Utah well for 20 to 40 years, while working most of those years full time in his trade as a machinist and inspector.

When Edis Rawlings married Spencer's mother, Margaret Rue Larsen Harding, Spencer moved with them to 990 Princeton Ave., Salt Lake City, Utah. He then attended East High School. At the change of the Semester, Spencer transferred to South High School. While going to High School, Spencer always found time to maintain a job. His first job was at the Los Gales Garage and Parking lot. I caught Spencer's eye when wearing my teal shirt. Spencer loved it, still does. Needless to say, that was when our romance started. As the romance grew, so did Spencer. He graduated from South High School in 1955, the year DeWayne started at the University of Utah. Spencer's Mother became quite ill in 1956, and DeWayne talked us into moving in with Edis and Rue, to help take care of his mother. Rue was diagnosed as a person with Manic Depression, after a new drug, Cortisone, was tried on her. It took away her pain but let the damage to her organs come out from the rheumatic heart she had had through the years.

As an example of the trials we had during our stay with her, one day I called the University and they tracked DeWayne down for me. He called, and I told him his mother had just called for a Yellow Cab to take her to California to see Uncle Art. Dee arrived at Princeton at the same time as the yellow cab, thank heavens, and he told the Cab Driver to post on the Cab Board that no cabs were to be sent to 990 Princeton. The cab driver was really upset, since he figured he had a fare from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles, but Dee told him to forget any fee, as the lady of the house was really not responsible in her moment of Manic. Dee stayed the rest of the afternoon and soothed his mother's feeling as she was upset about not being able to go, but she would have surely died on the trip.

All afternoon, Dee's Mother would be lying on the couch, and Dee, out of the corner of his eye would watch her sneak on the floor and lay out stiff as a board, and say to him, "Betcha can't lift me back on the couch, and Dee would put his hands under her, and she would be stiff and he would lift her back on the couch. He would sit back in his chair, and watch her do it again and again and laugh that little laugh that had come with the Manic Phase. When she would go into the depression stage, Dee would sit and quiz her about her childhood years, her brothers, and he would write it all down, since her memory in the depression stage was very good.

After Spencer's Mother passed away we bought our home at 966 Galena Drive where we lived until I had to go to the rehab hospital and Spencer had died, and the children cleaned up the place and sold it.

Spencer had a great relationship with my father, Sherman Norris and my Grandfather, Henry B. Mortenson. They both had boats at one time or the other, and with Spencer along they loved to go cat fishing in Utah Lake and Trout fishing in Strawberry. After Dee and Clara moved from Montana, Dee bought a boat, my Father & Grandfather had passed away, and Spencer and Dee did some fishing, not as much as they wanted as both had some health problems, but they did enjoy being with each other whether it was cutting trees, raking yards, or fishing.

Spencer had secured work at the Eimco company, since my father recommended him and they worked together at times. When Eimco company took a Title 12 reorganization and laid off their long time employees to deprive them of the benefits they had earned, he went to work at the Gallagher Company. He had worked for Eimco for over 20 years as a machinist & inspector, and he then worked for Gallagher another 5 years, before they took the same way out

with Title 12 reorganization. Spencer then went to work for the Hercules Powder Company until they again found the Title 12 way out of their responsibility to their employees. At that time, Dee had now moved down and DeWayne and Spencer drove around the valley, come to a dead tree, ring the doorbell, & get the job of removing the tree. The very first job they did together was the winter of 1992-93. It snowed all winter, & Dee moved here in September of 1992. They teamed up, shoveling all the old people's roofs in White City where we lived and DeWayne's in

Sandy. They did this under the Gospel plan-take care of those who can't-since the roofs were collapsing all over the valley. They did stop at a complex, put in a bid to remove the snow on all the garages, but the owner said he would not pay that much to do the job, and three days later the garages all caved in, covering the cars that were parked there. Needless to say the owner had to rebuild them all. Some people never learn, do they?

Spencer had purchased an Aerator, Lawn Power Rake and other lawn equipment, and he and the children did a lot of yard work, but now Matt and I had sugar diabetes, and I had a severe case of Rheumatoid Arthritis, and we really did need health insurance, which we could not buy. With this in mind, Spencer sought the counsel of his brother who advised him to try and get on at the Jordan School District, since school districts never had to reorganize and deprive their employees of benefits. The benefits were very good, the pay was very low, but he got on doing yard work at all the schools for them, & received the benefit we desperately needed.

It was not too long before he was getting a better wage, but because of his age, and with the wetbacks coming from Mexico, young, & sometimes very lazy, they were promoted over him, causing him to do most of the schoolyard work. Though he wore a dust mask on the big lawn machines, he started having breathing problems after a few years. He worked hard in the Church, at the Stake Vegetable Farm, he volunteered on all the Church Projects, & they needed and used his leadership in the High Priest Quorums. Spencer had a myriad of projects planned for retirement, but as his health took a turn for the worst, he required oxygen to be with him at all times. The Jordan School District furloughed him on a Medical Retirement with a disease known as Idiopathic Pulmonary Fibrosis, that took his life just 2 ½ years later. His retirement plans are now with him in the Celestial Kingdom, where he is waiting for me to join him. He will be remembered at the Eimco Company, the Hercules Company, and the Jordan School District and in White City, but especially at DeWayne's and Clara's, for all the Popcorn he took

to the employees, the neighbors, and his loved ones. He had purchased a used Theatre Popcorn machine, and bought popcorn in 100 lb. sacks from the Theatre Distribution Company, so it was the best-buttered popcorn in the whole Salt Lake Valley.

There is no doubt Spencer left his mark on everyone he met and loved. He is missed by our family, and every time I see DeWayne he tells me how much he misses his brother and it's time for the two of them to get the yards in shape for winter so they can catch the late fall fishing. I sometimes wonder, "Do they have fishing in Heaven, and can Spencer and I go camping there like we did down here?" I certainly hope so.

Love,

Donna Norris Harding

9-8-2006

A COUPLE OF MEMORIES OF MY BROTHER –SPENCER

By DeWayne L. Harding 9-10-2006

Spencer was on 2 years old as I recall when Daddy was killed in 1938. I was nine years his senior, and since I was older, he called me his dad a lots when he was growing up. I guess I was the nearest thing to a Dad that he had until I went in the Army in 1946, but I wanted to share two things we shared in memory.

On Sunday afternoons, and sometimes after I moved to Sandy, Utah in 1992, Spencer and I liked to get together, start off with a funny story, he would look at me or I would look at him, and we would start laughing. We had no way to stop and we would fall on the floor and laugh until our belly's hurt so much that we would try stopping. Sometimes we couldn't and sometimes when we got together in our basement, we'd be laughing again. If you have never laughed that hard, you just have not lived.

One of the things Spencer asked me once in awhile after I moved to Sandy, was "Do you remember when you saved my life?"

"Yes, I sure do, you mean the time at Bear River Narrows in Riverdale don't you?" And he would ask me to tell him the story again.

Well, I think it was about the summer before I went in the Service, one morning early, Blake, Spencer and I drove to Preston. We had to wait a little too long for Glenn Meek who we had asked if he would like to go with us, and we hurried in the old Studebaker to Bear River where it goes through the narrows just below the dam. As I put on my hip boots I instructed all the guys to stay close to the bank since we were here late, and they turn the water from the dam for the early morning breakfast cooking, and when they do you will hear a roar and a wall of water 30 feet deep will hit you in about 3 minutes, so you won't have much time to get out of the way of it up the bank. I just finished putting the straps on my belt when I heard the roar, saw Blake & Glenn where they should be at the shore, looked up and Spencer was on a rock halfway across the river. I ran for him, grabbed him around the waist, and he was kicking and screaming, "What are you doing?" as I ran for the shore of the river bank & just as I jumped with Spencer up the steep bank, & grabbed a bush, the water hit, filling my boots, & pulling on me. I shouted to him, crawl and he did, and I pulled myself up the bank, I think with Blake & Glenn's help. Then standing on the road above, I turned to Spencer, and asked, "Can you see the rock you were standing on now?" "No, it's under 30 feet of water."

Spencer liked to hear that story every once in awhile. Of course I always, added – you were always a little bit ornery weren't you?

Love,

DeWayne Harding

THE HISTORY OF
FREDERICK WILLIAM
AND LUCY ELENORA
HANDY HARDING

The Frederick

William and Lucy
Elenora Handy Harding

family picture taken about
1908. The four boys

standing left to right. Lyman

William, Albert Frederick,

Samuel Preston, Leonard

Marion. Sitting on father

Frederick William's lap is Ray Allen. Front row

left to right: Robert Vernon, Alonzo Hazelton,

with Eliza on her mother Lucy Elenora lap.

Shown below right is Mary Handy Harding
and Willis Benjamin Harding who were born after

the above picture.

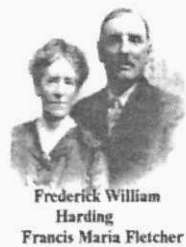
Lucy died 14 Sept. 1914

leaving

Frederick W. with
seven young children.

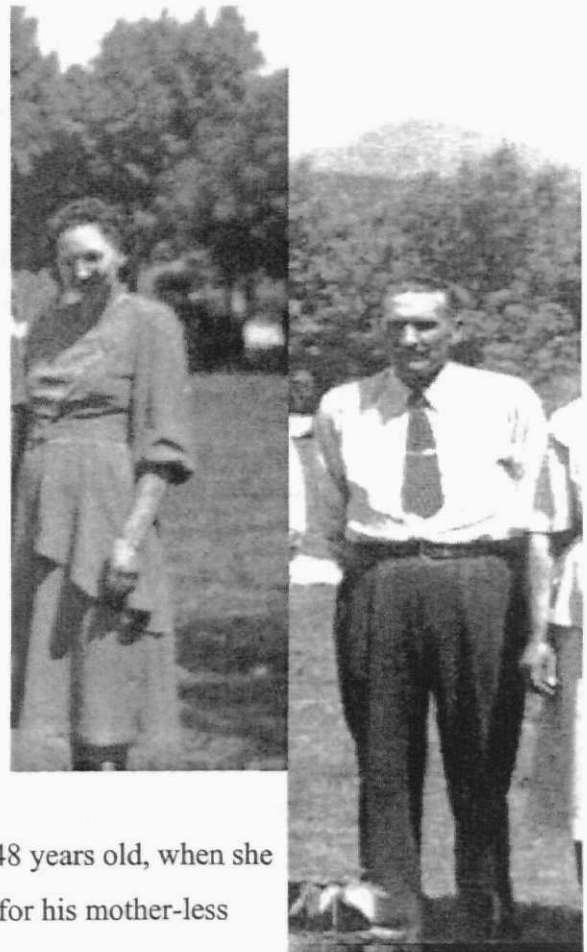
Francis Maria
Fletcher came into his life through

Charles Herbert Smith family who
emigrated to America.
Maria did sewing and
helping the Smith's in
Gravesend, England.
Maria was a very
compassionate woman. She
took care of her mother and father



Frederick William
Hardy
Francis Maria Fletcher

until they both had passed away. Deferring her
marrying until she was well along in life. She was 48 years old, when she
married Frederick, 16 Feb 1916, loving and caring for his mother-less
children, "what a saint she was.



Willis Benjamin Harding

A Life's Sketch Of Fredrick Harding

Fredrick Harding was born in Portsmouth England Nov. 24 1867 he came to America with his parents at the age of seven. As a young man he was employed by Sidney Stevenson Imp. Co. at Ogden Utah as a general helper.

From there he went to Pocatello Idaho and worked on the railroad for some time which he enjoyed very much he often told me of the good times he had when he and his boss went on fishing trips on the Portniff river.

The next that I remember is when we lived at Whitney Idaho that was after he was married to Lucy Elnora Handy Dec. 25 1888 in the Endowment House. after I was old enough to remember he worked for Robert Hull on the farm. One night some one stole our horses out of the pasture. The next day or so they brought them back and wanted some money for them there was a lot of that done in those days.

From there we moved to Preston so we could be near Grandma Wayman she lived under the hill by the old spring and we lived on the farm above the spring father farmed our 20 acres he also worked in Preston at any thing he could do.

He spent one winter at Bliss Idaho working on the snake river, that was a hard winter for all of us.

The next spring he worked in Kinkoreek logging with Kick Curtis. We had a new harness that he took that spring with him and that fall he brought it home in a gunny sack.

One day as he was going up the trail to work he met a mountain lion he turned around and came back to camp with the lion after him.

He spent a lot of hours working for Sturi in cement work of all kinds he helped build some of the better buildings in Preston most of them are still standing.

Mother Died in Sept. 14 1914 at Preston leaving him with 10 children the youngest being 18 months old.

Later on Feb. 16 1916 he married Mariah Frances Fletcher she helped him raise the family until they were married and on their own. She passed away April 2 1938 at Idaho Falls Idaho.

In 1929 they moved to Idaho Falls they seemed pretty happy there there was a lot more work there than in Preston and that is what he liked, they lived in a number of places.

On Dec. 6 1942 he passed away at Idaho Falls Idaho.



On Dec. 6, 1942 he passed away at Idaho Falls, Idaho.

Services were held in the 4th Ward L.D.S. Church and buried in Preston, Idaho.

History of Mrs. May Fletcher Harding: (Maria Frances Fletcher)

I have been requested to give a sketch of my life, I will give a few outlines as far as can.

I was born in London, Eng. and was brought up in a good Christian home, taught to love and honor our parents and to obey them in all things, which resulted in a happy home life. They were members of the Baptist Church.

They had ten children—six died in infancy. Our dear mother was in delicate health for many years with spine trouble, which brought on paralysis. We were a happy and united family.

There is nothing of much importance until I was 21, when I was engaged to be married— much against my parent's wishes. Within a short time of my marriage the engagement was broken off and he passed out of my life.

Then I devoted my life to my dear mother. Two years after that I lost my father, leaving my dear mother to my care for eight(?) When she, too, was taken. After that I had many changes— going to the North of England to live. After a while came back to London, then going to live in a town in Kent (Gravesend). I had at that time drifted away from my own church.

There I met with Brother and Sister Smith, members of the Church of Jesus Christ Of Latter Day Saints. As there was no meetinghouse there, they held cottage meetings, to which I was invited. At that time they had two Elders from Ogden on a mission for the Church. I Was invited to attend these meetings by Brother and Sister Smith. Before that time I had not heard of the Mormon Church. I, as the only one in my family to join the Church, went to these meetings and became interested. I had several conversations with Elder Barnes. After a while I decided to join there Church and was baptized at the Deseret London headquarters where I was baptized by Elder Barnes.

That same year Brother and Sister Smith and family came out to America. Before leaving they made me promise to come out later. They had written for me and the way had been found for me to come out the following year when the war started in England and we had the air raids over our town and the city of London, taking many lives and destroying much property. One night we had air raids over our town when there was over 199 bombs sent down doing much damage, burning down houses and causing terror to reign every where. President White was sent down from London to see if the Saints were all safe. We were, both in our town and also in London, for which we had much to be thankful for. Then trouble started on the ocean, with the submarines destroying many ships during that time.

My passage had been paid and I was to come out in July. The week before I was to sail the *Lucetania* was sunk and I believe all on board went down. Some Americans were with them. My brothers and sister and friends wanted me to give up all thoughts of going as it was not safe on the sea, but my answer to them was that I was just as safe on the sea as on the land as there was no safety anywhere, and

there was till the same Heavenly Father with me, and if it was His will I would go safe Of course. I cannot say that I had no fear, for there were times when my faith was shaken. It is hard to part with your love ones and leave the dear homeland and come out to a strange country where ways and customs are so different.

When everything was ready I had to go to London to see President White. He told me I had nothing to fear, that I would go safe. There were three others going from London with me. Then we had to go on to Liverpool, where we met at a hotel where we stayed overnight, and where we met about 40 (?) Of the Saints from different parts. In the morning we had to go to a meeting where we met with their President and eight Elders that were released and coming out with us. At two O'clock in the afternoon we went aboard and were sailing at four (?). For four days we were in some danger , being chased by a German submarine. Only the Captain and officers knew that we were in danger. On Tuesday the officer came and told us that we had to be thankful that we had a good Captain and that we were out of the danger zone. We had a splendid voyage and beautiful weather and had pleasant times with the Saints, going on the upper deck in the evening and singing some of the good old songs one being "Come, come Ye Saints", and "Oh Ye Mountains High." It sure helped to make the journey pleasant.

Our ship was the last one to book passengers, as they had stopped all coming out. When I arrived here I was in the best of health, although I was advised by the doctor before leaving England not to undertake the journey as I was not in a fit state of health.

After two weeks we arrived at Ogden, leaving some of the Saints to go on to Salt Lake. I took a train and came on to Preston, arriving there in the afternoon, there to meet my dear friend, Sister Smith, and making my home with them for a while.





Left to right: Willis, Albert, Mary, Leonard, Robert, Eliza

Family Group Record- 330

Page 1 of 2

Husband			
FREDERICK WILLIAM HARDING-1018			
Born	24 Nov 1867	Place	EASTNEY BARRAKS, PORTSEA, HAMPSHIRE, ENG
Died	1 Dec 1942	Place	IDAHO FALLS, BONNEVILLE, IDAHO
Buried	5 Dec 1942	Place	PRESTON, FRANKLIN, IDAHO
		LDS ordinance dates	Temple
		Baptized	6 Jul 1876
		Endowed	22 Sep 1897 LOGAN
		Sealed to parents	6 Jan 1977 OGDEN
		Sealed to spouse	22 Sep 1897 LOGAN
Married	25 Dec 1888	Place	PRESTON, ONEIDA, IDAHO
Other Spouse	FRANCIS MARIA FLETCHER-1288(+)		MRIN: 361
Married	16 Feb 1916	Place	LOGAN, CACHE, UTAH
		Sealed to spouse	16 Feb 1916 LOGAN
Husband's father	FREDERICK HARDING-1272		MRIN: 358
Husband's mother	ELIZA Millard-1013		
Wife			
LUCY ELNORA HANDY-1002			
Born	22 Oct 1869	Place	FRANKLIN, ONEIDA, IDAHO
Died	14 Sep 1914	Place	PRESTON, FRANKLIN, IDAHO
Buried	16 Sep 1914	Place	PRESTON, FRANKLIN, IDAHO
		LDS ordinance dates	Temple
		Baptized	23 May 1880
		Endowed	22 Sep 1897 LOGAN
		Sealed to parents	BIC
Wife's father	WILLIAM HANDY-1277		MRIN: 346
Wife's mother	MARY ANN DAY-1278		
Children List each child in order of birth.		LDS ordinance dates	Temple
1 M ALBERT FREDERICK HARDING-1003			
Born	12 Oct 1889	Place	WHITNEY, ONEIDA, IDAHO
Died	8 Feb 1973	Place	IDAHO FALLS, BONNEVILLE, IDAHO
Buried		Place	IDAHO FALLS, BONNEVILLE, IDAHO
		LDS ordinance dates	Temple
		Baptized	1 May 1898
		Endowed	9 Nov 1909 LOGAN
		Sealed to parents	22 Sep 1897 LOGAN
Spouse	BERTHA MAY CORBRIDGE-1313		MRIN: 348
Married	17 Jul 1912	Place	LOGAN, CACHE, UTAH
		Sealed to spouse	17 Jul 1912 LOGAN
2 M LYMAN WILLIAM HARDING-1004			
Born	27 Nov 1892	Place	WHITNEY, ONEIDA, IDAHO
Christened	2 Mar 1893	Place	WORM CREEK WARD, BY F.M. COWLEY
Died	7 Sep 1968	Place	HAZELTON, TWIN FALLS, IDAHO
		LDS ordinance dates	Temple
		Baptized	7 Jul 1901
		Endowed	5 Nov 1913 LOGAN
		Sealed to parents	22 Sep 1897 LOGAN
Spouse	EDITH WALKER-1314		MRIN: 349
Married	31 Mar 1915	Place	Logan, Cache, Utah
		Sealed to spouse	31 Mar 1915 LOGAN
3 M LEONARD MARION HARDING-1005			
Born	6 Sep 1895	Place	WHITNEY, ONEIDA, IDAHO
Died	26 May 1977	Place	IDAHO FALLS, BONNEVILLE, IDAHO
Buried		Place	IDAHO FALLS, BONNEVILLE, IDAHO
		LDS ordinance dates	Temple
		Baptized	7 Sep 1903
		Endowed	23 Jun 1915 LOGAN
		Sealed to parents	22 Sep 1897 LOGAN
Spouse	EMMA MABEL DALLEY-1318		MRIN: 350
Married	23 Jun 1915	Place	LOGAN, CACHE, UTAH
		Sealed to spouse	23 Jun 1915 LOGAN
4 M SAMUEL PRESTON HARDING-1006			
Born	28 Dec 1898	Place	PRESTON, ONEIDA, IDAHO
Died	29 Sep 1985	Place	Portland, MTN., ORGN
		LDS ordinance dates	Temple
		Baptized	26 Jun 1904 Re. Bapt. 24 Aug 1988 IFALL
		Endowed	30 Aug 1988 IDAF
		Sealed to parents	BIC
Prepared by	Doran Heap Barlow		Address
Phone	621 4949		3431 Eccles Ave.
Date prepared	01 Nov 2006		Ogden, Utah
			84403

Relationship Codes: (+) Multiple Parents

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Page 2 of 2

Husband		FREDERICK WILLIAM HARDING-1018	
Wife		LUCY ELNORA HANDY-1002	
Children		List each child in order of birth.	LDS ordinance dates Temple
4	M	SAMUEL PRESTON HARDING-1006	
	Spouse	THELMA CAROL HANSEN-1311	
	Married	5 May 1924	Place Sealed to spouse 30 Aug 1988 IDAF MRIN: 351
5	M	ALONZO HAZELTON HARDING-993	
	Born	19 Apr 1900	Place PRESTON, ONEIDA, IDAHO Baptized 7 Jun 1908
	Christened	1 Jul 1900	Place PRESTON, ONEIDA, IDAHO Endowed 15 Nov 1938 LOGAN
	Died	11 Dec 1938	Place OGDEN, WEBER, UTAH Sealed to parents BIC
	Buried	15 Dec 1938	Place PRESTON, FRANKLIN, IDAHO
	Spouse	MARGARET RUE LARSEN-994	
	Married	15 Nov 1922	Place LOGAN, CACHE, UTAH Sealed to spouse 15 Nov 1922 LOGAN MRIN: 3
6	M	ROBERT VERNON HARDING-1007	
	Born	1 Apr 1903	Place PRESTON, ONEIDA, IDAHO Baptized 2 Apr 1911
	Died	21 Aug 1983	Place IDAHO FALLS, BONNVLL, IDAHO Endowed 26 Apr 1986 IDAF
	Buried		Place IDAHO FALLS, BONNVLL, IDAHO Sealed to parents BIC
	Spouse	AGNES MARY JOHNSON-1312	
	Married	14 Nov 1928	Place IDAHO FALLS, BONNEVILLE, IDAHO Sealed to spouse 26 Apr 1986 IDAF MRIN: 352
7	M	RAY ALLEN HARDING-1008	
	Born	1 Sep 1905	Place PRESTON, ONEIDA, IDAHO Baptized 16 Sep 1913
	Died	14 Feb 1934	Place PRESTON, FRANKLIN, IDAHO Endowed 20 Jun 1934 LOGAN
			Sealed to parents BIC
8	F	ELIZA HANDY HARDING-1009	
	Born	9 Nov 1907	Place PRESTON, ONEIDA, IDAHO Baptized 28 May 1917
	Died	11 Jul 1983	Place OGDEN, WEBER, UTAH Endowed 26 Nov 1926
	Buried	15 Jul 1983	Place OGDEN, WEBER, UTAH Sealed to parents BIC
	Spouse	CHARLES HERBERT SMITH-1315	
	Married	26 Nov 1926	Place SALT LAKE CITY, SALT LAKE, UTAH Sealed to spouse 26 Nov 1926 SLAKE MRIN: 353
9	F	MARY HANDY HARDING-1010	
	Born	20 Apr 1911	Place PRESTON, ONEIDA, IDAHO Baptized 5 Jul 1919
	Died	3 Oct 1992	Place AUGUSTA, GEORGIA Endowed 18 Jun 1941
	Buried	10 Oct 1992	Place CORNISH, CACHE, UTAH Sealed to parents BIC
	Spouse	ADELBERT NELSON MARTIN-1317	
	Married	18 Jun 1941	Place LOGAN, CACHE, UTAH Sealed to spouse 18 Jun 1941 LOGAN MRIN: 354
10	M	WILLIS BENJAMIN HARDING-1011	
	Born	28 Nov 1913	Place PRESTON, FRANKLIN, IDAHO Baptized 28 Nov 1921
			Endowed 14 Jul 1973
			Sealed to parents BIC
	Spouse	HELLEN HAYS-1316	
	Married	10 Dec 1934 (Div)	Place LOGAN, CACHE, UTAH Sealed to spouse 12 Jul 1973 LOGAN MRIN: 355

A BRIEF SKETCH OF
THE LIFE OF
ELIZA MILLARD HARDING WAYMAN

By

Doran Heap Barlow husband of Anna Harding Barlow

It is believed that Eliza Millard was born at Barton, Winscombe Parish, Somerset, England. We have several dates on her birth. One the 13 Aug. 1824, taken from records submitted by Jesse William George, 10527 San Luis, South Gate, California.

Another 23 June, 1829 recorded in the Worm Creek Ward, in Preston, Idaho, about 1880, exact date is not known. On Eliza's marriage certificate which states that she was 28 years of age at the time of her marriage on the 18 Dec. 1861. This would make her birth in the year 1833.

In my research of the Joseph Millard and Ann Derrick family I found the birth of all their children christened at Winscombe Parish, at the little community of Winscombe. I found these records at the Salt Lake Family History Center. The Film No 1526121- Item 2. For Winscombe, Somerset, England. The date of her christening was given as 28 Sept. 1825.

I was privileged to go to Winscombe, Somerset Eng. in 1993, to see and walk around this special Parish that was so dear and home to our great ancestors. As I walked around this beautiful old building, several hundred years old, I stood looking at the old, leaning head stones showing deterioration from the many years they have been there. We were barely able to make out many of the names. I thought, I'm now standing around this sacred spot that our ancestors stood many years ago, bidding farewell to their loved ones. At this time my thoughts and my soul was filled with the thoughts of Malachi: 4: 5-6. Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord. And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse. If ever my heart had been turned to our ancestors it was at this moment. Here I'm walking where Joseph Millard and Ann Millard walked many times as well as Eliza Millard.

Eliza was very spiritual, also her brother William Millard. William joined the church in 1850 at the age of 30 years. He baptized his sister Eliza 1853 her age about 25 years and as far as we know she wasn't married at that time.

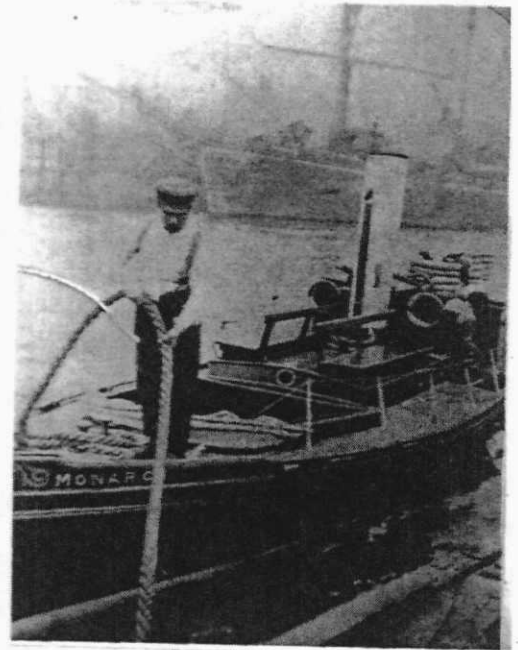
We do not have any record of her parents Joseph and Ann Millard joining the church. We do know that Joseph died 6, Jan 1856 in Worle, Somerset, Eng., just three years after Eliza

uniform holding Frederick William & Eliza Millard Harding holding Eliza Ann.

When Eliza and Frederick where married on the 18 Dec 1861 they both gave their age as 28. Frederick's was correct but Eliza's was not, she was 36. I guess she didn't want to be older than him. Question?" when do you think she told him her correct age?" Another interesting bit of information came from the marriage certificate. Their witnesses were William West and Martha West. The question is asked, were they friends to Eliza Millard? I believe they were for this reason. At Eliza's baptism a brother by the name of Jack West confirmed her. No doubt a member of the church and we do not know how much influence the West had on Eliza and Frederick's lives and for that matter on the Millard family. On the marriage certificate it gave Daniel Harding a sawyer as Frederick's father and Eliza Millard's father Joseph Millard laborer.

It is Frederick on the Patrol boat >>

At the time of Frederick and Eliza's marriage Frederick was a Sergeant in the Marines Artillery. Their job was patrolling the coast line of Eng. In doing so they would leave the Port of Ports-mouth, sail south west down around the very tip of Cornwall county then sail up the west side of Cornwall up in what is known as the Bristol Channel. This took them by Weston Super-Mare one of the large resort along the coast. Could Frederick have stopped here and met Eliza some time? She lived at Winscombe or maybe at Banwell just a short distance from this great resort. [A probability.]



I'm sure after their marriage at Bath and maybe a honey moon, in that very beautiful city, Frederick was back at his station in the Marines Artillery, head quartered at Portsmouth, Hampshire, also known as South Hampshire, Eng. There they found them selves a cozy flat as they called them, at 7 Worsley St. near the Eastney Barracks.

It was at this humble abode, that Frederick and Eliza had three children. Eliza Ann born 11 Feb. 1866, Frederick William born 24 Nov. 1867, Alice born 13 Jan 1869, only to live a short time dying on the 6 Aug. 1869.

CERTIFIED COPY OF AN ENTRY OF BIRTH

The Registrar for the district in which the birth is entered is required to certify the entry.



GIVEN AT THE GENERAL REGISTER OFFICE,
SOMERSET HOUSE, LONDON.
Application Number PRs. 122713 1944

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REGISTRATION DISTRICT <u>Portsea Island</u>									
1861. BIRTH in the Sub-district of <u>Landport</u>					in the <u>County of Southampton</u>				
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Sex	When and where born	Name, if any	Sex	Name and surname of father	Profession, occupation, and station of father	Signature of father	Signature of Registrar	Signature of Registrar	Name entered after registration
461	Twenty-fourth November 1861 Eastney Barracks	Frederick William	Boy	Frederick Harding	Eliza Harding formerly Milward	Lt. Col. Surgeon Royal Marine Artillery	Frederick Harding	Nineteenth December 1861	James H. White Registrar

CERTIFIED to be a true copy of an entry in the certified copy of a Register of Births in the District above mentioned.

Given at the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, under the Seal of the said Office, the 9th day of March 1944

BC 483047



CERTIFIED COPY OF AN ENTRY OF BIRTH

The Registrar for the district in which the birth is entered is required to certify the entry.



GIVEN AT THE GENERAL REGISTER OFFICE,
SOMERSET HOUSE, LONDON.
Application Number PRs. 12602/25/51

REGISTRATION DISTRICT <u>Portsea Island</u>									
1863. BIRTH in the Sub-district of <u>Landport</u>					in the <u>County of Southampton</u>				
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Sex	When and where born	Name, if any	Sex	Name and surname of father	Profession, occupation, and station of father	Signature of father	Signature of Registrar	Signature of Registrar	Name entered after registration
461	Eleventh February 1863 Eastney Barracks	Eliza	Girl	Frederick Harding	Eliza Harding formerly Milward	Lt. Col. Surgeon Royal Marine Artillery	Frederick Harding	Nineteenth December 1861	James H. White Registrar

CERTIFIED to be a true copy of an entry in the certified copy of a Register of Births in the District above mentioned.

Given at the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, under the Seal of the said Office, the 9th day of March 1944

BX 139032



XB 199002



PRs. 132313/13/13

1 & 2 REG. 1-CH. 2
CERTIFICATE

OF BIRTH

Name and Surname	<u>Eliza Ann Harding</u>
Sex	<u>Girl</u>
Date of Birth	<u>Eleventh February 1863</u>
Place of Birth	<u>Portsea Island</u>
District	<u>Landport</u>
Sub-district	<u>Landport</u>

Certified to have been compiled from records in the custody of the Registrar General. Given at the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, under the Seal of the said Office, the 11th day of March 1944.

CAUTION—any person who (1) falsifies any of the particulars in this certificate, or (2) uses a falsified certificate as true, knowing it to be false, is liable to prosecution.

22/11/44/405



mation that I was able to find out about Frederick Harding. I wrote to Lt. Col. M.E.S. Laws at Sevenoaks, Kent, Eng. His report listed Frederick Harding was born at Farlington, two and one half miles west by south of Havent Southampton, Eng. He enlisted in the Portsmouth Division of the Royal Marines, the 30th company R.A. on 8 March 1853.

He was then 20 years of age, five feet seven

inches tall, blue eyes and light brown hair and fair completion. Was a groom by trade prior to his enlistment.

He later enlisted at the Divisional Head Quarters at Gosport on the 3 Jan. 1856, then transferred to the Royal Artillery. He was put in the 14th Company R.M.A.. Frederick remained in the service until his death on the 29 Nov. 1871 at seven Worsley St. Eastney Barracks, Portsea, Southampton, Eng. Frederick died of Aneurism {eight months certified}, Eliza Harding was present at time of his death. According to the death certificate I received from the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, Eng. 9, Mar. 1964.

The passing away of Frederick and leaving Eliza with two small children, must have been very stressful for her. Let's review what has taken place in Eliza's life the last few years. I'm sure that Frederick's work took him from home much of the time patrolling the shores of Eng. At the time of Frederick's death, Eliza Ann was about six years Frederick William about four, and it had only been about two years since the death of her baby Alice. What a trying time this must have been for Eliza. Her mother Ann Derrick Millard and family emigrated to America on 2 Jun. 1869, then on the 6 Aug. 1869 her baby, Alice died.

This was not enough, on the 15 Oct. 1870 her mother Ann passes away in Ogden Utah. Less than a year later her dear husband Frederick dies 29 Nov. 1871. I'm sure that all of this became a great load on Eliza.

I want to put a note in this history at this time. A special experience I had while writing at this particular place in Eliza's history. My mind was laboring with the decisions and challenges she was faced with When all of a sudden I felt like I was witnessing the heaviness that she must have felt. I was over come with emotions bringing tears to my eyes when Anna came into the room were I was working and asked what was wrong.

I broke down and sobbed telling her of my experience and that I felt so close to her great grandmother Eliza Millard Harding. I feel that she is directing my thoughts at this time, I felt that I know her.

On 2 Jun. 1869 her mother Ann Derrick Millard sailed on the ship Minnesota for New York. Going with her son William Millard along with Henry Millard, Elizabeth Millard, William Millard Jr. John Millard, Joseph Millard Sarah Millard, believed to be children of William Millard. They continued there journey by rail with Elder Morris, a returning missionary in charge. They arrived in Ogden, Ut. 25, June 1869. Not long after that her mother Ann Derrick Millard died here in Ogden, Ut. 15 Oct. 1870 and was buried in the Ogden city cemetery. I and Anna went to the Ogden cemetery, the sexton in charge showed us where her unmarked grave was. They told us that the lot she was buried in belonged to a Dr. of that time. The family must not have had any money for burial and she was buried in one of his lots. The family must have been very poor after a long journey from England. Her heart must have felt very empty having her husband gone and family had left to go to Utah so far away.

Eliza must have been a strong women with lots of conviction of what she was doing. I'm sure she had a strong testimony of the gospel and knelt at the bedside many nights with her two small children, trying to decide what she should do. Just over a year after the death of her husband Frederick. Eliza's records were received from the Portsmouth Branch of the London conference by the Liverpool Conference on the 3, Dec. 1872. On the 30 June 1875, Eliza age 43, Eliza Ann Age 9, and Frederick William Harding age 7, sailed from Liverpool to New York, on the ship Idaho. It stated in the Ogden paper that the company of saints Eliza was in would arrive in Ogden on the 20 July 1875, but was held over in St. Louis because of trouble and would arrive 22 July 1875. There were 755 in all, 66 from the Scandinavian country and the rest from England. One train load came in at 6 p.m. and the other train load at 8 p.m. with C. G. Larsen in charge.

Eliza and her two children Eliza Ann and Frederick William lived in Ogden for about five or six years. While in Ogden on the 6 July 1876 Eliza Ann and Frederick William were baptized by John Marriott. Eliza Ann was confirmed by Thomas Joyce. Frederick was confirmed by Simon F. Halverson. Eliza and her two children were members of the Marriott Ward on west 12th street in Ogden.

About 1880 Eliza and her children left Ogden and went to Preston, Idaho. While there she went to the Logan temple and took out her endowments on the 9 July 1884. Eliza and her brother William Millard did temple work for their families and close relatives. We do not know too much about Robert Wayman. He was born in Feustanton, Huntingshire, Eng. 14 Apr. 1832. When he met Eliza he lived in Huntsville, Utah and probably had property in the Preston, Idaho area.

He and Eliza where married 1 Jan 1877 by Apostle L. D. Richards. This is most interesting that they where married by Apostle L. D. Richards and more likely in the Logan Temple. Then later the 1, Oct. 1884 they where sealed in the Logan Temple by Marrine W. Merrill. The witnesses were Thomas Merrill and Robert Henderson.

Robert Wayman and Eliza made their home in Preston, Idaho. Eliza died at Preston, Idaho 22 Feb. 1903 and was buried at the Preston cemetery. Robert Wayman died 2 April 1912 at Idaho Falls. Was buried at the Preston cemetery.

THE PRESTON BOOSTER

APRIL 4 1912

Funeral services for Father Wayman Thur. at 10 A.M. Funeral services were held over the remains of Robert Wayman one of the old pioneers of Preston. Bishop Lorenzo Johnson presiding. The choir rendered Home Sweet Home, Brother Wayman's favorite song. Prayer was offered by Elder A. Nelson. After another beautiful selection H.S. Geddes spoke of the life of the deceased. He was faithful and devoted to anything he undertook in life.

True to his calling in the church, he acted many years as a Ward teacher. Other speakers were, John Corbridge, William M. Hawkes Jr., Lorenzo Johnson. All referred to the faithful labor of the departed. A beautiful musical was given by the Montague family and company. Brother Wayman had passed the three score and ten mark and was faithful and true to the principles of truth.

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Husband WILLIAM HANDY-4M5X-10			
Born	30 Jul 1842	Place	HALESTONE, WRWICK, ENG
Died	4 Sep 1919	Place	WHITNEY, FRANKLIN, IDAHO
Buried	7 Sep 1919	Place	FRANKLIN, ONEIDA, IDAHO
Married	11 Nov 1866	Place	FRANKLIN, ONEIDA, IDAHO
Other Spouse	JANE DAY-2R7W-B5		
Married	21 Nov 1867	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
Husband's father	SAMUEL HANDY-INRJ-3H		
Husband's mother	HANNAH OR SUSANNAH WATTS-INRJ-4N		
Wife MARY ANN DAY-183B-02			
Born	14 Jan 1840	Place	WESTHAM, ESSEX, EMG
Christened	14 Jan 1840	Place	WESTHAM, ESSEX, EMG
Died	30 Apr 1922	Place	PRESTON, FRANKLIN, IDAHO
Buried	2 May 1922	Place	PRESTON, FRANKLIN, IDAHO
Other Spouse	WILLIAM FLUITT-183B-PV		
Married	15 Jul 1855	Place	FRANKLIN, ONEIDA, IDAHO
Wife's father	JOSEPH DAY-183B-Z8		
Wife's mother	ANN HARVEY-183C-00		
Children List each child in order of birth.			
1 F HANNAH REBECCA HANDY-BWNR-W3			
Born	3 Nov 1867	Place	FRANKLIN, ONEIDA, IDAHO
Died	24 Dec 1940	Place	
Spouse	EDGAR WEST-BWNR-W3		
Married	7 Dec 1885	Place	OF FRANKLIN, ONEIDA, IDAHO
2 F LUCY ELNORA HANDY-1RL7-7M			
Born	22 Oct 1869	Place	FRANKLIN, ONEIDA, IDAHO
Died	14 Sep 1914	Place	PRESTON, FRANKLIN, IDAHO
Buried	16 Sep 1914	Place	PRESTON, FRANKLIN, IDAHO
Spouse	FREDERICK WILLIAM HARDING-1RL7-6G		
Married	25 Dec 1888	Place	PRESTON, ONEIDA, IDAHO
3 F Elise CATHERINE HANDY-2R7W-R2			
Born	29 Oct 1871	Place	FRANKLIN, ONEIDA, IDAHO
Died	30 Jun 1956	Place	
Spouse	GEORGE WILSON SPRUNT-BWNR-X8		
Married	3 Oct 1892	Place	OF FRANKLIN, ONEIDA, IDAHO
4 F PHEBE ELLEN HANDY-JC9P-36			
Born	27 Nov 1873	Place	FRANKLIN, ONEIDA, IDAHO
Died	7 Apr 1957	Place	DENVER, DENVER, CO.
Buried	10 Apr 1957	Place	DENVER, DENVER, CO.
Prepared by	Doran Hoop Bucklew		Address
Phone	621 4949		Opden, Utah
Date prepared	19 Aug 2006		84403

Family Group Record- 346

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Husband WILLIAM HANDY-4M5X-10			
Wife MARY ANN DAY-183B-02			
Children List each child in order of birth.			
4 F PHEBE ELLEN HANDY-JC9P-36			
Spouse	JAMES ALAN DROSEY-4MGH-KV		
Married	11 May 1895	Place	OF FRANKLIN, ONEIDA, IDAHO
5 M William James Fluit HANDY-2R7W-TD			
Born	3 Dec 1875	Place	FRANKLIN, ONEIDA, IDAHO
Died	20 Mar 1877	Place	
6 F HULDA Almeda HANDY			
Born	25 Jan 1878	Place	FRANKLIN, ONEIDA, IDAHO
Spouse	GEORGE JOHN NEWBOLD		
Married	6 Mar 1901	Place	OF PRESTON, ONEIDA, IDAHO
7 M ALONZO HAZELTON HANDY-4MLW-NG			
Born	6 Nov 1879	Place	WHITNEY, ONEIDA, IDAHO
Died	30 Apr 1963	Place	
Spouse	NETTIE PEARL MENDENHALL-ITLO-G1		
Married	19 Nov 1902	Place	OF WHITNEY, ONEIDA, IDAHO
8 M SAMUEL PRESTON HANDY-JC9P-SJ			
Born	13 Dec 1881	Place	WHITNEY, ONEIDA, IDAHO
Died	11 Aug 1909	Place	LITTLE BASIN, CASSIA, IDAHO
Buried	14 Aug 1909	Place	WHITNEY, ONEIDA, IDAHO
Spouse	LYDIA ADELA BYBEE-4UQ-69		
Married	8 Dec 1899	Place	OF WHITNEY, ONEIDA, IDAHO



★ WILLIAM HANDY

Son of Samuel Handy and Hannah Watts.
Born July 30, 1842, Halesstone, Warwick-
shire, Eng. Minuteman. High Priest.
Settled at Whitney, Idaho, 1873.



✧ SAMUEL HANDY

Born March 23, 1819, Alveston, Derby-
shire, Eng. Came to Utah September, 1859,
James Brown Company. High Priest.
Farmer.

CERTIFIED COPY OF AN ENTRY OF DEATH



Given at the GENERAL REGISTER OFFICE,
SOMERSET HOUSE, LONDON

The statutory fee for this certificate is 3s. 6d.
Where a search is necessary to find the entry,
a search fee is payable in addition.

Application Number P.A.S. 132313/63/7

REGISTRATION DISTRICT					PORTSEA ISLAND				
1871 DEATH in the Sub-district of Landport in the County of Southampton									
(1)		(2)	(3)	(4)	(5)	(6)	(7)	(8)	(9)
No.	When and where died	Name and surname	Sex	Age	Occupation	Cause of death	Signature, description, and residence of informant	When registered	Signature of registrar
431	Twentyninth November 1871 7 Worsley Street Eastney	Frederick Harding	Male	38 years	Gunner Royal Marine Artillery	Aneurism 8 months. Certified	E.Harding Present at the death 7 Worsley Street Eastney	First December 1871	James L. Childs Registrar

CERTIFIED to be a true copy of an entry in the certified copy of a Register of Deaths in the District above mentioned.

Given at the GENERAL REGISTER OFFICE, SOMERSET HOUSE, LONDON, under the Seal of the said Office, the 9th day of March 19 64

DA 155049

This certificate is issued in pursuance of the Births and Deaths Registration Act, 1953.

Section 54 provides that any certified copy of an entry purporting to be sealed or stamped with the seal of the General Register Office shall be received as evidence of the birth or death to which it relates without any further or other proof of the entry, and no certified copy purporting to be given in the said Office shall be of any force or effect unless it is sealed or stamped as aforesaid.

CAUTION.—Any person who (1) falsifies any of the particulars on this certificate, or (2) uses a falsified certificate as true, knowing it to be false, is liable to prosecution.





WILLIAM HANDY

Son of Samuel Handy and Hannah Watts.
Born July 30, 1842, Halesstone, Warwick-
shire, Eng. Minuteman. High Priest.
Settled at Whitney, Idaho, 1873.



SAMUEL HANDY

Born March 23, 1819, Alveston, Derby-
shire, Eng. Came to Utah September, 1850,
James Brown Company. High Priest.
Farmer.

CERTIFIED COPY OF AN ENTRY OF DEATH



Given at the GENERAL REGISTER OFFICE,
SOMERSET HOUSE, LONDON.

The statutory fee for this certificate is 3s. 6d.
Where a search is necessary to find the entry,
a search fee is payable in addition.

Application Number P.A.S. 132313/637/2

REGISTRATION DISTRICT PORTSEA ISLAND									
1871 DEATH in the Sub-district of Landport in the County of Southampton									
No.	(1) When and where died	(2) Name and surname	(3) Sex	(4) Age	(5) Occupation	(6) Cause of death	(7) Signature, description, and residence of informant	(8) When registered	(9) Signature of registrar
431	Twentyninth November 1871 7 Worsley Street Eastney	Frederick Harding	Male	38 years	Gunner Royal Marine Artillery	Aneurism 8 months Certified	E. Harding Present at the death 7 Worsley Street Eastney	First December 1871	James L. Childs Registrar

CERTIFIED to be a true copy of an entry in the certified copy of a Register of Deaths in the District above mentioned.

Given at the GENERAL REGISTER OFFICE, SOMERSET HOUSE, LONDON, under the Seal of the said Office, the 9th day of March

19 04

DA 455049

This certificate is issued in pursuance of the Births and Deaths Registration Act, 1953.

Section 34 provides that any certified copy of an entry purporting to be sealed or stamped with the seal of the General Register Office shall be received as evidence of the birth or death to which it relates without any further or other proof of the entry, and no certified copy purporting to be given in the said Office shall be of any force or effect unless it is sealed or stamped as aforesaid.

CAUTION.—Any person who (1) falsifies any of the particulars on this certificate, or (2) uses a falsified certificate as true, knowing it to be false, is liable to prosecution.



HISTORY OF SAMUEL HANDY

(The following history is in Samuel Handy's words.)

He begins by telling about his grandparents and then his parents. He also tells a little about his sister Hannah and brother William.

Joseph Handy (Samuel's grandfather) was born in Clifford, Gloucestershire, England. The village of Clifford was upon the river Stour and the country presented a beautiful appearance. Agriculture, the principal business made the cleared land look like a garden beautifully cultivated. Joseph Handy's ancestors were of this neighborhood from time in memoriam and were of the old English stock.

Joseph Handy married a woman by the name of Hannah by whom they had one child, named after his father, Joseph Handy, Joseph died leaving Hannah a widow, she then married Thomas Cannon by whom she had three daughters. Her daughter Mary married a man named Samuel Thornicraft. Another daughter married a Mr. Simmons, Jane married and Irishman named Thomas Patt Thornicraft and Simmons had several children, but Mrs. Patt had no children Mrs Mary Thornicraft lived in Leamington, Warwickshire, England, Mrs Simmons lived in Stratford on Avon, England. Mrs Patt lived in Clifford, England.

Hannah Handy Cannon was a good moral woman, she lived to be quite aged and suffered a great deal with a bad leg. She died at Clifford, England, her husband Thomas Cannon bore a good name, was blind for many years and died before his wife, Hannah, and was well respected.

Joseph Handy I I was born in Clifford upon Stour, Gloucestershire, England. He married Rebecca Harris. She was the mother of seven children, James, Joseph, William, Samuel, Hannah, David and one other child.

Joseph Handy was a bailiff for Richard Smith for 23 years. After Smith's death he was bailiff for Smith's widow. After her death he was bailiff for Horton Smith their son until Joseph Handy's death. He died on a farm at Alveston Hill, Warwickshire, England, August 27, 1867 and was approximately 70 years old.

He was a farmer by trade, was a good moral man and was held in great respect by his neighbors and acquaintances. He trained his children in good principles.

He became a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints after his son Samuel Handy came to America.

Rebecca Harris, wife of Joseph Handy was born in Chesterton, Worcestershire, England. She became a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints on the 24th of February 1856, near Stratford on Avon, was baptized by Elder John A. Hunt. He also confirmed her.

Rebecca Harris died about one year before her husband in June 1866. James, son of Joseph and Rebecca Handy died when he was 2 or 3 years old. David, son of Joseph and Rebecca Handy died when he was 2 years old.

Hannah (Samuel's sister), daughter of Joseph and Rebecca Handy married John Green by whom she had four daughters. She emigrated to America in 1859 and died in the state of Illinois February 21. She was six years younger than Samuel.

Joseph, son of Joseph and Rebecca Handy was about seven years older than Samuel his brother and at that time of his parents death was single and this was the last he was heard of by his brother.

William Handy, son of Joseph and Rebecca Handy was three and a half years older than Samuel. He immigrate to America in 1856 and crossed the plains in a handcart company. He wintered at Devils Gate on the Sweetwater. He came to Utah in the spring of 1857 and resided in Provo, Utah County, Utah. He lived in Franklin for two years and then went back to Provo, married a daughter of Jessie M. Causlin of Provo. He lived in Provo a few years, apostatized and joined the Josephites and then went to live in the State of Iowa, Harrison County.

Samuel tells his story: "My wife and I worked very hard after our marriage. My son lived with my father previous to our immigration. Every doctrine belonging to the church we received with gladness and through my mother, we had enough money given us to take us to New York. My father also helped. I was ordained to the office of priest, 30 April 1854 by Elder Smith and Auge. I was ordained to the office of Elder May 29, 1855 by Oliver G. Workman.

My mother and brother William had two cottages. They sold them and I received \$20 and had about \$ 20 and had about \$10 of my own money through selling our household goods. During July 1855 we were very busy preparing to leave the home and land of our childhood. We received notice to be in Liverpool to sail on the ship Cynosure July 28th for New York.

When in Liverpool, we received ship tickets with our names and ages as follows: Samuel Handy age 36, Hannah Watts Handy 35, William Handy 13, Joseph Handy 11, Mary Handy 9, Eliza Handy 6, James H. Handy 4 months.

I paid 22 pounds 10 shilling and 0 pence to F.D. Richards agent Geo. Twinbull. The president of the Warwickshire Conference John A. Hunt went with us to Liverpool. We sailed from Liverpool Sunday July 29, 1855. George Seager, president of company, W. Rogers W. J. Silver counselors. There were 300 passengers, 159 being members of the church. Captain Pray was master of the ship. We were nearly six weeks when we left Toms River, (New Jersey) in the spring of 1857 we sailed on a schooner to New York City, took the ferry boat for Jersey City, then by railroad to Iowa city, Iowa State.

At this place there was a small branch or the church. It was presided over by William Williams succeeded by John Taylor. I went to work earning \$1.25 per day and dinner in summer and in the winter carried buck and saw and sawed wood and made 75 cents and 50 cents a day with some days idle. We paid from \$2-\$4 a month rent for a house. My wife took in washing to help to get ready for Utah.

In the spring of 1859, I purchased a yoke of four year old cattle for \$15 and an old wagon. We had plenty to eat on our journey to the valley. There were twelve wagons in the company. George Sparks, William Sparks and three families of Campbells. We had good times in coming though Iowa, plenty of grass. Our teams improved and we arrived in Florence in good time.

We stayed in Florence "Old Mormon Winter Quarter" about a month. Here we joined a band of emigrants preparing to cross the plains. Our company from this place consisted of 63 wagons with James Brown as Captain. We had good trip across the plains. We found a few stray sheep which were butchered and also some wild game. G. L. Farrell, his father-in-law Mr. Steel, Bro. Budno, Bro. Watson, Bro. Junk are a few names I remember. Our company was peaceable and we enjoyed the trip. My brother William Handy came and met us on the Green River and brought us a supply of provisions, this being very acceptable as we had just run out.

We arrived in Salt Lake Valley in the early part of September 1859 and I went to live in Provo where I was busy all winter. I made 14 trips across Utah Lake hauling wood. I also chopped wood at the tithing office and did anything to employ my time and made an honest dollar. My family enjoyed good health and we prospered. I was desirous in getting a home of my own."

Samuel Handy was born on the 23 March 1819 in Alveston, Warwickshire, England. The schoolhouse being 3 ½ miles from his home, he had no chance for an education. At age eight, he

worked for 4 pence (8 cents) a day, herding sheep and keeping birds from grain. At nine years old he drove a plow. This was at Alder Marsto on the River Stour in Gloucestershire. He worked as plow boy until twelve years old, then drove a bull and cart doing various kinds of work until he was 14 years old. Making six years he worked for Darley Ford. Mr. Ford's bailiff was Mr. Packer. "At nine years I had 5 pence, at 10 years 7 pence, at 12 years 8 pence and at 13 and 14 years I got one shilling or 24 cents per day.

At the age 15, worked for Mr. William Smith as plowman for sum of 3.10.0 and board in Atherstone on Stour Gloucestershire. At 16 years worked for Thomas Warner as plowman for 4.10.0 and board. Worked for widow woman Mrs. Rose at Hoosly Green as plowman at 8.00 for the year. Next employer Mr. John Avery at Bently Heath at Sole Jull at 10.00 for the year and board, stayed six months longer for 6.00 as plowman. Worked for Thomas Avery 6 months for 6.00 as plowman.

Worked for William Horn at Norwick Old Park as plowman most of a year for 9.00. I married Hannah Watts October 1841, a young woman I had known from childhood. We were married by the Rev. Dr. Cox in Atherstone on Stour Gloucestershire. When married I had 10.00 in my pocket. This was soon spent in getting things for housekeeping. At this time I was earning 10 shillings a week. My wife had gleaned nine bushels of wheat previous to our marriage which was quite a big help to us in that poverty stricken country. After my marriage, I worked for Thomas Adams, a miller and farmer, living in the village of Clifford, Gloucestershire, then moving to Ailstone where our first son William was born and named after my wife's father. He was quite weakly when born, 30 July 1842

We moved to Waterloo in Alveston Parish, Warwickshire, where I worked for Mr. Lane, a farmer, here the second son was born. Him we named Joseph born 10 April 1844. On the 5 December 1847, our first daughter Mary was born. We then moved to Stratford on Avon and worked for Mr. Charles Lucy. Our fourth child Eliza born here 20 December 1849.

We then moved back to Waterloo worked for Mr. James a farmer, Samuel was born here November 5, 1853. He died 27th of May 1854. On the 18 April 1855 our fourth son James Henry was born.

Poverty was our lot for years, bread, 3 ½ lbs of meat, 1 lb. of butter, 1 lb. of sugar, 2 oz. of tea for two weeks with occasionally few potatoes.

Beginning of the year 1852, we first heard of the Mormons though our neighbor, John Horton, so one Sunday night we went and heard a Mormon Elder preach and was convinced of

the truth of the gospel and were ready for baptism on the 8th February 1852. I was baptized in the Avon River, Stratford Branch of the Warwickshire Conference by George Smith and confirmed by William Smith. On the 22 February 1852, my wife was baptized by George Smith and confirmed by the same man. George Smith was then president of the church. We lived in the Waterloo Cottage until we emigrated for America during which time we had lots of opposition.

Being desirous of getting a home of my own I made preparation to move to Cache Valley and in March 1860 with Thomas Smart, Joseph Dunkley, Joseph Perkins and my brother William Handy started for Cache Valley arriving at Franklin 15 April 1860. Peter Maughan, president of the branch in Cache Valley came to Franklin a few days later and appointed Thomas Smart President, S.R. Parkinson and T. Sanderson his counselor. There were some fifty men when we were organized, William Garner, Alma Taylor, Thomas Slater, John Reed, Shem Pumell, Alfred Alder, George Alder, Wm. Carbridge, Wm. Comish, Wm. K. Comish, John Comish, James Hutchens, C. E. Van Orden, Wm. G. Nelson, J.F. Nelson, T. H. Vail, Wm. Fluitt, James May, W. Woodward, Richard Coultow, James Cowan Sr., James Cowan Jr., George Shields, John Smith, Thomas McCan, Henry Wadman, Thomas Hull, Wm. Hull, T. Mendenhall, Peter Lowe, Robert Dowdle, E. W. Hansen, Joshua Messeory Sen., Joshua Messeory Jr., A. Stalker, John Frew, J. Harris, W. Harris, P. Preece, John Morrison, A. Morrison, G. W. Crockeron, LeRoy Holt, Peter J. Pool, James Packer, James Chadwick, George Foster, James Olverson, Thomas Mayberry, G. Mayberry, W. T. Wright. Many of these bretheren came without their families. About the 1st of may several families came from Payson. Some of them were T. C. D. Howel and sons, W. H. Head, D. Read, John Doney, E. Kingsford, Wm Patten.

Provisions got to be very scarce in Franklin. We had to work water ditches, build corrals for our cattle. I herded the cattle of Franklin.

The first season my brother William farmed my piece of land on shares and all we raised was 9 bushels of wheat, the season being very dry. We had to trap it out. Bro. Sanderson and W.W. Woodward went to Kaysville with 48 bushels of wheat to have ground which was divided among the camp.

In June several Authorities of the Church with Brigham Young came to Franklin and appointed Preston Thomas Bishop.

Bro. Thomas called all the men to work on a water ditch on the west of Cub or Muddy River. The bretheren called this Thomas ditch.

In 1860, Ezra T. Benson one of the Twelve Apostles came to Cache Valley. We stood guard through the summer months and this was quite a labor on us.

Maple Creek afforded but little water this year. We had a small stream brought into our fort for we built our log cabins in four rows in a square fort, for mutual protection against Indians that we could be easily called together for meetings or defense. Grass was good, timber was plentiful. We did not get much hay this year but our stock fared pretty well for as soon as the snow went, plenty of old grass could be obtained for our cattle.

An old Indian named Kitemers, was chief in this part of Cache Valley. He welcomed us to the land and water and timber but they were great beggars and we had to furnish them with beef, wheat, potatoes and other things.

We were a united and happy people. I was very busy having no lazy time, and we continued to prospering. In 1861 we had gardens on the west side of the fort which was a great benefit. Potatoes, cabbages, lettuce, onions, cucumbers, peas, melons, corn, squash and other things which made our meals agreeable. Good crops were raised but the grain was not thrashed until March. The winter being wet the grain made musty bread and many people had to eat it until the next harvest.

John Reed was the first man buried in Franklin. He was on a visit to his friends below. Indians had been rampant at Smithfield and had just broke loose from confinement and he was shot in the neck and killed. On the 23 July 1860 Joseph Corwan Jr. was also shot but not dangerously.

Gold was discovered in the Rocky Mountains on the north of us and flour was taken to the mines which brought a good price. Men brought clothing, guns, tools and various other things to trade.

January 1863 quite a number of Indians were camped on Bear River and were begging in Franklin often. A man was killed on Bear River who had just come from the mines. His friends complained to the judicial authorities at Salt Lake City as we were considered in Utah Territory. Foot and horse soldiers came from Camp Douglas, Salt Lake City, under the command of Col. P. E. Cannon. The troops arrived at Bear River early one morning and a battle began. Fourteen soldiers were shot at the first fire, the Indians were finally routed and great slaughter was made among the Indians. Early the following morning all the teams and sleds were taken to Bear River to fetch the wounded soldiers. The dead were hauled in the soldiers wagons to Salt Lake City.

In the spring of the year 1863, Lorenzo H. Hatch was appointed Bishop of Franklin. Grain brought a good price, and were increasing in wealth. The first cow I had, we got of E. C Van Orden, my son William earned it as part of his wages. My daughter Mary used to help me herd stock and went often barefooted. My daughter Mary was married this year to Isaac H. Vail.

Early in the year 1864 Franklin was laid out in town lots and I got a lot on Maple Creek bottom where I built a log house and began to live on more extended scale. I put in a good crop this season and raised 350 bushel of wheat. I had obtained the year previous some good land about 1 ½ miles north of Franklin. It produced good crops of hay and grain.

The fall of 1864 in September some 3,000 Indians of the Shoshone tribe under the Chief Washakee came to town, got drunk and tried to annoy the people. One Indian tried to run over Mary Ann Alder. I was thrashing my wheat at this time and one of the men seeing the Indian try to run over his woman, got a revolver and ran and shot the Indian. This made the Indians mad and as they were camped all around my house, the thrashers all ran to help this woman. I was then taken prisoner. Washakee snapped his pistol at me six time, then he knocked me down the blood streaming down my head. I was bruised considerably. An Indian named Alma interposed in my behalf or I might have been killed. I felt the effects of my wounds for more than a month. The Indians cut the belt of the trashing machine, killed 50 chickens, took \$16.00 in cash, ransacked the house taking everything they thought would be of any use to them. Some 300 horsemen came from the south settlements. Peter Maughan and others held council with the Indians. They said S. R. Parkinson and N. W. Packer had sold them whiskey. It was decided that they give the Indians 4 head of cattle. The Indians soon left Franklin. I then moved from Maple Creek bottom to the south of William Fluitts.

About the beginning of the year 1865 a large stone meeting house was commenced. Soon after this a stone schoolhouse was built by taxation and donation. T. Smart, W. Woodward and S. R. Parkinson we trustees. Brigham Young and many of the twelve visited Franklin very often.

In the year 1865, my neighbor Wm. Fluitt went to Oxford to get some sheep. On his return he was frozen to death. This was just before Christmas. My son William looked after their cattle and sheep and chopped wood for the family and in the fall of 1866 he married the widow of Wm. Fluitt, Mary Ann Day Fluitt, Lorenzo H. Hatch performed the ceremony on the 11 November.

The 17th of November 1866 myself and wife went to Salt Lake City and received our endowments. Heber C. Kimball performed the ceremony.

Eliza Handy was married to David Borce the 17th of November 1866 by Heber C. Kimball in the endowment house, Salt Lake City.

The year 1867 my son William had Jane Day sealed to him and Mary Ann Day Fluitt sealed as proxy for Wm Fluitt deceased at Salt Lake City in the latter part of the year.

Hannah Rebecca was daughter of William and Mary Ann Handy born 23 November 1867. Lucy Elnora daughter of William and Mary Ann Handy born 22 October 1869. My daughter Mary had a daughter born 5 March 1870. A telegraph had been put across the plains and daily mail was being rapidly pushed forward to Utah and in the spring of 1869 it emerged into Ogden from the Weber Canyon

April 6, 1866 I was ordained a High priest and received a certificate to this effect signed by John Young, president of the Quorum and Hezekiah Mitchel clerk. Wm Garner ordained me.

I passed through many trials and performed various labors and held fast to the faith that I embraced in England. Many good meetings were held in Franklin and I attended most of them.

On 3 March 1869 the Franklin Cooperative Mercantile Institution s was organized, the store was then in the vestry of the meeting house. Occasionally I bought a piece of land and I was increasing in property.

I obtained a Declaration of Intention to become a citizen of the United States and went to Malad City. The county seat of Oneida County, Idaho with several others including my son Wm. and there before M. E. Hollister, Judge of the 3rd Judicial District of the July term on the 8th day of the month 1873, in open court, I became a citizen of the United States. Aronold Goodliffe and the Lowes were my witnesses.

December 1872 my son James Handy was married to Lucy Day in the endowment house in Salt Lake City. I filed on a quarter section of land 160 acres in Franklin.

I have made it a practice of paying my tithing yearly and various donations and have cheerfully done what I could to help along the work of God. In the year 1869 the Deseret Telegraph was put up to Franklin and the railroad (Utah and Northern) was finished to Franklin, the first train being run May 1st 1874.

About the year 1866 the grasshoppers were hatched out by the millions and nearly all the crops in Franklin were destroyed. In 1877 were destructive again, also in 1879 every year some raised grain and vegetables and none went without food if they were industrious and would make their wants known.

About 1875 Bishop S. H. Hatch left Franklin for the south of Utah. L. S Hatch was appointed bishop of Franklin. I have been water master some seven years up to the year 1880.

In August 1877 Brigham Young, President of the Church died in Salt Lake City. John Taylor was appointed in his stead.

We have had city organization in this place for a number of years. The present officers are Joshua Hawks, Major L. C. Mecham, W. Woodward, T. Durrant W. Whitehead, R. Lowe, Counselors, A. P. Shumway, marshal: T. Durrant, city clerk.

The fall of 1879 the streets were named: The one running east and west by A. Bennets was called Willow Street. The one north of Willow Street, Box Elder Street, one north of Box Elder Street, Cedar Street, on north of Cedar Street, Main Street, one north of Main Street, Alder Street, one north of Alder, North Street. Commencing on the west of town the streets running north and south is called Water St., east of Water St., Thomas St., one east of Thomas, Nelson St., one east of Nelson, Poplar Street and east of Poplar, Cottonwood Street.

Four quarter sections of land was entered by the Mayor of Franklin for the benefit of the people of Franklin. In the beginning of the year 1879 the patent of the townsite was received from the land office at Boise City, Idaho.

In December 1879 there were three stores the Cooperative Store, Stalker and Sons, Webster and Chadwick. One saloon, Stalkers. There is three day schools, one in the stone school house, one in the old cooperative store and a Presbyterian school in W. T. Wrights house. There are two Sunday schools. One, the Latter Day Saints under the direction of I. B. Nash and one Presbyterian.

In the spring of 1877 the temple was commenced at Logan. Most of the rock was obtained from Green Canyon some five miles from Logan. The stone for nice work was obtained from Franklin.

On Sunday January 15, 1882 Samuel Handy was at a meeting in the afternoon and the horses were in the pasture east of house. As he came home and looked in the pasture he found the horses had gotten out and were on the rocky burch east of town. He got the horses near home. He was on a wild colt and must have been thrown from it, as he did not come home. His wife became uneasy and sent her grand-daughter Elizabeth Vail to he son-in-law David Boice to see if Samuel was there. David Boice took a lantern and found him lying across the road, his head to west, dead. This was on the road to the south field. His neck was broken. He must have been laying there

four hours. It was 15 minutes past 8 o'clock-dark. A coroners inquest was held over the remains. W. L. Webster acting coroner, verdict, "He came to his death by being thrown from horse."

A coffin was sent for from Ogden and price was \$55.00. The funeral was held January 18, 1882 in the Franklin meeting house. Joshua Hawlks, G. W. Crockeron, S. R. Parkinson, S. S Hatch were the speakers. Samuel Handy's two sons William and James, his two daughter Mary and Eliza, his wife and number of grandchildren besides daughter-in-law and sons-in-law were present at the funeral.

The day was cold and he was followed to the grave yard by his wife and children and large concourse of people, his old neighbors and acquaintances.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MARY ANN DAY FLUITT HANDY

Mary Ann Day was born Jan. 14, 1840, Essexshire, Eng., daughter of Joseph Day and Ann Harvey. She being the eldest of a large family, when a small child went to live with an Aunt who had no children. She lived with her until her parents joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Later Day Saints and came to America. Coming to Salt Lake City, they then moved to Bountiful, Utah. She did house work for different people, also gleaned wheat to get bread stuff for their family.

She married William Fluitt July 15, 1855, but before she could marry him, Mr. Fluitt had to agree to give her father enough wheat for a years supply, as that is what she would have had to glean.

Their first child was Mary Ann, born March 25, 1857: the next was Sara Elizabeth, born Feb. 18, 1859. In the spring of 1860, Mr. Fluitt came to Franklin, Idaho with the first settlers. After planting his grain and gardens, he went back to Bountiful for his family. Mr. Fluitt told his wife how nice the grain and gardens were doing and she consented to come, but when she arrived and saw the place she said it was nothing but dumping ground. It was very hard for her to leave her home and settle in this wilderness, among the Indians. But they were both very industrious, hard workers, and soon made a home.

On April 1, 1861, Eliza Jane was born.

On November 22, 1862, Mary Ann and William went to the Endowment House at Salt Lake City, and were sealed for time and all Eternity.

Charlotte Geneve was born on Feb. 3, 1863; Martha Ann was born on March 15, 1865 but died the 8th of Dec. 1865. This was very hard on Mary Ann and she mourned her loss greatly. But a greater trial awaited her, when her husband went to Oxford, Idaho for sheep and on his way home just after crossing Bear River, he Froze to death. Mary Ann waited and watched for his return; it being a very cold winter and lots of snow, she feared something had happened to him. Some of the men from Franklin searched for him. Since the snow was deep, and had covered his tracks, they found only his sheep. They figured he had died on Christmas day, Dec. 25, 1865, but his body was not found until April 1866. He was brought to Franklin where he was buried. There she was left with cows and sheep to care for, besides her four small girls.

A neighbor, Samuel Handy, was very good to come and help her take care of her cattle, which she appreciated. He finally wanted to marry her in polygamy, but his wife seriously objected and put a stop to him helping her. so he sent his son William to feed the stock and cut wood for her. Mr. Handy asked her to marry him, which she finally decided to do. She being sealed to William Fluitt, her mother made arrangements for her daughter Jane, to marry him too and be sealed to him for Time and All Eternity. This was done on the 23rd of Nov. 1867, at the Endowment House at Salt Lake City, but Jane being only 13 years old, went to live with her mother for a year. The others returning to Franklin where they live. Finally a plot of ground which turned out to be in Whitney, Idaho was allotted to them; this making them, with one other family, the first settlers in Whitney, Idaho. They built a two room log house on this plot where they made their home, later home steadying on 160 acres, but due to hard times and lack of money he gave 80 acres for money enough to improve upon the other 80 acres .

Here they lived where on Sept. 4, 1919, William Handy died.

To this union eight children were born:

Hannah Rebecca Born Nov. 3, 1867

Lucy Elnora Born Oct. 22, 1869

Elsie Cathernie Born Oct. 29, 1871

Phebe Ellen Born Nov. 27, 1873

Wilham James Fluitt Born Dec. 5, 1876

Hulda Almeda Born Jan. 25, 1877

Alonzo Hazelton Born Nov. 6, 1879

Samuel Preton Born Dec. 13, 1881

Mary Ann worked very hard all her life, taking the wool from the sheep, washing, cording, making yarn then weaving cloth, knitting stockings, sewing for her family, making butter, cheese, candles, soap, raising chickens, geese, turkeys, and ducks, picking the ducks and geese, then making pillows and selling them. She also worked over butter, cleaned chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys for stores for years. When the roads were impassable to Franklin she would carry her butter and eggs and walk to the stores.

She was Relief Society treasurer for twenty years. Those days they collected wheat, also kept Temple clothes ready for those who wanted to hire them, never taking a cent for the laundering and often donating an article that would wear out.

She was very exacting in all she did, trustworthy and dependable, willing to help the unfortunate, full of faith and had a strong testimony of the gospel.

In 1917 on their Golden Wedding Anniversary, their children gave them a lovely wedding reception in the Whitney meeting house. Many relatives and friends attended and the children presented them each with a gold ring. This was one of the high lights of their lives.

The later years of her life she was operated on for cataracts on her eyes, after that she was unable to read, sew, knit, but she could see good enough to get around. A few years before her husband's death they sold their farm to a son-in-law, George Sprunt, reserving two acres on which they built a nice bungalow home. William Handy died on Sept. 4, 1919, leaving Mary Ann alone. When her health failed she went to live with her daughter, Elsie Sprunt. In 1920, she went to Preston, Idaho to live with son Alonzo, while there she was operated on for kidney trouble which she had suffered with for years. Her life was despaired on for months, but she finally recovered and was able to get around. She died April 30, 1922, at her son Alonzo's home. Funeral services were held at the Whitney meeting house.

Interment was in the Franklin cemetery. She died at the age of 82, after raising a large family. She bore a testimony of the gospel all her life, and could relate many faith promoting instances which happened to her and her family. She also took her mother-in-law to her home and cared for her during the last years of her life, without a penny in return. She also bought and had erected monuments to both Samuel and Hannah Handy's grave. She was always very grateful for anything anyone did for her.



572. Second ward Relief Society, about 1908. Back row, staggered: Mary Jensen (Mrs. A.B.C. Jensen), Sarah C. Jensen (Joseph Jensen), Laura B. Foster (George Foster), Lucia Page (Wm. Page), Hannah Corbridge (John Corbridge), Emma Nuffer, partly hidden (Adolph Nuffer), Ida Beckstead (Eugene Beckstead), Dora M. Barlow (Nathan Barlow), Kate Carter (Wm. Carter), Mary Ann Tolman, just above Mrs. Carter (Judson A. Tolman), Mary A. Jamison (Will Jamison), Martha Lewis (Neriah Lewis), Sarah Ann Lewis, holding baby Ida (Ezra Lewis), unidentified, Evadyna H. Hart (A. W. Hart).

Center, seated: Sena Peterson (Madis Peterson, later mtd. Sophus Sorensen), Mary Reid (Edward Reid), Ann H. Caspersen (Rasmus Caspersen), Julia Jensen (David Jensen), Ida H. Tippetts (Hyrum Tippetts), Jane J. Jensen (Samuel D. Jensen), Lucy Harding (Fred Harding).

Front: Emma L. Tippetts (Charles Tippetts), Mary Elizabeth Maughan (Harrison D. Maughan), Sylvia L. Jensen (Junius C. Jensen).

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Husband			
EUGENE MARTIN SABIN-1L82-57			
Born	20 Feb 1859	Place	GRANTSVILLE, TOOELE, UTAH
Died	17 Oct 1937	Place	Oakland, Alameda, Cal.
		LDS ordinance dates	Temple
		Baptized	
		Endowed	
		Sealed to parents	
		Sealed to spouse	
Married	1 Feb 1883 (Div)	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
Husband's father		Ara Williams SABIN	
Husband's mother		Nancy Ann Hines	
		MRIN: 3470	
Wife			
ELIZA ANN HARDING-2SVC-4L			
Born	11 Feb 1866	Place	PORTSEA ISLAND, HAMPSHIRE, ENGLAND
Died	26 Feb 1957	Place	Walnut Creek, Contra Costa, Cal.
		LDS ordinance dates	Temple
		Baptized	6 Jul 1876
		Endowed	1 Feb 1883
		Sealed to parents	5 Jan 1977 OGDEN
Wife's father		FREDERICK HARDING-1RL7-8S	
Wife's mother		ELIZA Millard-1RL7-90	
		MRIN: 386	
Children List each child in order of birth.			
		LDS ordinance dates	Temple
1	F Roseltha May SABIN		
Born	2 Jan 1884	Place	Preston, Franklin, Idaho
Died	2 Jan 1931	Place	
		Baptized	11 May 2006 IFALL
		Endowed	
		Sealed to parents	
		Sealed to spouse	
		MRIN: 3472	
2	M Fredrick Eugene SABIN		
Born	22 Nov 1883	Place	Preston, Franklin, Idaho
Died	1949	Place	
		Baptized	11 May 2006 IFALL
		Endowed	
		Sealed to parents	
3	M William Arthur SABIN		
Born	24 Aug 1887	Place	Preston, Franklin, Idaho
Died	10 Nov 1953	Place	
		Baptized	11 May 2006 IFALL
		Endowed	
		Sealed to parents	
4	M Floyd Victor SABIN		
Born	24 Nov 1889	Place	Preston, Franklin, Idaho
Died	Jun 1942	Place	
		Baptized	11 May 2006 IFALL
		Endowed	
		Sealed to parents	
5	F Flora Ann SABIN		
Born	8 Jan 1892	Place	Preston, Franklin, Idaho
		Baptized	
		Endowed	
		Sealed to parents	

Prepared by	Doran Heap Barlow	Address	3431 Eccles Ave.
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Date prepared	03 Oct 2006		84403

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Husband		EUGENE MARTIN SABIN-1L82-57				
Wife		ELIZA ANN HARDING-2SVC-4L				
Children			List each child in order of birth.		LDS ordinance dates	Temple
6	M	Jesse Morton SABIN				
	Born	28 Oct 1894	Place	Grantsville, Tooele, Utah	Baptized	11 May 2006 IFALL
					Endowed	
					Sealed to parents	
7	F	Louise Morton SABIN				
	Born	11 Aug 1896	Place	Grantsville, Tooele, Utah	Baptized	11 May 2006 IFALL
					Endowed	
					Sealed to parents	
8	F	Lina Eliza SABIN				
	Born	23 Apr 1899	Place	Grantsville, Tooele, Utah	Baptized	11 May 2006 IFALL
					Endowed	
					Sealed to parents	
9	M	Lorenzo SABIN				
	Born	Abt 1900	Place	Grantsville, Tooele, Utah	Baptized	11 May 2006 IFALL
					Endowed	
					Sealed to parents	
10	M	Lysle Harding SABIN				
	Born	13 Feb 1903	Place	Grantsville, Tooele, Utah	Baptized	11 May 2006 IFALL
	Died	Sep 1937	Place		Endowed	
					Sealed to parents	

THE HISTORY OF ALEXANDER WILLARD LARSEN

As written by his daughter, Margaret Rue Larsen Harding Rawlings.

Alexander Willard Larsen was born January 28, 1877 at Logan, Cache, Co. Utah, son of Christian John Larsen and Inger Margaret Peterson. His parents had joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints in their native countries, both being of Scandinavian descent. His father was the first convert to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Denmark. He knew the truth when he first heard it and was baptized a few days later.

Inger Margaret Peterson heard the Elders in Norway and baptized a few months later.

Alexander Willard Larsen was baptized on Feb. 17, 1885 in the Logan Temple by Thomas X Smith and was confirmed the same day by Charles C. Dunn. He was ordained a deacon by his father, Christian John Larsen. He was Pres. of the Deacons Quorum for 2 years. He later moved to Coveville, Ut. during 1893 and 1894. In 1895 he moved to Fairview, Franklin county, Idaho to work for John Crandall, neighbors of the Jamison, the widow of John Reid Jamison and her children, William Jamison and Anna Eliza Jamison.

Father was ordained an Elder, Dec. 5, 1897 in the Fairview Ward. He and his neighbor girl Anna Eliza Jamison, fell in love and were married on Dec. 8 1897 in the Logan Temple for time and All Eternity. To this union was born eight lovely children, their first son Urven, being born on 5, Oct 1898.

On 11, Aug. 1899, my father answered a call and left for the Southern States Mission, returning on 6, Oct 1901. He spent all but three months of his mission in the country traveling without purse or script. He labored the full time in Virginia conference and on his return, he was asked to accompany a very ill Elder home, Brother George Whittle, whom I remember well.

During the time he was in the mission field my mother did dress making in Logan and cared and supported herself and her small son Urven and sent father what small amount of money he needed. I recall my father saying he returned wearing the same clothes he left with. Many times they would build a fire out in the open and dye black their Prince Albert Coats. I remember him telling how this was done just prior to returning home, and how nice mother thought he looked on returning home. He wore a Black Duffy, white shirts and Black bow tiers. They always did their own laundry.

After returning home, my parents started buying the John Reid Jamison place where Vernon Hinckley presently lives at Fairview, Idaho. There was a log cabin with two rooms on the place. At first it was crowded for beside my parents and Urven, my grandmother Caroline Garr Jamison, William Jamison and my mother's motherless niece, Elizabeth Johns lived with them.

On 25, Jul. 1902, I, Margaret Rue Larsen, was born to that wonderful couple. Then on 7th Nov. 1904, my red headed sisteer, Leda Caroline Larsen was born. My mother gave birth to twin girls, Anneta and Vereta on 18, Mar. 1907. I recall the first taste of death and sorrow came to our home as Vereta died at birth. She was a beautiful lovely little girl. On 16, Jul. 1909, they were blessed with another son, Bryant Jamison Larsen. On 6, Dec. 1911, Arthur Jamison Larsen was born and on 31, Aug. 1914 was born their youngest son, Vaughan Jamison Larsen. On 16, Aug. - Father was ordained a seventy by J. golden Kimball.

Father was a counselor for 2 years in the Fairview Sunday School after he returned from his mission. He was set apart as second counselor in the Fairview Ward Bishopric, with Edwin Bodily Sr. as Bishop and Lyman Lake as first counselor.

He was ordained a High Priest 7, Feb. 1904 by Stake Pres. Joseph A. Geddes. He served in the Bishopric until Apr. 1919, 16 years. He served as counselor of the Franklin Stake High Priest Quorum for 2 years.

He served as a High Councilman for 11 years and was ordained a Patriarch on 27 Aug. 1939 by Apostle George F. Richards. He served for over 40 years as a ward teacher.

He served as a county commissioner of Franklin County in Idaho from 1921 to 1922. He served on the Fairview Village Board for 14 years, 8 of which was as the chairman. For 4 years he was Trustee of the Fairview School.

In the summer of 1907 Father built a new home for the family, There was a room for Grandma Jamison as she was still alive and with us. She lived until 31, Oct. 1911.

On 31, Aug. 1918, the family moved to Rexburg, Idaho since my parents had decided the place was too small and thought Rexburg would be good place to live. Father rode with his cattle and furnishings on the railroad. At that time Edwin Bodily, Jr. and Satyra S. Bodily had bought the Crandall place, and we loved them so it was hard to say goodbye.

Shortly after going to Rexburg, Urven joined the Army, since the war was raging.(First world War.) It was hard seeing Urven leave.

I started working in a grocery store, within a month I got the influenza and at that time influenza was very serious. People were dying all around us and people were frightened of it. But

God spared all of the family. My mother spent night and day with the sick and there were times my father and I were helping. Mother and father became discouraged with everyone dying despite all the available medicine. My parents decided to sell, first father went to Twin Falls, Idaho and other places looking for a farm but we settled back in Fairview on the Joshua Rallison farm, and were very happy.

Until Apr. of 1922 when my wonderful mother passed away. It was a great trial. I was bedfast with Rheumatic Fever but the doctor allowed me to get up and go to the funeral, and after I started staying up. Urven was in the Easter States at Albany, New York; on a mission when mother died, but father decided the work of the Lord must go on and there was nothing Urven could have done if he had come home and because of financial condition, my father could not have sent Urven back to his mission. His mission was only half finished and it was hard on Urven but he understood and felt father knew best.

In Mar. 1924, my father remarried the widow of Edwin Bodily, Satyra Bodily. To them was born a fine son Lynn Jamison Larsen, on Mar. 1925.

Father and Satyra were separated in Nov. 1952, being divorced on 10, May 1953 and married my lovely aunt Mollie Jamison on 19 June 1953.

Father had many faith promoting instances, his first being at the age of 5. He and his mother were crossing a narrow bridge across the Logan river just above a dam. Father was ahead, following him was his dog, and following his dog, his mother. The dog suddenly decided to pass father and in so doing pushed father into the Logan river. His mother dropped on her knees but couldn't reach him, the river was rugged. His mother called Almartin, father's older brother. He was a very good swimmer and dived in and saved father just before he went over the dam, by the hand and guidance of God.

Another miracle happened on 6, Aug. 1896, before he was married and while he was working for John Crandall. He went to the canyon for a load of wood and coming back down the Maple

Creek dugway, some thing went wrong, frightening the

horses and they started running. Father was thrown from the load and run over, dragged a long distance with a log digging at his hip. A 10 year old boy on his pony, saw the horses coming and the man being dragged and I know he was



inspired how to stop the running team, for he run his horse and lashed the team of horses in the face with his whip until they stopped and calmed down. He got help after removing the team. Father was bedfast for a long time and has suffered since from that injury, but he got so he no longer limped.

He faced death when he was very ill with pneumonia and also when he had complications after a serious operation. He has always had such wonderful faith and love. We were thought to call upon the Lord. Prayer comes first but faith and works go together. My father can talk with the Lord as though he were talking to a man face to face. I love to hear him pray.

Father sent all five of his sons on mission, Lynn J. Larsen served in the United States Army in World War two. He's loved by all people and holds no malice to any man or woman.

Urven, Anneta and I had the pleasure of visiting him and I call her mother, my dear Aunt Mollie. Father is so happy and misses his children but he is loved by everyone at Pacific Grove and is very happily married. I am sure when his time comes he can face God with a clear conscience and god will say, "well done my good and faithful servant," and that will be a happy reunion when he takes mother, his sunshine, into his arms again and they have their baby, Vereta awaiting them.

Fathers memories of childhood were sweet. His mother ran a toll gate up Logan Canyon and lived there in a log cabin built by her husband. She was the third wife of Christian John Larsen. One of his other wives was Ingebar Ellefsen, a sister in law to my father's mother. His mother married Eleff Ellefsen in Norway. He was drowned and when Grandma came to Utah she visited with her sister-in-law and became the 3rd wife of grandfather.

He said his mother never complained and was always able to set a good meal for company if they came unexpected for the boys were good fisher men and she always raised a good garden. His memories of his mother were sweet. She had much faith. One time one of her children became very ill at night and so she prayed for him and knew God would answer her prayer, and it was done.....(for further reference on father's history, see the separate history of Inger Margareta Peterson).

"For I have walked with a great and glorious man and have known his deep felt love. Oh, God, I thank Thee for my Grandfather with all of my heart and soul.

Compiled by DeWayne L. Harding as told to him by his Mother, Margaret Rue Larsen Harding just prior to her death in 1957.

I am a daughter of Rue Hardings and I feel I should add a bit to Grandpa's History that was left out.

Grandpa served as Stake Patriarch for Franklin Stake for many years. As Mother stated he was very gifted in his prayers. You would think the Lord was right here when he prayed.

I was given the opportunity to act as his scribe one time as he gave a blessing. This really touched my soul and it is something I will never forget. I know the Lord was talking to him as he gave this blessing.

Norma Harding Szymanski

Ogden, Utah

May 20, 1958

To my beloved Grandchildren and Great Grandchildren of my beloved son and daughter Rue Larsen Harding. I can scarcely find words to tell you how much I love you and how much joy and happiness you have caused to come into my life. In the first place because of your obedience to your noble parents and for the love and care you gave to your beloved Mother through her whole life; especially through the much sickness that she endured and I know that she has left you, how grateful you all must feel that you did every thing that was humanly possible for her and more. Too that you see the power of the priesthood made manifest in her behalf so many times, and that she lived to see the desire of her heart granted that her children were all married in the Temple and that you are faithful members of the Church of Jesus Christ, and that you are teaching your children the principals of eternal truth that they too will be redeemed and exalted with your Father and Mother in the highest degree of glory in the Celestial Kingdom of the Father and the day will come when you will all be united together in one Great and Glorious family, and my only hope that I will be worthy to be there as one of your great progenitors. How thankful I am to know that you are not doing anything to keep you from filling that first great commandment that was given to Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden to multiply and replenish the earth.

Hannah Tucker Reed Jamison Graham McCowan

(Hannah Tucker Reed was the mother of John Reed Clark Jamison, father of Anna Eliza Jamison Larsen, mother of Rue Larsen Harding. This is a love story, as written by Hannah late in her life. Her own spelling is retained.)

Hannah T. Reed, daughter of John and Christianna Reed, born in Burlington, N. J., on May 10, 1821. My father died when I was 11 years old, leaving my mother our family to support, but she being a midwife, the job wasn't hard.

When I was 20, I had been keeping company with James McCowan for over a year and we were planning to marry, but my mother didn't care for James and she persuaded me to brake with him and marry a man of her choosing, Alexander Jamison. On December 12, 1841, we were married by a Baptist minister and to this union one son was born, his name being John Jamison.

It was hard for me to forget the love I had for James McCowan and when my son was a year old, I separated from Alexander Jamison and went back to live with my mother.

Now about this time, Joseph Smith and his followers were preaching Mormonism and attracted many people to hear their strange doctrine. Among them were me and my mother. We attended regularly the meetings held by the Mormon missionaries and became interested and later joined the Mormon Church.

Soon after this, a party of Mormons chartered a vessel to take them to California. The name of the ship was the "Brooklan," (Brooklyn) and on January 18, 1846, the ship left New York for California with me, my mother, and my son as passengers. (Ship records show that Hannah's mother, Christianna Reed, had two other children, John Haines, and Christiana Rachel, also traveling with them.)

Now the captain's wife had a young baby and my mother, being a doctor, took care of the mother and the baby, and I did the washing and ironing. This is how we paid for our passage. We were out at sea for three months before we saw land. Then we came to the Island of Juanfanders where Robinson Crusoe was cast. This was in May and this is where we buried one of the sisters from the ship.

In July 1846 we arrived at the Sandwich Islands in Honolulu. We reached San Francisco on August 6, 1846, just six months after leaving New York. Mother and I remained in San Francisco for two years, then the summer of 1848 we went to Sacramento where the gold mines were first found. While there, we nursed a little girl, 12 years old, by the name of Mary Martha Donner, one

of the survivors of the Donner party. Her feet had been badly frozen and she was unable to walk. The doctor came several times prepared to amputate her feet, but mother and I persuaded them to wait a little longer and see if they could save them. She finally got so she could get around on crutches.

In September when Brigham Young called the Mormons to leave San Francisco to come to Salt Lake and mother and I answered that call, we wanted very much to take the little Donner girl with us, but her only living relative, an uncle, didn't want her to go 'live among the Mormons.'

On September 13, 1849, James Graham and I were married by President Brigham Young. Shortly after, James also married my mother. We had two beautiful children, Christianna and William.

In 1855, James was called to go labor as a missionary in the Sandwich Islands. He labored there for two years and in 1855 he boarded the ship "Bark Julia Ann" bound for San Francisco with 56 souls aboard. On October 3, 1856 the ship struck a reef and broke in two. All were saved but two women and three children. They were just 12 miles from Sicilly Island. They took fragments of the broken ship and made themselves a raft. On this raft they made their way to the island. After being taken from one island to another, they finally reached San Francisco on June 27, 1856, just eight months after starting for home.

On Dec 27, 1857, James passed away, leaving me a widow with three children, ages 14, 7, and 5, mother and myself. I was left to support my three children, mother and myself until mother died March 22, 1874. I took up my mother's trade as that of a midwife. We were living in Millville, Utah, at that time. Christianna married Franklin E Weaver and William married Margaret Hope Williams and they both moved to Bear Lake to make their home.

I also moved to Bear Lake for a number of years and was blessed to bring hundreds of babies into the world. I would go when the mother took sick and stay until the baby was nine days old. My fee was \$5.00. I would have to go in all kinds of weather. One winter I went seven miles from home on a hand sleigh because the snow was too deep to go any other way.

About this time, I had a cousin living in New Jersey. One day, James McCowan, my old sweetheart, met him on the street and inquired if I was still living. My cousin told him that I was and that I was living in Bennington, Idaho, and that I was a widow and had been for some time.

He asked for my address and wrote to me and later came to see me. It seemed the spark of true love was still burning for each of us, for he joined the Mormon Church and in the fall of 1896, James McCowan and I were married after 55 years. We (were) married at the home of Joseph C.

Rich on the shore of Bear Lake by Amos R. Wright. (Hannah and James spent eight happy years together. She died Dec. 11, 1904, at the age of 83 and was buried in Bennington.)

THE JOURNEY OF THE SHIP BROOKLYN

The voyage of the Ship Brooklyn was, perhaps, the longest continuous sea journey of any religious outcasts in history. The Israelites crossed the Red Sea on their way to Canaan. The Pilgrims of 1620 crossed the Atlantic, a voyage of about 3,000 miles or more, and were on the water sixty-three days. These Pacific Pilgrims (Mormons) crossed the equator on both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, went from the icy Antarctic to the tropical Hawaiian Islands, and thence to California, a voyage of 24,000 miles. There were 120 Puritan Pilgrims; the Pacific Pilgrims numbered 238 souls. The two groups were alike in many respects. Each group was composed predominately of young people with small children. They had dauntless courage, intrepid daring, matchless faith, and trust in God.

In 1844, after the martyrdom of its founder and leader, Joseph Smith, persecution of LDS church members became acute. In 1845, Church Authorities decided to leave Nauvoo, Illinois and prepared to move west planning to establish themselves in the wilderness of "The Upper California", which included the Great Basin. As an organization, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (LDS) had neither resources nor credit.

Church Authorities decided that its members living in New England and the Atlantic Seaboard, whose finances were inadequate to buy wagons, teams and provisions to take them to Nauvoo, Illinois, the starting place, should pool their money and charter a ship. Orson Pratt of the Council of the Twelve Apostles went to New York to help organize the expedition.

Elder Samuel Brannan, an enthusiastic young printer of New York, was chosen as leader and authorized to charter a sailing ship. By combining all of the resources of the LDS church members, they were able, after much bargaining, to secure the 370 ton cargo vessel "*Brooklyn*" under the command of Captain Abel W. Richardson.

They gathered supplies for the journey and equipment for use when they reached the west coast. Charges for the ship were \$1200.00 per month if they would furnish all of their own provisions and if the men would handle cargo. The captain of the ship ordered the space between decks converted to living quarters. A long table, backless benches, and sleeping cubicles with bunks were built and all were securely bolted to the deck.

The Brooklyn sailed on February 4, 1846, coincidentally, the same day that the Saints left Nauvoo. Seventy (70) men, 68 women and 100 children lived in cramped quarters with low ceilings where only the children could stand upright. Most suffered from sea sickness. Storms in the Atlantic blew them almost to the Cape Verde Islands off the coast of Africa. They safely navigated the treacherous Cape Horn. Scurvy was prevalent and the water supply dwindled as they beat north for Valparaiso, Chile. Gale winds blew them back into Antarctic waters and out to the Juan Fernandez Islands, made famous by Defoe in "*Robinson Crusoe*". Here, Laura Goodwin, mother of 7, was buried at Mas-a-Tierra with the first Mormon service ever held in the Southern Hemisphere. She had been thrown down a hatchway in a storm and died of her injuries. After five days' respite, they set sail for the Sandwich Isles (Hawaii).

The Brooklyn stopped in Honolulu Bay long enough to unload the cargo from New York. The passengers attended church services with missionaries who were serving there. They met Commodore Stockton who informed them that the United States and Mexico were at war. He advised them to buy guns and ammunition and that Brannan organize his men into military companies and drill them. They drilled all the way to California.

The trip from Honolulu to the California coast took 6 weeks. When they entered the Bay of San Francisco, Yerba Buena was obscured by fog. When the fog lifted they were thrilled to see the Stars & Stripes flying. The flag had been raised on July 9, by men of the United States sloop of war, "Portsmouth". The passengers of the Ship Brooklyn were the first colonists under the American flag. It was July 31, 1846. They had been at sea for nearly 6 months. Twelve deaths had occurred on the long trip. One boy, John Atlantic Burr, and one girl, Georgiana Pacific Robbins, were born at sea.

The sleepy village of Yerba Buena, composed of 9 dwellings, lay in the sand hills. It was anything but a paradise. The newcomers faced all the hardships of settlement in a raw, undeveloped land. The landing of the Mormons more than doubled the population of Yerba Buena, which was renamed San Francisco six months later on January 30, 1847.

The cargo of the Brooklyn seemed like Noah's Ark. It was filled with agricultural and manufacturing tools, dry goods, hardware, candles, wheat, vegetable, and grass seeds. There was a printing press, type, paper, bibles, school supplies, and a library of 179 volumes. Also aboard were sawmill irons, two grist mills, blacksmith, carpenter tools, and small stores too numerous to mention. The industrious Mormons put their supplies to work; they had come to stay.

Regular church services were held. The first school in California where English was taught was opened by Angeline M. Lovett in an out building of the deserted Mission Dolores. "The California Star", published by Sam Brannan, was the first newspaper in San Francisco.

A week or 10 days after the Brooklyn dropped anchor at Yerba Buena, six men in a borrowed whale boat crossed the Bay to the Contra Costa side. It was a hunting trip; also, an attempt to find an American who was said to live on that side of the Bay near the mouth of a river. They cruised, landed, hunted, became lost and after nine days returned without finding Dr. John Marsh of Marsh's Landing (Antioch). During the nine days they saw one human being: a lone Indian on a tulle raft.

Twenty pioneers from the Brooklyn founded the first known agricultural colony in the San Joaquin Valley, "New Hope," and planted the first wheat. Many went to work for John Sutter on his lands in the Sacramento Valley. Some were nearby when gold was discovered and many went to the gold fields. Many joined forces with Mormon Battalion men who had been mustered out of the U.S. Army in San Diego and made their way back to Utah. Some remained in the Bay Area. They built the first public school in California. They established a ferry that served Fremont, San Francisco, and Sacramento. They founded a township named "Brooklyn" which was later incorporated into the City of Oakland. Others began farming near Mission San Jose and in Southern Alameda County. Some settled as far away as San Bernardino.

As far as can be ascertained, these seaborne pioneers were the first home seekers with women and children to sail around Cape Horn, South America. The Brooklyn Saints were the first Anglo Americans to arrive in California by water; the first colony under the United States regime in California; and, except for a hide drogher, the first ship to sail through San Francisco's Golden Gate after the Stars and Stripes had been raised in San Francisco by Captain John B. Montgomery three weeks earlier. The lives of these 238 men, women and children, and their good works are a monument to the pioneer spirit. We salute them. Their many descendants can be justifiably proud.

Convinced behind bars

When Elder Johan Dorius was thrown in jail in Frederikstad, Norway, it was like a reunion. Inside the cell were two of his brethren, Elders Christian and Svend Larsen. A few hours later, they were joined by Elder Peter Beckstrom. In Norway, it was legal to preach a doctrine differing from the state religion if it was classed as a "Christian dissenter." But bitter opposition voiced by most of the nation's clergy, who professed that Mormons were not Christians, led to the arrest of all eight LDS missionaries in the country during a three-day period in October 1852. The jailer, a man named Fjeldstad, treated the elders well. Through reading, singing, and praying together, the missionaries' faith and determination increased. Two men arrested for preaching shared the cell with the Mormons. One, a Mr. Jacobsen, opposed the elders. He was soon removed to another cell. The other man, Johan Andreas Jensen, tolerated their views. At age 5, Jensen had gone to sea as a cabin boy. Over the next 30 years he worked his way up to become captain of a large ship. In 1849 he gave most of his possessions to the poor and began to preach repentance to his countrymen. He was thrown in jail for rebuking the king and the Lutheran religion. At first, the elders' efforts to teach Jensen the gospel were rejected. But on Sunday, Oct. 24, he joined in a gospel discussion with the missionaries and Fjeldstad. "Elder Christian Larsen in particular testified to the truth of the gospel under the influence of the Holy Ghost and made a lasting impression on them [Jensen and Fjeldstad]," according to the History of the Scandinavian Mission. "After Mr. Fjeldstad left the cell, the brethren continued to converse with Mr. Jensen until they were all brought under a most pleasant and divine influence." Jensen burst into tears, declaring he knew what they were saying was true. "His face literally shone with joy," the history states. Jensen was baptized Feb. 25, 1854, immigrated to America in 1863, and pulled a handcart to Utah. He settled in Ephraim, where one of his daughters married Andrew C. Nelson. The Nelsons' grandson, Elder Russell M. Nelson, was called to the Council of the Twelve April 7, 1984.

Kevin Stoker (Another in a series of "Missionary Moments." Source: History of the Scandinavian Mission.)

HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN JOHN LARSEN

Christian John Larsen, son of Lars Johansen and Ann Margretta Sorensen was born March 21, 1831 at Greis, Denmark. His parents were devout Christians and taught him to reverence God and good moral principals. He was trained to work and at the early age of six began working twelve hours a day.

His schooling was obtained between the hours of six and nine. When ten years old he began to learn the tailors trade as an apprentice to his brother. After he completed the course he was hired out to a Colonel who was very kind to him and thought very highly of his work as a tailor. He loved nice wool material and was always examining any new woolen clothing any of his family might have.

When seventeen years of age he moved to Copenhagen, Denmark. On August 15, 1850, he had the pleasure of his first conversation on the principals of the Gospel of the Latter Day Saints Church with Elder George P. Dykes. On the 19th he was baptized by Elder Peter O. Hansen and Confirmed August 25, 1850, by Apostle Erastus Snow. He was ordained a Deacon by J.P. Forsgren 12 March 1851. On the 16th March 1851 he was ordained a Priest by Erastus Snow and sent with Elder Christen Christensen to Aalborg as a missionary. He returned 17 August 1851 to Copenhagen and preached his first Gospel sermon in his fathers house. He had the pleasure the same day of baptizing his father, mother, and a sister, also a stranger, this being the first fruits of the Gospel in that part of Denmark.

By November 15, 1851 five branches of the Church were organized and he was appointed as President. In the spring of 1852 by request of President Snow he performed a short mission to Falster and Lolland, Denmark, after some of the brethren had been unmercifully mobbed and driven from the islands.

While laboring in Brevig, Norway the missionary work progressed until 15 October 1852 when they were arrested for preaching the Gospel in that country, and imprisoned. He was told that if he would renounce Mormonism they would let him go, but he said he would not renounce his faith, so he was kept in jail for six months. The jailor Hans Monson took care of the jail by day and his son, Christian Hans Monson looked after it by night. He converted the son and they went down to a creek during the night and he baptized him. When the jailor found his son had joined the Church he cast him out.

He was appointed President of the Copenhagen Conference. In November he was appointed to look after the interests of the first Emigration Company of the season and take charge of them. December 12, 1853, he with three hundred and one emigrants left Copenhagen for America. In Gluckstadt, Germany, thirty saints joined them. H.P. Olsen was Captain. Christian John Larsen performed all his duties connected with his task, administering to the sick, burying the dead and performing marriages.

They arrived in St. Louis where he supervised the obtaining of living quarters, food supplies, and outfits for crossing the plains. He was only 22 years old at this time. They arrived in Salt Lake City, Utah on October 5, 1854, after much experience on the way from sickness and death of many of the company from cholera.

rd wife- Margretta Peterson (N John Christian LARSEN - Bishop in Cove, Cache, Utah 35 years



He settled in what was called Kingston's Fort, on South Weber. In the fall of 1855 he was called to act as second counselor to Bishop Thomas Kingston.

In the fall of 1856 he moved to Ogden and was under arms in Col. Chauncy W. West's command in what was called Echo Canyon War. He had charge of the company who were told to burn Ogden, Utah if the soldiers were hostile and to also guard the city.

In November of 1858 he moved his family to Spring City, Sanpete County, Utah where they lived and passed through all the troubles and difficulties of the Black Hawk War

When 27 years of age he accepted the Law of Plural Marriage which was practiced at that time, by taking Engeborg Ellifsen as a second wife, with the consent of his first wife Barbara. This marriage was in June of 1857 in Salt Lake City. Engeborg was 36 years of age. She bore him one son and three daughters. Later in December 1863 he married a third wife, Inger Margretta Peterson Ellifsen, who was 27 years old. Her first husband was a brother to his wife Engeborg. He had died before she left the old country.

During the time he lived in Sanpete County the Indians were very troublesome. When the Indians attempted to attack the pioneers a bell in the steeple of the church would ring to warn the

inhabitants of their approach. By way of protection the men went to work in the fields together taking their firearms along.

On the morning of August 13, 1866, Grandfather was delayed and was unable to go to work early, so he and his nine year old son Brigham, started to work with their team and wagon. They had a pair of buckskin ponies who were terrified at the sight of Indians. One man and a team were ahead of them. They were part way to the field when all of a sudden from a clump of cedar a band of about 20 savages attacked, firing guns at them. The team ahead turned around and started back to town. Grandfather called to him to turn back and drive to the field, so the men working there could help them. He didn't turn back and consequently was killed. Grandfather's team was so frightened of the Indians that they ran at break neck speed toward the field. He lost the lines. The stock from his gun, which was hanging on a ladder in the wagon was shot in two. The men ducked their heads but a bullet whizzed through the top of Grandfather's hat, and another between his skin and clothing near his stomach. His watch was stopped, but on they raced. Due to the fact that the Indians had to stop each time to load their guns, and the terror the horses had for the Indians, they escaped to safety. That was an exciting day for the women in town. News came that Christian J. Larsen was killed. They were very thankful when they heard he was alive.

He served in the Black Hawk Indian War, 1866-1867 in Southern Utah under the Utah Militia with General D.H. Wells, which did good service protecting the settlements from the Indians.

During the year of 1867 the grasshoppers destroyed most of the crops in Sanpete County, so Grandfather went on a trip to Cache Valley to get some help. While there he met Ezra Taft Benson, who was President of the Stake, and he urged him to move to Logan. It took most of 1968 to move his family from Sanpete to Logan.

When Moses Thatcher became President of Cache Stake, Grandfather was ordained a High Priest and made First Counselor to the Bishop of Logan Second Ward. He served thirteen years.

He officiated as a missionary laborer in the Logan Temple from March 1885 to May 1887. During the time he was an officiator in the Logan Temple, the U.S. Government became very hostile toward Polygamy being practiced in Utah. He having three wives was sought after, and if caught would be arrested and put in prison and fined. When he went to the Temple he disguised himself as a workman, in work clothes, carrying a grubbing hoe over his shoulder. Many times he passed the U.S. Deputy Marshall, who didn't recognize him.

In October 1890 he was appointed Bishop of Logan Seventh Ward and set apart by Apostle Marriner W. Merrill. He served as Bishop for 18 years, after which he was made a Patriarch, giving blessings the remainder of his life.

He was short of stature, about 5 feet 2 inches, rather slender, weighing about 130 pounds. He always stood erect, wore a goatee beard that he kept well trimmed and wore and admired exceptionally nice clothes. He had a kind affectionate nature, and always embraced members of his family, male or female, with a hug and a kiss.

He owned a fine two story brick home on the Logan River in the Seventh Ward. The lawn was spacious and well kept. In the fall it was a beautiful sight, as it was landscaped with mountain ash trees, covered with red berries. In the Spring the banks of the river were golden with blooming tame buttercups. His later years were spent tending his garden and strawberry patch.

In a polygamist family the first wife was called Grandmother Larsen and the other wives were called by their first name. After his first two wives passed away, he and Grandmother Margretta (Alexander Willards Mother) would drive around Cache Valley visiting his children and grandchildren. It took over a week to make the rounds with a horse and buggy. Everyone was delighted to have them come, but got quite tired when he was called on to lead the family in prayer, as he could pray longer than anyone they had ever heard.

He was a lover of fish and any kind of rich foods. He was known to drink a pint of cream, as it came from the cream separator, and enjoy it.

He was a man of great faith in the ordinances of the Gospel. He went about praying for and giving comfort to the sick and afflicted all through his life and also giving Patriarchal Blessings in his later life. He was a natural missionary, and loved to preach and sing the songs of Zion.

All of his wives died before him. When he was eighty one years of age he married Augusta Anderson on the 18 September 1912. This marriage didn't turn out so well as they were not suited to one another. After a very short illness he died on the 15 September 1915 at the age of eighty five years. years.

(Somewhere in a history of Christian John Larsen I have read that he at one time owned all of the land that is now occupied by Utah State University clear up to the mouth of Logan Canyon. It was at the mouth of the canyon where his third wife, Inger Margretta lived and kept a toll gate.) This account is told in her life story.)

HISTORY OF INGER MARGRETTA PETERSON

7 JULY 1836– 19 Aug. 1910

Inger Margretta Peterson; was born on the 7th of July 1836 Oster Riser, Kristiana Norway. (Riser is in the south of Norway on the Oslo Fjord). The names of her parents are not known at this time, but her father died when she was a small child and her mother died of tuberculosis soon after.

In Norway, very young children were usually “put out” to work at the age of six years. And so Inger(or “Grater” as she was known in her later life) being an orphan went to work in the home of the Ellef Ellefson family who also lived in Oster Riser. She housework and learned to bake and sew and do all the things that were needed. The Ellefsons were very good to her. She stayed with them until she was twenty two, when Christian Ellefson and Inger fell in love and were married in 1858. The men of the family were fisherman by trade. They fished in the Oslo Fjord and went so far as the North Sea.

Christian and Inger’s first child, a son Ellef Ellefson was born 14 Jan. 1859 Their second son, Almartin Ellefson was born 1 Aug. 1861. They were very happy living in Oster Riser near their family and friends. Tragedy was soon to strike for on Nov. 30th 1861 , Christian, his father and brother were drowned at sea while fishing. Another great trial was ahead for on 10 March 1862 her baby died just four months after the death of her husband.

Not long after the deaths of her loved ones, the Mormon Missionaries came to Riser. Inger, upon hearing and being taught the message of the Gospel, knew it to be true. She was baptized on 22nd of July in the Oslo Fjord just four months after her baby’s death. I’m sure she must have endured persecution and derision because of her baptism, because “Mormonism” was considered a work of the devil at that time in Norway.

The next step in her life was to sell all her possessions, her little home and all her earthly possessions and join with the Saints and go to Zion. She shared her money with a sister Torgeson and some other to help with their finances in going to Utah. Late in 1862 the little band of Saints left their beloved Norway and sailed to America. Here tragedy struck again. Ellef Ellefson, her first

child died at sea the 16 of Oct. 1862. They were six weeks on the ocean, Inger(Grater) fared very well but many were very seasick, so she was called upon to care for those who were not so fortunate. In the early spring of 1863 they landed in New Orleans then traveled up the Mississippi River to St. Louis Missouri and then to Omaha, Nebraska.

In Omaha, she bought a wagon land oxen and had her chests of valuable clothing and the precious thing that she had brought from 'home' loaded. She bought a stove and other things she thought she might need in her new life. She also bought a cow which she led all the way to Zion. The cow proved to be great blessing as they traveled. Grater walked every step of the way while letting her friend sister Torgeson ride in the wagon. When they were part way across the plains the trail was so rough and bad that she was forced to unload her chests of clothing and her choice and precious things.

Grater endured many hard trials and some faith promoting experiences. The hardest was losing her little boy and burying him at sea far out in the Atlantic Ocean. One day she became very ill and she had to stop and reset by the trail side as a result she got far behind the rest of the company. As she was resting, she looked up to see nine big Indian Braves ride up on their horses. They were bedecked in feathers and war paint. They rode past her then turned and formed a circle around her. They seemed to be discussing something. Grater knew that only God alone could save her. She remained calm (on the outside at least) and prayed as she had never prayed before. In a few minutes they broke up and rode away. Her prayers had been answered. She caught up with the company and they continued on, traveled on through Salt Lake City to Spring City in Sanpete County. Here she found her husband and sister, Ingerbor Ellefson Larsen, who was the second wife of Christian J. Larsen. Inger(Grater) accepted the law of plural marriage and was joined to Christian J. Larsen as his third wife in the old Endowment House in Salt Lake City, on 9th Dec. 1863.

While living in Sanpete County Inger bore two children, namely Magdalene Larsen born 19 Sept. 1864 and David Ellef. Larsen born 1 July 1867. In the spring of 1867, grasshoppers destroyed the crops in Sanpete county and they were advised by Ezra T. Benson to move the family to Logan in northern Utah. And so the families moved north to Logan. Inger(Grater) and her children lived in a little one room cabin located in the mouth of Logan Canyon. Here she ran the toll gate. In all kinds of weather, cold blizzards of winter, heat of summer, day or night she was obliged to unlock the tollgate and let travelers through. For this service she paid 35 cents per traveler. Here she endured poverty and hardship and suffering as she made a living for her family all alone. She

always raised good garden and her boys became good fishermen and hunters so there was usually plenty to eat.

Inger had great faith and seemed to have the power of healing. Here are two little stories as told by A. Willard Larsen her youngest son "One night, while we lived at the toll station, she was alone with her children when her little boy (probably A. Willard) became sorely afflicted with great pain. She asked him if he wanted her to pray for him. There kneeling at his bedside she placed her hands upon his head and before she had finished praying for him he was asleep and slept soundly all night". When Almartin was born she was alone, miles from help when the baby came. Apparently it was difficult birth and she knew she alone had to take care of it with the help of Our Father In Heaven. They both lived and when morning came she sent her small son, Dave, down the canyon for help.

The little family lived at the toll station for sixteen years until the spring of 1893 when they moved to Cove, Utah. (Just south of the Utah -Idaho border). In about 1900 she moved to Logan to live with her husband, after the death of his first wife, Barbara. I quote here the words of Rue Larsen Harding Rawlings. "For the last ten years of her life she was a very happy wife having the privilege of enjoying a peaceful and quiet sunset of her life. In those years each spring and fall, Grandpa and Grandma would visit us for a couple of days. This was one of the highlights of my childhood. I can still see them yet they were so proud of their fine horse and buggy. The horse usually had a colt by her side. Grandpa with his now white hair, white mustache, a little chin beard, wearing a clean cream colored duster to keep his dark suit clean—And dear sweet grandma in her pretty white waist, black ankle length shirt, her black dress bonnet, her gray hair, her sweet smile and her tender bright eyes, grandma was a good housekeeper and a good cook.

She always had treats for the children usually a sack of candy, the neighborhood children loved her. On Aug. 19 1910 God called grandmother home. I am sure He would say, "Well done thou good and faithful servant". For indeed she was faithful until the last. Her last thoughts and words to her family were regarding her first husband Christian Ellefson." This is the story of a great, courageous, steadfast and faithful woman who was able to endure and did endure many things until the end. She is truly a valiant child of God.

The children of Inger Margretta Peterson Ellefsen Larsen.

Ellef Ellefsen= Born 19 June 1859, died 16 Oct. 1862.

Almartin Ellefsen= Born 1 Aug. 1861, died 10 Mar. 1862.

Magdena Larsen= Born 19 Sep. 1864, died 4 Aug. 1865.



LAURS - b. 6 Feb 1791 - Denmark
d. 9 Dec 1884 - Utah - age 92
ANNA M. - b. 12 May 1797 - Denmark
d. 12 April 1874 - Utah - age 77
(bur. in Spring City, Sanpete, Utah)



Marriage - 25 Aug 1816
Sindjerg, Vejle, Denmark
Married 56 years

David Ellef

Larsen= Born 1 July
1867, died 19 July
1940.

Almartin

Larsen= Born 25 Dec.
1868, died 17 Oct.
1961.

Joseph Franklin

Larsen= Born 4 Oct.
1874, died 5 Nov. 1900.

Alexander

Willard Larsen= Born
28 Jan. 1877, died 9

June 1959.

Sources;

Biographical Encyclopedia of prominent men and women of the church by Andrew Jensen.
Memories of A. Willard Larsen as told to his daughter Rue Larsen Harding Rawlings. Traditional
stores a related by Arthur Jamison Larsen.

International Genealogical index.

Submitted by Jacqueline Ward Larsen, grand daughter-in-law.

The Lars Johansen Family- The Larsens Their Conversion, Missions, and Immigration to Zion

By Christine Szymanski Moore

Many histories have been written about the Larsen's- memories of what "grandma told me." Because information is often conflicting, I tried to document from primary sources to find the true story..

In the early part of the Nineteenth Century the family of Lars Johansen and his wife, Anna Margreta lived in the little town of Hammebund, Hammer Sogn, Viele Amt, Denmark. They had five sons and two daughters: Soren, Johannes (John), Sidsel Kristine (Cecilia Kjerstine), Christen Greis (Grice), Christian John, Lauritz, and Maren (Mary). These children were known by the patronymic name of Larsen, from the first name of the father, Lars, which was customary in Denmark.

Lars Johansen was a farmer and stock raiser. His children learned to toil early and late for a living. By all accounts, they were a very humble, God-fearing family. They were honest, straightforward in their dealings and friendly with their neighbors.¹

Some of Lars' children worked at the Grice Woolen Mills, starting as young as six years of age, and working 12 hours a day. Schooling was from 7:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m. after the day's work was done. Johannes, Christian John, and Lauritz went on to learn the tailors' trade at an early age.²

Soren and Christen Grice served terms in the Danish Army during the revolt of Holstein against Denmark in 1848. Johannes was also drafted as a soldier, and was permitted to remain in Copenhagen to work at his trade as a tailor in making soldier's uniforms for the army.³ Christian John and Lauritz also went to Copenhagen to work because of the war.⁴ While working in Copenhagen that Johannes first became acquainted with Apostle Erastus Snow and other Elders from Utah who arrived in the summer of 1850.

The first fifteen Danish converts to the LDS Church were baptized on the 12th of August of that same year. Johannes was baptized August 18, and Christian John was baptized August 19. Lauritz was baptized in November.⁵ The brothers were soon called on Missions to preach the gospel, and in the spring of 1851 they returned home to Grejs, where the all of the family embraced the gospel.⁶ Lars Johansen opened his home to the missionaries. They made their home there,

lovingly bestowing the name of "Father Lars" upon him, which he was known by until the day of his death, December 9, 1883, at the near age of ninety-two.⁷

Christian John Larsen led the first group of 301 Danish immigrants to Zion. They left Denmark 22 December of 1853. His wife, Barbara, parents, Lars and Anna Johansen, sisters, Maren and Cecelia Kjersten, brother, Soren, and wife, Marie, were also in the group. As with all crossings of the time, they struggled with many hardships. They found an ample supply of buffalo for meat, but water and food for the animals was scarce. This company suffered more from cholera than any preceding them. They arrived in Utah October 5, 1854.⁸

Johannes, Christian Grice, and Lauritz remained behind in Denmark to assist the missionaries in the work of the Lord and to dispose of the family property.⁹

In the spring of 1856, Johannes and his family left Denmark. They sailed from Liverpool, England, aboard the ship *Horizon*, with a group of 856 passengers, of whom 635 were Perpetual Emigrating Fund emigrants. These passengers would later join the Martin Handcart Company. The remaining passengers were paying their own way; they crossed the prairies with either the Hunt or Hodgett Wagon Train Company.¹⁰

In Iowa City, Johannes purchased oxen and a wagon, which he filled with the necessities they would need for the journey. Johannes, his wife, Anna, and children, Christiana (5), Sarah (3), Louis (1), traveled with the Hodgett Wagon company.¹¹ Johannes hired Lars Madsen to help with his teams.¹² Lars' wife, Bodil, and 8-year-old son, Lars, traveled with him.¹³

The Hunt and Hodgett Wagon Companies (about 200 people each) recieved specific instructions to stay near the Martin Handcart Company to help them when necessary. Their presence became essential to the Rescue effort, saving many lives.¹⁴

Because handcarts were not ready for the 630 Saints traveling with the Martin Company, everyone was delayed. The company departed Iowa City 28 July 1848, and arrived in Florence, Nebraska (Winter Quarters) August 22. The Hunt and Martin Companies left Florence on August 28. It was September 2 by the time the Hodgett Company finished gathering fresh supplies and started on their way to the Valley.¹⁵

Johannes' wife, Anna, gave birth to a baby boy on a cold, frosty, morning; September 24th.¹⁶ The wagons traveled 18 miles that day to camp along the Platte River.¹⁷ That made four children under the age of six for Johannes and Anna.

Soon things became critical for the handcart and wagon companies on the prairie. Expected supplies were unavailable for purchase in Fort Laramie. Grazing for the cattle was scarce, rations were cut severely, and the weather was becoming colder.¹⁸

Sunday, October 19, the Hodgett Wagon Company took the lead, and forded the Platte River near present-day Casper, Wyoming. Then they helped the handcart company ford the river, and the Hunt train waited until morning.

The next morning, the ground was covered with snow, which prevented the company from moving. The Hunt Company finally made it across the Platte River on October 22 by double-teaming the wagons. Cottonwood trees were cut down to feed the cattle. On October 23, a wagon company clerk reported that several cattle had died. Then on October 24 he records, "A very cold north-west wind was blowing, and the snow was quite deep... More timber branches were cut down to feed the cattle. One ox was found dead, and two more that could not stand the weather were slaughtered." October 25, the snow had drifted so that the ground had become bare enough in some places for the cattle to get a little grass. October 26 there was a slight thaw, and Captain Hunt was able to return to the fort to purchase more oxen¹⁹.

A group of returning missionaries alerted the brethren in Salt Lake City to the plight of the handcarts and wagons still on the prairie, and Brigham Young launched a massive rescue effort at General Conference, October 5, 1856. The advance rescue party reached the wagon companies October 27, with news that assistance was on the way. (Abel Garr, son of our ancestor, Fielding Garr, was a member of the advance rescue party.)²⁰

The next three days the wagons were only able to travel ten miles. Another snowstorm hit November 1. They traveled 10 miles that day in the rain and snow; but were able to travel 4 only miles the next day. Willow branches were cut down to feed the hungry oxen. November 3, the wagon company camped with the Martin Handcart Company at Devil's Gate.

November 6, the thermometer registered minus eleven degrees. Lars Madsen, Johannes' hired man, did not return from going to fetch the oxen the next morning, and was found frozen to death.²¹

The Hodgett Company voted to stow their goods in a deserted fort at Devil's Gate and move on towards "the Valley with their lives only."²² They took only about half the wagons from that point, and provided 4 or 5 teams to help the handcart companies.²³ Supply wagons from the Valley began to arrive November 12. By Nov. 19, all handcart pioneers were in wagons pulled by horses or mules, and headed toward the Valley.

The Hunt and Hodgett Wagon Companies, pulled by slower moving ox teams, continued their progress toward the Valley. The day the last handcart pioneers arrived in the Valley, (November 30), the wagon companies camped about three miles west of Green River. Here Anna's baby, Joseph, died, December 1, 1856. The morning of the burial, Brother Larsen was alone with his family. The other teams had gone ahead. Johannes dug the grave in the frozen ground of this solitary wilderness and laid to rest the darling baby who was nine weeks old. Johannes and Anna often related this sad incident as the greatest trial of their lives.²⁴

Thursday, Dec. 4, the last of the wagons had arrived at Fort Bridger. December 7, wagons and relief teams began arriving from the Valley to aid the beleaguered wagon trains. The last of the wagon company pioneers, including the Larsen family, were delivered to the Valley on Dec. 15, 1856.

The Johansen/Larsen family first settled in Weber County. Christian Grice and Lauritz Larsen and their families arrived in 1857, having traveled west with the Mathias F. Cowley Wagon Company.²⁵ They all relocated to SanPete County in 1858 at the beginning of the Utah War. Christian John later moved his family to Cache County and Christian Grice moved to Emery County.

The Larsens were all stalwarts in the Church, and Lars Johansen has a very large posterity. Our grandmother, Margaret Rue Larson (Harding) was the daughter of Alexander Willard Larsen, son of Christian John Larsen, son of Lars Johansen.

A Short Sketch of the Life of Fielding Garr And His Family

Fielding was born on the 19th of August 1794. One year after his parents had purchased one hundred and sixty-eight acres of land with his Uncle Lawrence Garr, Located two miles east of the present day city of Madison, Virginia. Here he learned his first lessons in clearing the wooded areas for farm land, grazing of cattle, picking fruit from the orchards and planting and harvesting wheat, corn or hay.

When he was eleven years of age, his parents sold their Virginia land and moved to Georgetown, Kentucky. There is no documentation of this but one author wrote that one of the reasons Fielding's father, Abraham Garr, left Virginia was because his father, John Garr, was a

slave holder, and Abraham was opposed to slavery. In the spring of 1807, Fielding, then about 13 moved with his family again, this time to Wayne County, Indiana. Since the Gaars were among the earliest settlers in this county, Fielding spent his teenage years amid the wild scenes of frontier life, "enduring many of the hardships and privations which fall to the lot of the pioneer." He had to labor hard to help clear the land and "make nice farms and houses." Until 1816, the area was known as the Indiana Territory and was almost an unbroken wilderness.

Fielding had very little chance of a school education; but was very well read, all, or most of all of which he gained himself.

Five years after their arrival in this frontier land, Fielding and his older brother, Jonas, volunteered service in the War of 1812. He was nearly 18 and his brother 19 when the United States declared war against Great Britain in June of that year. The outbreak of the war was a signal for renewed hostilities on the part of the Indian settlements in the territory of Indiana. However, skirmishes between the Indians and the settlers in the Indiana territory were of short duration. Fielding served a two-month service as a private in Captain John Farlow's Company, 8th Regiment; he received \$16.00 in pay. In those days that amount would purchase four acres of land.

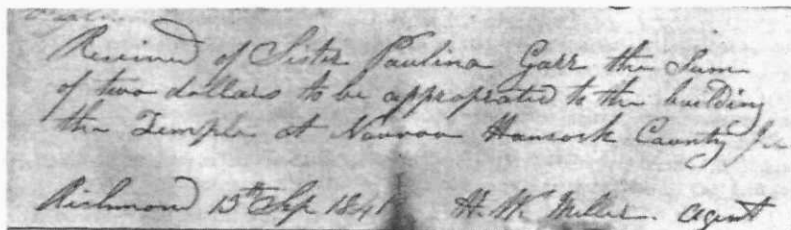
Fielding became acquainted with his future wife four years before he married her. Her name was Paulina Turner. She was born May 23, 1805 in Woodford County, Kentucky and moved with her family into the Indiana Territory and the Elkhorn Creek area about the same time as the Garrs. Fielding must have become aware of Paulina when she was only ten years of age. He was about twenty-one. Paulina's father was the first sheriff and treasurer of Wayne County, Indiana and served as adjutant in the War of 1812 in the same militia and detachment as Fielding Garr and for the same period of service. The Gaar and Turner lands were adjacent to each other, which probably drew Fielding closer to John Turner and his family. At any rate he became attached to this little ten-year-old girl and watched her grow into a lovely young woman during the next four years.

When Paulina was 15, just barely out of her childhood years she married twenty-five year old Fielding Garr. They were married by Laurence H. Brannon, Esquire, on November 18, 1819. They settled in the northern part of Boston Township on the 160 acres which Abraham Gaar, Fielding's father, had purchased in 1817. Two years later, Fielding purchased 80 acres of this land from his father for \$320.00. Though he farmed in the summer, Fielding probably did masonry work during the winter months for he was known for this skill by family members.

During the next twenty-two years, Fielding and Paulina farmed their land and raised a large family of five girls and five boys. They were Eliza Jane, Nancy, Richard Rue, John Turner,

Abraham, William Henry, Abel Weaver, Caroline Martin (our ancestor), Sarah Anna, and Mary Virginia. An eleventh child, Benjamin Franklin, would be born later in Illinois. One wonders how this young almost childlike bride was able to cope with motherhood and the hardships of pioneer life. One thing is certain, she was a remarkable woman with deep spiritual yearnings and noble character. She was the first of her family to recognize the truth of the restored Gospel of Jesus Christ when she heard it.

Fortunately, Paulina and Fielding Garr and their family lived near the trail followed by the early Mormon missionaries and the Prophet Joseph Smith as they journeyed from



Kirtland, Ohio to Missouri or from Nauvoo, Illinois to Washington, D.C.

The year was 1840, Paulina Garr's great grandson wrote, "These were the years when Mormonism was born and nurtured through its adolescence. Fielding often told his children how the Prophet Joseph Smith once visited their Mother, Paulina, and how she was the first of her people to join the church. Her strong faith is illustrated by her willingness to contribute to the building up of the Kingdom of God. Soon after her conversion the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints she donated money to the building of the Nauvoo Temple. That she recognized its importance is attested to by the following receipt preserved by her and treasured by her descendants.

In 1842 Fielding Garr also joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and the family made preparations to gather with the Saints in Hancock County, Illinois. During their Indiana years, like many parents, they had experienced some sorrow. A son, Abraham, died in early childhood. Fielding's mother, Dinah Weaver Garr passed away in 1834. However, in 1839 they rejoiced with the marriage of their oldest daughter, Eliza Jane, to James Davidson, a farmer, and were very happy when their first grandchildren, John Garr Davidson and Nancy Jane Davidson, were born. Paulina became a grandmother at the youthful age of thirty-five. It must have been difficult for them to leave all their loved ones in Indiana--parents, brothers and sisters and their oldest daughter and her family--none of whom joined the Church at that time.

On April 25, 2842, Fielding sold their eighty-acre farm to Nancy King for fifteen hundred dollars--over four times its original value when first purchased in 1821. Soon after they began their journey to Nauvoo, Illinois. Leaving with them were their children Nancy 19, Richard Rue 17, John Turner almost 15, William Henry 10, Abel Weaver 8 ½, Caroline Martin almost 6, Sarah

Anna, 3 1/2, and Mary Virginia, almost two. Fielding Garr was about forty-eight and his wife Paulina, thirty-seven. How long it took the Garr family to travel the 300 miles is not known. If, like the pioneer trek from Winter Quarters to Salt Lake, they averaged eight to ten miles a day, they probably made it in a month or six weeks.

By July of 1842, Fielding Garr had settled his family in Hancock County, Illinois. There on July 6th and for \$500.00 he purchased 186 and fraction acres of farm land. His farm was located in the northwest corner of Fountain Green township between the towns of LaHarpe and Ramus, two Latter-day Saint communities. In the early days, this rich, fertile settlement was known as Round Prairie. Here they established their new home east of Crooked Creek and 20 miles directly east of Nauvoo, on the richest and most productive farming land they would ever own. It was here in 1843 that their youngest son, Benjamin Franklin, was born.

Fielding's farmland was located closer to LaHarpe than Ramus, being three miles southwest of LaHarpe and about five miles northwest of Ramus. In 1841 a flourishing branch of the Church was raised up in LaHarpe. A number of Mormons continued to reside in that area until the general exodus of the Saints in 1846. A group of Latter-day Saints, numbering about 112, owned about 2525 acres of land near the Crooked Creek and was organized into a branch of the Church in 1840. About that time a Stake of Zion embracing all of the Latter-day Saints in that area was organized. Fielding and Paulina Garr's church membership was probably in the LaHarpe branch. It appears that at this time none of Fielding and Paulina Garr's children were members of the Church.

Education was important to the Saints and schools were usually held in the home of the teacher. Fielding's daughter, Sarah Anna recalled "something of my limited school days when we lived near Nauvoo. Probably all of the children received some schooling during their 4 years in Illinois.

The Garrs probably traveled to Nauvoo on special occasion to meet with the church members there. No doubt it was a terrible blow to them as it was to other Latter-day Saints when the Prophet, Joseph Smith, and his brother, Hyrum, were killed on June 27, 1844. Perhaps Paulina Garr, who first heard the gospel from the lips of Joseph Smith, was the most deeply affected. She told my Mother of being in the audience and seeing the Mantle of Joseph Smith fall on Brigham Young.

It was on Round Prairie that tragedy and great sadness came to the Fielding Garr family. Paulina became very ill and died November 4, 1844, a few months after the Prophet's death. She was only 39 and her youngest child was 1 1/2 years old. Her testimony was strong and firm to the

very end of her earthly life. Her last thoughts and concerns were for the eternal welfare of her husband and children. Sorrowfully, Fielding Garr bid his wife farewell and promised her faithfully that he would keep the family together and “bring them to the mountains with the Saints.” So ended the life of one of God’s choices and noblest daughters. Paulina Turner Garr is one among many unsung heroines of the early church period who willingly sacrificed everything for their families and the Church. Her name will always be sacredly engraved in the hearts and memories of her posterity. She is believed to be buried in the old Nauvoo Pioneer Cemetery and the family is quite certain that they have found her burial plot there.

More sadness came to the Fielding Garr family a few months later when Fielding’s oldest son, Richard Rue Garr, died the weekend of September 29, 1845 of consumption, known today as tuberculosis. He was 26 years 6 months and 13 days old.

Fielding’s daughter, Nancy, now without a mother, assumed that role to the younger children. She was a remarkable woman in her own right. Happiness came to her in the midst of these sad events in the lives of the Garr family. On the 9th of March of 1845, she married a very fine young man her own age, who lived in the same township. His name was Rodney Badger. Nancy was 22 and still not a member of the Church, but her husband was and had joined the Church with his parents in Vermont, July 17, 1835 after hearing the gospel preached by Heber C. Kimball. He was only 12 then and after his father’s death, he moved with his family to Hancock County, Illinois where his mother too died. He had the responsibility of caring for his two siblings, a brother and a sister. They probably lived with or near the Fielding Garr family.

As the end of the year 1845 approached, the Latter-day Saints were making preparation to leave their homes and lands in Hancock County to travel to the territory of the Great Salt Lake Valley. Persecution of the Saints had increased. The communities of LaHapre and Ramus were visited by Church leaders who organized companies and gave direction to the Saints on preparations for the trek west. One of these leaders was Jacob Gates, later to become a general authority in the Church and with whom the Garrs were closely associated with during their journey west.

The year 1846 began with several important events in Fielding Garr’s family. His son in law, Rodney Badger, was chosen by Brigham Young to be a member of the scouting company that would “lead the way to the mountains, build the bridges and blaze the trail.” Such men were encouraged to get their temple work completed in the Nauvoo Temple in preparation for this work. On the very same day, February 3, 1846, both Fielding Garr and his son-in-law were in Nauvoo for

two different purposes. Rodney Badger received his endowments in the Nauvoo Temple and Fielding Garr obtained his patriarchal blessing from the church Patriarch, John Smith, the Prophet Joseph's uncle.

A copy of the blessing (punctuated by the writer) follows:

Fielding Garr's Patriarchal Blessing
Given February 3, 1846 by Patriarch John Smith
Nauvoo, Illinois

A blessing by John Smith, Patriarch, upon the head of Fielding Garr, son of Abraham and Dinah, born August 19, 1794, Madison County, Virginia.

Brother Fielding, by the authority vested in me to bless the fatherless, I place my hands upon thy head in the name of Jesus of Nazareth and place a father's blessing upon thee inasmuch as thou hast obeyed the Gospel with a pure heart, hast not fainted, nor been discouraged in times of persecution. Thou hast borne thine afflictions with patience, which thing is pleasing unto the Lord, and thy name is written in the Lamb's book of life. Inasmuch as you abide in the faith, it shall never be blotted out.

Because of the integrity of thy heart and thy liberality, the Lord shall deal liberally with thee and grant thee every blessing and power that is calculated for the health and happiness of thy family. Inasmuch as thou hast been called for to mourn the loss of an excellent companion and one of thy children of late, thy losses shall all be made up, for thou shalt receive them again in the morning of the Resurrection and be joined with them with a bond that never can be broken. Thou shalt forget all thy sorrows. Thou shalt have wives, children, houses and lands in addition to the former; also flocks and herds and thou shalt be perfectly satisfied with every favor.

Thou shalt be a counselor in the house of Israel and have wisdom to counsel rightly in all things. This is thy lot and station forever. Thy posterity shall be numerous upon the earth, even like Jacob and thy name shall be had in honorable remembrance in the House of Israel through all generations. Thy days and years shall be multiplied upon thy head according to thy faith, even to see Israel gathered from every land, yea, established in peace and wars cease to the ends of the earth and inasmuch as thou art faithful to the end, not a word of this blessing shall fail, for I seal it upon thee in common with thy companion for thou shalt have one to comfort thee in thine old age and also upon thy children and I seal upon thee the blessings of eternal lives, even so, Amen.

Abel's son-in-law wrote that Fielding Garr labored on the building of the Nauvoo Temple. This seems plausible since he was a mason as well as farmer and cattleman.

Another important event in their lives occurred February 27, 1846 with the birth of another grandchild for Fielding Garr. His daughter, Nancy Garr Badger, gave birth to her first child a daughter. Nancy and her husband named her Nancy Maria. She was also born at "Round Prairie near LaHarpe."

In the meantime, Fielding Garr was preparing to move with the Saints to the Rocky Mountains. On February 19, 1846 he sold his farm to Lewis Long for \$500.00 the same amount he had paid for it. He perhaps was fortunate, for in Nauvoo, the property was being sold for $\frac{1}{4}$ its value.

The Fielding Garr family did not leave Nauvoo immediately for the west with the first companies. Rodney Badger left with the first companies to help blaze the trail and to prepare the way for the pioneer companies who left in February 1846. According to Hosea Stout's Journal, the trailblazers were instructed by Brigham Young to leave their families behind and return later to get them or meet them on the trail. Nancy, with a new baby, the responsibilities of Fielding Garr's younger children, and a husband away building the trail west, was not likely to leave so soon. In April 1846, Fielding Garr, returned to Wayne County, Indiana, probably on horseback, to take care of some business and bid farewell not only to his father, brothers and sisters, but also to his oldest daughter Eliza Jane Davidson and her husband and his oldest Grandchildren. He would never see them again. While there he sold his 38-acre inheritance to his brother, Larkin Garr for \$350.00.

The majority of the Saints had left Nauvoo by the end of April 1846. When a big uproar was raised by their enemies in the surrounding communities Fielding Garr hurried back to his family. On the first day of May, the Nauvoo Temple was publicly dedicated under the direction of Wilford Woodruff and Orson Hyde. I'm sure the Garr family were in Nauvoo for this special event. Without a doubt, Fielding Garr and his family left Nauvoo during the month of May. The Saints leaving at this time were joined together in small companies of 25 to 30 wagons. Others, traveling by themselves, joined companies along the way.

When Fielding Garr and his family left Nauvoo, Illinois, the trail to Council Bluffs, Iowa and to the banks of the Missouri River had been fairly well blazed. Their struggles now would be with the rain and the mud and keeping their wagons from being bogged down in the wet soil. Crossing Iowa could be tedious and distressing. Fortunately for Fielding Garr, he had several sons to help with his wagons, team and cattle. The Garr family now consisted of Nancy Garr Badger,

age 23 and her baby daughter, Nancy Maria, about 3 months old; John Turner, age 18, William Henry, age 14; Abel Weaver, age 12; Caroline Martin, age 9; Sarah Anna, age 7; Mary Virginia, age 5, and Benjamin Franklin, age 3. Possibly Rodney Badger, Nancy's husband had returned to Nauvoo in time to assist the Garr Family in their travels across Iowa or had met them along the way.

Wilford Woodruff, who left Nauvoo about the same time as the Garrs, describes the scene he witnessed the latter part of June 1846 when traveling from Mt. Pisgah to Council Bluffs. "I stopped my carriage...on top of a hill in the midst of a rolling prairie where I had an extended view of all about me. I beheld the saints coming in all directions from hills and dales, groves and prairies with their wagons, flocks and herds, by the thousands. It looked like the movement of a nation.

When the Saints left Mt. Pisgah they were traveling on the Pottawatomie Indian Reservation in what is now Iowa. Later the Church officials received permission from the Pottawatomie Indians to winter on their lands in western Iowa and from the Omaha Indians on the western side of the Missouri River.

Brigham Young and his company had arrived at the shores of the Missouri River, June 14, 1846. By early July, the first ferry was made and crossings to the west bank of the turbulent river began. In the latter part of July of 1846, the record shows that Fielding Garr and Rodger Badger and their families had joined Brigham Young's Company. They were in the same company of 10 along with Jacob Gates who had also left Illinois during the month of May 1846.

After the departure of the Mormon Battalion from Council Bluffs, Brigham Young still planned to send a vanguard company of pioneer families to the Rocky Mountains in 1846. However, he was concerned because of the number of good men who were now with the Mormon Battalion, and approaching fall season when the Indians would begin burning the grasses before them to stimulate more growth. Nevertheless, on the 20th of July 1846, "Brigham Young called for volunteers from his company who would leave for the west the next morning. Within 24 hours seventy-five men with their families had responded to the call. The Fielding Garrs and the Rodney Badgers were two of the seventy-five families that had responded to the call. By July 22, 1846 they had arrived at the Elkhorn River about twenty miles west of the Missouri River. They encamped upon the plains of what is now Nebraska, but in 1846 it was strictly Indian Territory. Bishop George Miller with his 52 wagons had previously crossed the Elkhorn and was traveling along the north side of the Platte River. The Brigham Young Company with 75 wagons and Heber C. Kimball Company with 73 wagons followed.

Fielding Garr and his son-in-law, Rodger Badger and their families, as volunteers in this advance company, were organized in Brigham Young's company as the first fifty under the leadership of John Mikesell, Newell Knight and Joseph Holbrook. As they crossed the Elkhorn the evening of July 22nd and the following day, Joseph Holbrook was assigned to examine "every family's provision, and know they had plenty." Father Mikesell was instructed to see that the names of all who crossed were registered with the number of every living animal." It is on that historic record that the Garrs and Badgers are listed in Brigham Young's first fifty and under Erastus Bingham, Captain of the 6th ten as follows:

Rodney Badger: 1 wagon, 4 oxen, 1 cow, 1 horse, 1 mule. Listed as traveling with him were his wife Nancy, his daughter, Nancy M. and his sister Lydia Badger.

Fielding Garr: 3 wagons, 12 oxen, 5 cows, 2 horses, 5 calves and 40 mules. Fielding's children were listed as John T., Wm H., Abel W., Caroline M., Sarah Anna, Mary V., and Benjamin F. Garr.

Others listed in this same company of ten with the Garrs were Jacob Gates and his family and father, Thomas Gates, the Erastus Bingham family, Mary Freeman and her family and Marion and Louisa Bless.

On July 23, 1846 after they were fully organized by Brigham Young, he told them to "go ahead" and they would be on their heels in a few days. According to Jacob Gates, their company had crossed the Elkhorn on the 24th of July 1846 on a log raft hauled by 2 yoke of oxen.

After the company had crossed the Elkhorn, they followed the Platte River on the north side. The ground had been very dry and sandy and the weather warm. "The Platte affords us plenty of good fish," wrote Jacob Gates, but "little or no game." By the end of the first week of August 1846, the Garrs, with the other 74 volunteer families and nearly 200 wagons, were encamped near the Pawnee Indian Village on the banks of the Loup River. They had traveled nearly 100 miles from where Winter Quarters would later be established. How disappointed they all must have been to learn on the 7th of August that the plan to move west in 1846 had been abandoned. What happened next affected the movement of the Garrs and Badgers that fall and winter.

Brigham Young and Council of Twelve, headquartered on the west banks of the Missouri River, had second thoughts about sending an advance company that late in the year to the Rocky Mountains. Considering a host of problems connected with the plan, they wrote the advance

company informing them not to move west “across the mountains this fall.” Rather, they counseled that “it would be wisdom for as many teams and Saints among your companies to winter at the Pawnee Village as can well be sustained, the balance to winter at Grand Island or some point near by and in the spring we will overtake you and all cross the mountains together.”

It was just a short time after this that Brigham Young called this company back to winter quarters, as it was a precarious situation with the Pawnees. The camp was most all sick and it was with much suffering that they journeyed back. Three women were confined on this journey and they buried one infant on the banks of Chilcreek. They were undoubtedly relieved, even though they had to travel over 100 miles back to be with the body of the Saints at Winter Quarters.

It was during their sojourn and encampment by the Loup River in Indian Territory that two of Fielding Garr's adult children were baptized; John Turner Garr was baptized in August 1846 by Newell Knight—probably in the Loup River. Nancy Garr Badger was baptized by Jacob Gates in the same month and year.

In the winter of 1846-47, Fielding Garr and his family established their third temporary home in four years. Their diet, like other families living in Winter Quarters, was probably inadequate. However, the fact that there were no deaths in their family or in the family of the Rodney Badger shows the tender care that Fielding Garr and his daughter, Nancy, gave their little children that winter.

Anxious to establish a permanent home for his children, Fielding Garr again volunteered to be in one of the first companies to arrive in the Salt Lake Valley in 1847. Brigham Young, with his advance company of 143 men, 3 women and 2 children, had left Winter Quarters by the middle of April 1847 and was headed west. Fielding Garr's son-in-law, Rodney Badger, was a member of this vanguard company and left his wife and child in the care of Fielding Garr. Fielding and his family joined Captain Jedediah M. Grant's one hundred—considered the third company of the 1847 pioneers. By June 17, 1847 the Fielding Garrs had left their encampment on the west side of the Missouri and started for the Rocky Mountains as members of Jedediah M. Grant's company. The following Sabbath, June 20th, they camped again by the Elkhorn River. The Garrs were about to cross this river for the third time. Fielding's sons were probably very adept by this time with handling their cattle, wagons and teams over difficult rivers and streams.

Sometimes the Garrs had to camp on wet ground. Fielding's daughter, Sarah, told her grandchildren that the ground was often so wet that “they had to lay logs down on the ground and

then limbs down on top of that and then put their blankets down. They couldn't all get into the tent so some of them got in the wagon on top of the storage that was there ready to come to the valley."

Among the exciting incidents of the trek west was the stampede of cattle by buffalo herds about two hundred and fifty miles west of the Missouri River—a few miles east of the present day city of North Platte. In this stampede, Charles Crismon, who was in the same company of ten with the Garrs, lost an ox, which returned to Winter Quarters. It was kept in the astray pound until a friend later delivered it to him in Utah, all for the astray price of five cents.

My Mother told me a story that her Grandmother Caroline Garr had told her about coming across the plains. She said that one day she and some of her friends walked ahead of the company, they had a big black umbrella with them. While they were there, there was a buffalo herd stampede. They couldn't get back to their folks nor could anyone get there to rescue them so they all got under the umbrella and prayed that they would be safe. The buffalo separated and went around them. Later in Mother's life she told Carol the same story only the difference was that there was one buffalo. Just what is the truth we'll never know, but I prefer to believe the first story as Mother was younger and it hadn't been as long since she had been told this story. Also why would you be so afraid of one buffalo.

One year old Nancy Maria, Fielding Garr's granddaughter, was sickly during most of the journey. Many times her mother, Nancy Garr Badger, despaired for the child's life. That she survived that long tedious journey was a miracle.

Rodney Badger arrived in the valley with Brigham Young's company on July 4, 1847. While he was in the valley, he helped build the fort and prepared the way for his family. In the latter part of August 1847, he returned east again to meet the emigrating companies, this time with Brigham Young and 108 men. Whereas President Young was headed east to meet the Saints in Winter Quarter for the purpose of organizing them for their westward trek, Rodney Badger was headed east, anxious to meet the Jedediah M. Grant Company and the Fielding Garr family, particularly his wife, Nancy Garr.

Fielding Garr's sons reported that they arrived in the valley on October 6, 1847. It would be interesting to know of Fielding Garr's impression of the valley. But not one written word has been preserved. Undoubtedly they were happy to have finally arrived at their destination. They saw that the valley was far different from the rich fertile land of Illinois and Missouri and the pastoral beauty of their land in Indiana. Some of the children, having walked most of the way from Winter Quarters to the Great Salt Lake Valley, likely approached the valley with dust covered faces, their

lips parched from the heat of the sun and their feet, tired and blistered. They would especially be happy to have the long journey come to an end and probably breathed a sigh of relief—Zion at last!

Upon arrival in the Salt Lake Valley Fielding Garr camped with his family east of the Old Fort. Like other pioneers, they lived in their tents and wagons until they found shelter in the fort. Because of the influx of Saints that flowed into the valley that fall they had to add two adjoining forts. One on the north and one on the south of the Old Fort. The Garrs and Badger family lived in the North Fort. They lived in the Fort for 2 winters in a one room log home “where the rain and the melted snow seeped through the nearly flat roof, but happily they were protected from the wind.”

Meanwhile the Church leaders had surveyed the land and distributed city blocks and “lots as inheritances” equitably among the saints with the provision the “they were to be used for home or business building only and not to be sold or otherwise disposed of for pecuniary profit.” Each 10acre block was divided into eight and one and a quarter acre lots and supposedly arranged so that the houses on one side of the street were not facing houses on the other side. Fielding Garr’s lot was Lot Seven, Block Seventy-Nine, located on the west side of what is now Third West between South Temple and First South. His son-in-law, Rodney Badger’s lot was adjacent to his. Directly south on Block Sixty-Six were the lots of Robert T. Burton and Nathaniel Very Jones, who unbeknownst to Fielding at this time, would later marry two of his daughters.

The first year in the valley for the Fielding Garr family was typical of many pioneer families living in the fort. Though the winter weather was mild, food was in short supply. Fielding’s daughter, Sarah, described their life that difficult winter of 1847-48;

It was too late in the season to plant crops and food was very scarce. We had only two meals a day, one in the morning and one at sundown. Moldy bran combined with thistles made our bread. The thistles when peeled tasted very much like turnips. We took fresh oxhide, dipped it in scalding water and scraped them. This was boiled for hours and being so tough would last a long time. We killed all of our oxen but one team to furnish food. The bread was made in the form of a large cake (6 qt. Pan) and we were given one piece each at a meal. The children begged for more to eat. Flour became so scarce we traded a pound of butter for a pound of flour. (S.A.G. Burton, personal Reminiscences.)

In reference to their shortage of food, Sarah Garr Burton told her children “how very sad her father felt to see his little children go hungry while he had to eat enough to maintain his strength in order to earn a living.”

When the weather was good they attended Sunday meetings in the Temple Lot Bowery and when the weather was bad in the Fort Bowery. What little education Fielding Garr's younger children received after their arrival in the valley, they obtained in the Fort or in the Fifteenth Ward when it was organized. In the summer of 1848 during the invasion of crickets into the City Creek, which ran north of the fort, in an attempt to drown the crickets were saved by the seagulls. Continuing her reminiscences, Sarah Garr Burton recalled:

We had a small patch of peas on our first lot from which we pick bushels of peas. These with the weed greens and oxbide, formed our principal food.

We did no spinning for a year or two, as we had no flax or wool. We dyed cloth with the bark from trees and used wagon covers to make dresses. My sister sold a silk dress for calico for a dress for herself and baby. Later we did some spinning and made a little homespun cloth and wool bats.

Permission to build homes outside the fort was not given until September of 1848 when Brigham Young returned from Winter Quarters. However there is strong evidence that several homes had been built outside the fort long before this time. In December of 1847, Lorenzo D. Young, willing to run the risk of Indian attacks, moved out of the fort to the log home he had built on his lot during the fall of 1847. Chastised by presiding authorities for doing so, he explained that his sickly wife needed to be located on higher ground. It is very possible that Fielding Garr built his first adobe home on his lot in the fall of 1847, too, and may be one of those two adobe houses listed on Bishop Noble's February 1848 report.

Nevertheless by 1848, Fielding Garr and his son-in-law Rodney Badger, had built their homes on their adjoining lots. Fielding's daughter, Sarah, said their "first permanent home consisted of a three room adobe house, the first to be built outside the fort. Rodney Badger made the adobes and my father, who was a mason, built the house.

Four months after permission was given to build homes outside the fort, Parley P. Pratt wrote, "Our city now began to take form and shape and to be dotted here and there with neat little cottages, or small temporary buildings, composed of adobes or logs. The roofs were generally of poles or timbers covered with earth. Saw mills were now in operation, and a few boards were obtained for floors, doors, etc."

"In the spring of 1849 the people began to move out of the fort onto their city lots," wrote Benjamin Ashby who lived with Bishop Noble in the North Fort. The Garrs apparently did the

same, leaving their cramped quarter in the fort and enjoying for the first time in years, the freedom of a permanent home with more than one room, surrounded by an active and growing community. By this time the city had been divided into 19 wards and a Bishop was appointed in charge of each. The Garrs became members of the 15th ward when it was organized on February 22, 1849 with Abraham O. Smoot sustained as Bishop and Nathaniel V. Jones and William Scarce as 1st and 2nd Counselors respectively.

Also in the spring of 1849 farming land, immediately surrounding the city and called the "Big Field," was divided off into lots of 5 and 10 acres, respectively, and distributed by casting lots. Fielding Garr's son, John, drew a 5 acre lot in the "Big Field" located where the Foothill Drive intersects 13th South today. Like many others the Garrs probably plowed the land and planted wheat and corn. By territorial law, they were required to surround the "Big Field" with one common fence to keep out the cattle. The cattle were allowed to graze only beyond the borders of the "Big Field." On January 30, 1853 Fielding's son transferred this lot to A.P. Rockwood for \$8.00.

After contributing to the growth of the Salt Lake Valley. Fielding Garr had to seek better means of providing for his family. According to his son, Abel, "he took to stock-raising and was soon the owner of a large herd of cattle on Antelope Island in the Great Salt Lake Valley. The move to Antelope Island would be his last and events there would leave a lasting memorial to him.

With several pioneer companies arriving in the valley the fall of 1848, good grazing land was hard to come by. Bishop Noble, his counselor, Thomas Thurston and Fielding Garr were all looking for better pasture lands for their cattle. They found that Antelope Island was almost unrivaled as a herd ground, one of its prime advantages being its isolation. The three men formed a private company and when the 1848-49 winter season approached they took up ranching on the island. Benjamin Ashby, whose widowed mother had married Bishop Noble, wrote of this event, which occurred in 1848 when he was a 21 year old.

Brothers Noble, Garr and Thurston took a ranch on Antelope Island just as

Winter commenced and Old Father Stump, an old bear hunter; Abel Garr; George Thurston and I, Benjamin Ashby, drove their cattle over. These were the first that were driven to the island. We were 3 days on the road. Towards night we crossed the lake, which was dry most of the way. About a ¼ mile from the island, we got into soft mud, and the wagon stuck. I got off my horse, took off the bridle, threw it into the wagon and endeavored to get the wagon out, but was unable to, so it was left and we made our way to the shore, where we camped in the snow. After two days, I wished

to return home and was obliged to wade to the wagon to get my bridle. That was the coldest travel I ever experienced. I did not freeze my feet, but came close to it. (B. Ashby, Autobiography)

Old Father Stump (or Daddy or Doc Stump) is believed to be the first white man to have resided on the island. He is considered a rather mysterious character, his background unknown by historians. He is believed to have “belonged to one of the many fur trapping or exploring groups known to have traveled through what became the Utah Territory. Or he may have been a solitary trapper who liked the island enough to establish a small homestead on it.” Abel Garr and George Thurston were the teenage sons of Fielding Garr and Thomas Thurston. Abel was nearly fifteen. Abel and George stayed alone on the island that winter, with the exception of Father Stump who had his own ranch and herds, and took care of the herds of Noble, Garr and Thurston. Benjamin Ashby, who had represented his step-father, Joseph B. Noble, when taking the herds to Antelope Island, did not write about returning to the island that winter. The 1848-49 winter was especially bitter cold and snowy. How those two young men fared alone on the island that winter is not known. Perhaps one or two of the older sons of Fielding Garr joined them or took their places.

It was most likely in the late fall or early winter of 1849 when Fielding Garr moved his family to Antelope Island to take care of the cattle ranch. “After two year my father two other men took up Antelope Island for a cattle ranch. We crossed to the island by means of a horse and wagon over sand bars covered with course salt. The east of the island was green in summer, and the west side in winter. The cattle lived upon the green sloped or dried grass.” (S.G. Burton, Reminiscences).

Fielding Garr built a five room adobe home near the fresh water spring known as “Garr Springs.” He built the house, facing east “so sturdy – of materials he found on the island—with bomb shelter-thick walls”- that it still stands today in good state of preservation (2006) “nearby may be seen the place where they moulded the adobes from which it was built.” He fashioned the sun-dried adobe bricks of pieces of straw used as binding material and clay. He built foot-thick walls in a traditional house architectural design of the early pioneers. The two square rooms, facing east, were fronted with the typical window-door-door-window façade with a large fireplace in each room on the gabled-end. Fielding Garr was a skilled mason and built his home so well that it has withstood the ravages of time. On January 21, 198e the Garr home was place on the National Register of Historic Places by the U.S. Department of Interior.

The beautiful views from the house across the lake and of sunrises over the eastern mountains must have been impressive to the Garrs. The beach would offer the Garr family much enjoyment as it did others who followed them on the island. His sons were good marksmen, and

could have taken advantage of the wild geese and ducks on the beach if food was scarce. The Garr family had much work to do. There was little time for recreation. Branding time for horses and cattle would be an especially busy time. His sons were expert horsemen and herdsman. Beside the cattle there were six hundred horses turned loose on the island when the Garrs were there, the Church under the direction of Fielding Garr having invested thousands of dollars in valuable stallion and broodmares. They grazed on the southwest part of the island until the snow, their water source disappeared. Then they would come over onto the east side. The sight of seeing these magnificent wild horses come from the west side over the beautiful green eastern slopes of the island was something to behold.

Fielding's sons were sometimes called away on military expeditions against the Indians or other missions. At such times he had the help of the Ashby boys and other young men. His daughters also carried a heavy load with taking care of the chickens, milk, eggs, cooking, feeding the family and hired hands and helping their father with his cattle.

The Garrs had some distant neighbors on the island. They were well acquainted with the Weaver family who lived north of them—the distance unknown. They may possibly have held Sacrament meeting together on Sunday. The Garr and Weaver boys sometimes worked their herds together and were known to be herding Church cattle and their own together on Promontory just west of Brigham City. Later after they left the island permanently, the Garr and Weaver boys settled in Cache County. Father Stump was another neighbor, living two and a fourth miles from the Garr Ranch. His ranch was located at the head of a small, open canyon, against a steep mountain. Later, "feeling that civilization was encroaching upon his rights," he took his horses and cattle to a "secluded spot in Cache Valley." Stump knew the Garrs very well. It was Abel Garr and William Ashby who went in search of him in Cache Valley after the severe winter of 1855-56. He was never found and it was believed he was killed by a Ute Squaw.

There was much traveling back and forth from the island to the city by the Garrs and others. Church cattle was brought to or were removed from the island, sold or herded in other places by the Garr boys. Fielding Garr's son, Abel, wrote that his father was a favorite with the boys who came to work with him. They loved being around him and he delighted in teaching them. Brigham Young was also known to visit the island occasionally.

What finally seemed to be more of a tranquil life for the Garrs was suddenly interrupted by an unexpected tragedy. Fielding Garr's son-in-law, Rodney Badger, was drowned while rescuing a family of emigrants crossing the Weber River, April 29, 1853. His daughter, Nancy, was devastated.

Her sorrow was so deep that she almost became ill. She soon moved to the island with her four children to be close to her beloved, widowed father who would understand her grief. There she continued to help him with his large family.

In 1854, conditions on the island for grazing cattle began to deteriorate. Both the island and the Salt Lake Valley were being infested with a plague of grasshoppers. The lake had also risen, making it necessary to haul cattle back and forth by raft or boat. Brigham Young had the foresight to build a ferry boat, the "Timely Gull." Feed on the island had become scarce due to over-grazing. This necessitated removing cattle from the island. No doubt was of great concern to Fielding Garr.

The rigors of pioneer life finally took their toll on Fielding Garr. His son, Abel, wrote, "In June, 1855 he was taken sick, and on the 15th of the same month he departed this life, leaving eight (actually nine) children and many friends to mourn his loss. Those of his children at his bedside at his death were John, Nancy, Abel, Caroling, Sarah, Benjamin and William." Why his daughter, Mary Virginia, was not mentioned as being at his bedside is not known. His oldest daughter, Eliza Jane Garr Davidson, was living in Indiana. How devastated she must have been when she heard of his death for she had written a loving letter to him on May 20, 1854 that was not received until he had died. It proved that neither distance nor separation could sever the bonds of love and affection the Garr family had for each other and for their father, Fielding Garr.

Caroline Martin Garr

According to her own account, Caroline, Fielding Garr's third daughter, did all the cooking for the Fielding Garr family and ranch hands while they lived on Antelope Island. She was baptized into the Church April 29, 1854 by Elder Andrew Cunningham, then acting Bishop of the Fifteenth Ward. The Bishop, Nathaniel Very Jones, was on a mission to Hindustan. When her father, Fielding Garr, passed away, she was just a few weeks away from her nineteenth birthday. In August of 1855, she returned to live in the city with her sisters and younger brother, Benjamin. In a later account she recalls that it was their brother, John, who helped them move and settle in the Salt Lake home on Fielding Garr's lot. He hauled and chopped enough wood for them for the winter. Within three years, Caroline and all her sisters were married and her brothers were living together in Millville.

On July 7, 1856, her twentieth birth date, Caroline entered into plural marriage as the second wife of Bishop Nathaniel Very Jones of the Fifteenth Ward. He had recently returned from his Hindustan Mission. Her husband was thirty-four. Caroline was sealed to Bishop Jones, as was his first wife, Rebecca Maria Burton, on October 9, 1856 in the Endowment House. Brigham Young performed the ceremony and J.M. Grand and W.W. Phelps were witnesses.

Caroline couldn't have found a finer husband. Nathaniel Very Jones was an excellent man. He was born in New York State and as a seventeen year old was drawn to the western country. He joined the Church in Wisconsin and from that day on was a devoted member. He arrived in Nauvoo the spring of 1843 and was ordained an elder. He immediately left on a mission to Ohio in company with a future brother-in-law, Robert T. Burton. Upon his return he married Robert T. Burton's sister, Rebecca Maria Burton. In Nauvoo he worked on the temple and acted as guard or minuteman until May of 1848 when he and his wife left for Council Bluffs to join the saints there. They arrived just in time for him to join the Mormon Battalion. He became Sergeant of Company D and was chosen as the guard for Colonel John Fremont on their return trip from California. After a short visit with his aged Mother in Ohio, Nathaniel and his family traveled to the Salt Lake Valley, arriving August 1848. He built his home on lot one, block sixty-six, next door to Robert T. Burton, a block south of the Badgers and the Garrs. At the April 1851 General Conference, he was sustained as Bishop of the Fifteenth Ward with Andrew Cunningham and Rodney Badger as his counselors. While serving as Bishop he was called to establish a mission in Hindustan, India—acting as president of that mission until October 4, 1855. When he returned and resumed his duties as Bishop. In the spring of 1856, he was sent to Nevada for the purpose of manufacturing lead. By March of 1857 he had accomplished all he was set out to do, apparently returning to the Salt Lake Valley twice during that time, once to marry and the second time to be sealed to Caroline Garr. Upon his return in March of 1857, he was sealed to two other women, Eliza Reed and Eliza Brown. He held many offices among which were counselor, selectman and alderman in Salt Lake County. He was acting colonel during the Utah War. From 1859-1861 he served a mission in England, part of the time as mission president. Soon after his return home he was sent to Iron County to establish iron works, mining ore to determine the best prospects for making steel. The prospects were so great that Brigham Young requested his return to Salt Lake to find ore for making steel closer at hand. In November 1862 he moved his family back to Salt Lake and in procuring wood for his family in the mountains that November, he was in a very severe storm, almost perishing. He developed a serious cold from which he never recovered. He died of pneumonia February 1863 at the age of forty.

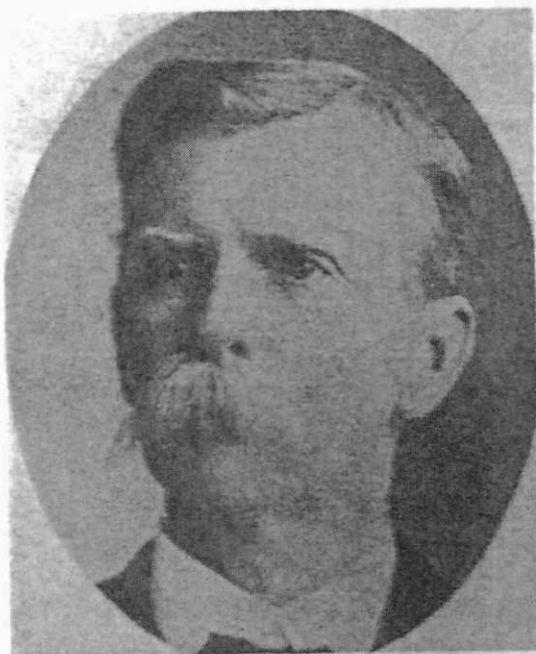
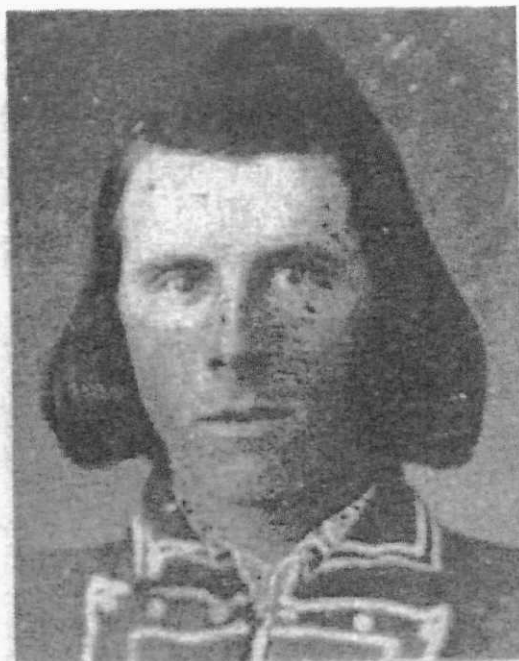
A month previous to her husband's death, Caroline gave birth to her first child, a son, whom they named Mark Very Jones. A new life was given and a life taken. Caroline was a new mother and a widow at the age of twenty-six.

In 1863, weeks or months after her husband's death, Caroline Garr Jones and her baby moved to Millville where she kept house for her brothers for five years. She returned to the Salt Lake Valley in October 1868, at which time she sold her third of the original city lot she inherited from Fielding Garr, including the house (which she had probably rented to her sister, Mary Virginia Ashby and husband until they moved to St. George in the summer of 1868) for \$700.00.

No doubt while in Salt Lake, Caroline visited with her sisters, Nancy and Sarah Anne-both of whom had been living within a block of each other. A few months on December 22, 1868 she went back again to Millville where she was married to John Reed Clark Jamison. She move with her husband to Fairview, Idaho and had two more children, a son and a daughter.

Caroline had a deep sense of loyalty to the Garr Family and corresponded with her sisters by letter. She passed through all the trials incident to pioneer life in Salt Lake Valley and elsewhere. She was "true and faithful to all the principals of the gospel espoused as a young girl and throughout her life.

The last years of her life she lived with her daughter and her husband, Alexander Willard Larsen at their home in Fairview, Idaho. She died November 2, 1912 and is buried in Fairview. She was seventy-six. (From the Fielding Garr and his family book)



The Garr Boys

Starting top left and reading clockwise: John Turner, William Henry, Abel Weaver and Benjamin Franklin Garr (Photos courtesy of Clyde Linder).



The Garr Girls

Top left: Nancy Garr Badger Stringham. Top Right: Sarah Anna Garr Burton in her wedding dress. Bottom right: A 1893 photo of Abel Weaver Garr with his three sisters: Caroline Martin Garr Jones Jamison seated left; Sarah Anna Garr Burton, standing; Nancy Garr Badger Stringham, seated right.



Uncle Charley and Aunt Eliza's family has played such a part in the lives of the Harding family with many wonderful experiences down through the years. The picture below is a Harding and Smith reunion at Mt. Ogden Stake Camp in Ogden Canyon. Some time in the 1970's you can see the Christophers yellow truck in the back ground. Uncle Charley Smith standing by the tree and you



may recognize some others in the pictures below.



Harding Reunion at the Mt. Ogden Stake Camp in Ogden Canyon

later part of the 70's , Uncle Charles Smith standing by the tree it

may be Blake leaning over, may be Tim Harding next then Mike & Jill Barlow.

The picture to the right is the same reunion Anna Barlow and DeWayne octioning of things for the Harding fund.

Aunt Eliza Smith nursing Graduation >>>>



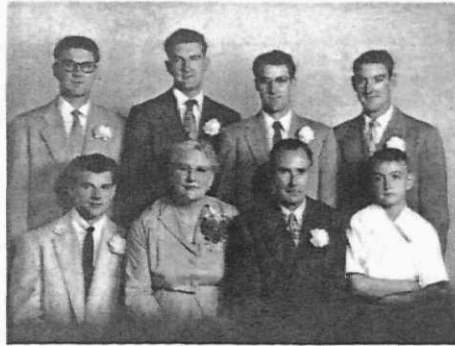
Charles Smith & Eliza Handy Hardings Wedding

26, Nov. 1926 picture



Back row Left to Right= Gladys, Aronold, Donald, Fred, Beth, Gerald

Front row= Harold, Eliza, Charlie, Ronold, LaVell.



Back Row= Harold, Ronald, Donald, Fred.
Front Row= Arnold, Eliza, Charles, Gerald.



Charlie & Eliza Smith home in South Weber.

4	M	Ronald Harding (Twin) Smith				
		Spouse	Ellen Larsen		MRIN: 126	
		Married	29 Jun 1956	Place Logan, Cache, Utah	Sealed to spouse	
5	M	Arnold Raymond Smith				
		Born	11 Sep 1936	Place Ogden, Weber, Utah	Baptized	1 Oct 1944
					Endowed	
					Sealed to parents	BIC
		Spouse	Patricia Ann Nilsson		MRIN: 127	
		Married	31 Dec 1959 (Div)	Place Ogden, Weber, Utah	Sealed to spouse	
		Spouse	Nanette Buchler		MRIN: 358	
		Married	27 Jun 1979	Place Ogden, Weber, Utah	Sealed to spouse	
6	M	Gerald Robert Smith				
		Born	1 Sep 1945	Place Ogden, Weber, Utah	Baptized	7 Sep 1953
					Endowed	23 Feb 1966 SLK?
					Sealed to parents	BIC
		Spouse	Patsy Ann Beinnup		MRIN: 128	
		Married	6 Dec 1968	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Sealed to spouse	6 Dec 1968 SLAKE

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Husband		Charles Herbert Smith			
Born	9 Dec 1902	Place	Gravesend, Kent, England	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Died	10 Oct 1983	Place	Ogden, Weber, Utah	Baptized	20 Apr 1913
Buried	14 Oct 1983	Place	Ogden, Weber, Utah	Endowed	26 Nov 1926 LOGAN
Married	26 Nov 1926	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	Sealed in parents	27 Apr 1916 LOGAN
				Sealed to spouse	26 Nov 1926 SLK
Husband's father	James Herbert Smith				MRIN: 3
Husband's mother	Gertrude Florence Robinson				
Wife		Eliza (Alice) Handy Harding			
Born	9 Nov 1907	Place	Preston, Franklin, Idaho	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Died	11 Jul 1983	Place	Ogden, Weber, Utah	Baptized	28 May 1917
Buried		Place	Ogden, Weber, Utah	Endowed	26 Nov 1926 SLK
				Sealed to parents	
Wife's father	Frederick William Harting				MRIN: 122
Wife's mother	Lucy Elhara Handy				
Children		List each child in order of birth.		LDS ordinance dates	Temple
1	M	Fred Herbert Smith			
		Born	9 Jan 1928	Place	Ogden, Weber, Utah
		Died	11 Jan 1965	Place	Ogden, Weber, Utah
		Buried		Place	Ogden, Weber, Utah
		Spouse	Elizabeth Kap		MRIN: 123
		Married	13 Apr 1949	Place	Ogden, Weber, Utah
2	M	Harold Charles Smith			
		Born	15 Jul 1929	Place	Ogden, Weber, Utah
				Baptized	1 Sep 1937
				Endowed	10 Mar 1950 HAWAII
				Sealed to parents	BIC
		Spouse	Gladys Ruth Lee		MRIN: 124
		Married	26 Dec 1952 (Div)	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
		Spouse	Marcia Ruth Triplett		MRIN: 398
		Married	24 June 1977	Place	Minneapolis, Hennepin, Minnesota
3	M	Donald Robinson (Twin) Smith			
		Born	20 Apr 1932	Place	South Weber, Davis, Utah
				Baptized	2 Jun 1940
				Endowed	14 Mar 1951 LOGAN
				Sealed to parents	BIC
		Spouse	Carol LaVell Barker		MRIN: 125
		Married	14 Mar 1951	Place	Logan, Cache, Utah
				Sealed to spouse	14 Mar 1951 LOGAN
4	M	Ronald Harding (Twin) Smith			
		Born	20 Apr 1932	Place	South Weber, Davis, Utah
				Baptized	2 Jun 1940
				Endowed	29 Jun 1956 LOGAN
				Sealed to parents	BIC

My Research on the Harding Family

By Doran Heap Barlow

The family has asked me many times about my research and temple experiences that I have had in the past years. When I and Anna came here in the fall of 1953. I bought the little home on 3418 Eccles with out mother seeing it. A little home 24 feet by 26 feet and mother was not very happy with me. We had very little money and I had been down here in Ogden for some time and was staying with Dortha and Darrel Bell and working at the Ogden Iron Works. Anna was still up to Fairview with her mother along with Dora Ann, Ruelene and Brenda . I was anxious for us to be together again.

As I was saying, the living room was small, as were the two bed rooms. We ended up putting a oil furnace in part of the one bed room that the girls had.. The home was heated by a coal stove in the living room. I had Roger Barlow put in a Lennox oil furnace and a short time later we had gas come to our street and I changed over to gas. The bath room was very small as was the kitchen. We went to work immediately to build on, which turned out to be three times. Vaughan Larsen and so many of our neighbors helped us in our struggle . We had gravel roads and they were building a new L.D.S. church between 36th and 37th st. on Eccles Ave., we were in the 37th Ward and was going to church down in the Burch Creek school house down on about 40th and Adams Ave.

It was during this time, I went out to the Clearfield State Bank to do our banking, that I met Jessie Barlow who was Director of the bank. When he found out who I was he invited me to the Israel Barlow family meeting at I Haven Barlow's store in Layton. Here I met more Barlow's than I had ever met before and all were descendants of Israel Barlow as I was. Here I found out that I was a rare breed. I was a grandson of Israel and Lucy Heap, most of them were of Elizabeth Haven and much farther down the line. I was a member of the Nathan Barlow family and the Lucy Heap line, a large family that they had very little contact with in the past.. It took little time until they had me pumped up with the Spirit of Elijah and I was ready to become a part of this great work and in no time they had me installed as one of their directors of the Israel Barlow Family and processed me three times as president down through the years.

Some time after that, I and Anna went up to Lava Hot Springs to a Frederick William Harding family reunion. They had a family meeting on genealogy and Aunt Mable Harding was the one doing research and they wanted some one to help. Aunt Mable had done a great job with what she had to work with and the time period in which she did it. They were not getting any response from the family, so I told Anna that I would help. So from then on I became a part of the research team of the family.

They informed me that Frederick Williams father was Frederick Harding, a captain of a large fishing ship and died at sea. They had a picture of him in his uniform and felt sure that was what took place. This same trade was passed down to the present Harding boys, that has made them such good fisherman. The family had no birth nor death certificate. So I went to Salt Lake City to the genealogy building that was, at that time in an old five and ten cent store of some kind. I took the picture the family had of Frederick Harding to one of the workers there, showing him the picture and telling him the family's story. He smiled and said he isn't a fisherman he is a Sergeant in the Royal Marine Artillery. The same kind of work our coast guards do for us.

He told me to write to Lt .Col. M .E .S Laws at Seven Oaks, Kent, England. Which I did.. The report came back indicating that Frederick Harding. was born at Farlington, two and one half miles west by south of Havent, Southampton, Eng. He enlisted in the Portsmouth Division of the Royal Marines, the 30th company R.A. on 8th March 1853 as a gunner .He was then 20 years of age, five feet seven inches tall, blue eyes and light brown hair and fair completion. He was a groom by trade prior to his enlistment..

He later enlisted at the divisional Head Quarters at Gosport on the 3rd Jan. 1856, then transferred to the Royal Artillery. He was put in the 14th company R. M. A., where Frederick remained in the service until his death on the 29th Nov. 1871 at Seven Worsley St. Eastney Barracks, Portsea, Southampton, Eng.. Frederick died of Aneurism eight months certified. and Eliza Harding was present at time of his death. According to the death certificate I received from the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, Eng. 9th Mar. 1964.

I then sent to the Register Office, Somerset House, London, Eng.. got their marriage certificate, indicating he and Eliza were married 18th, Dec. 1861 in the Parish of St. James in Bath, Somerset , Eng. A very old Roman city and resort town, a very interesting place. I and Anna visited , Bath, Portsmouth, Havent, where much of this happened. We also went into the flat where Frederick and Eliza lived and where Frederick died, some years ago while visiting Debbie and Lyle and family in England. I sent for Fredericks death certificate, also birth certificate's of Eliza Ann, indicating her birth 11th Feb. 1866, Frederick William, 24th Nov. 1867 and Alice Harding, 13th Jan. 1869. All births was at Portsea Island, Hampshire, Eng. Alice died 6th Aug. 1869.

After receiving much of the information from England on the Hardings I thought that it would be well if I could find information on Eliza Millard Harding and Robert Wayman in the Preston, Idaho area. So back to Salt Lake City to the Genealogy Department I went. They said that I needed to go to the Church Office Building to get the membership records. I went up there and was sent into the office of Joseph fielding Smith. He was the Apostle that visited my mission, the East Central States. I was laboring in the Ky. West District. just a few years earlier. What a surprise to sit down and have an Apostle council me about the early records of Preston, known as Worm Creek Branch and later on three wards were created from it. I told him of our contact in Ky. some years ago and what I was doing, he was very kind and willing to assist me in any way he could. It was a special experience to sit down on a one to one with him and he didn't seem to be in any hurry. I was the only one he had in the church records office at the time. Another up day for me.

In 1965 after I had received the birth, marriage and death certificates on the Hardings I thought that I ought to get all the information on the William Frederick and Lucy Elenora Handy family and make up a packet of family group sheet to send out to the Harding family. I wrote letters to all of the living children and searched as much as I could..

I n July 1965 I had eight sheets made up with pedigree, family group and some with birth, marriage, and death certificate's, also some with pictures of the family. I was taking care of the tabernacle here in Ogden at the time. Wayne E. Devereaux was the organist for many of the Stakes in the Ogden, and Roy area, also helped maintain the Tabernacle Organ in Salt Lake as well as the Ogden Tabernacle. Wayne told me that Wayne Carrel in Salt Lake could help me put these sheets together. With the experties of Wayne Carrel. I then printed out 200 sets in July 1965, for a Harding family reunion. It was then that I was informed that I had several dates wrong, but I had requested the information for some time, most responded but some were reluctant.

It seems that is a typical experience that you get in gleaning information from families. Never the less I had more accurate information than any of the family had ever had. Even if I blew the fisherman story that William Frederick Harding died at sea and that fisherman skill was passed down to the Harding boys.

In my search, I found out that Eliza Millard's mother, Ann Derrick Millard had sailed on 2, Jun 1869 on the ship Minnesota, for New York. With her were her sons William Millard, Henry Millard, Elizabeth Millard, William Millard Jr Also John Millard, Joseph and Sarah Millard believed to be children of William Millard. Arriving in New York, then boarding the train for Ogden, Utah, arriving on the 25, Jun 1869, under the direction of Elder Morris, a returning missionary. An inserting note, is that this was the same year that the two rail roads came together and the driving of the Golden Spike. I'm sure that there was much talk, that they were some of the first to ride the new transcontinental railroad that had just been completed on the 10, May 1869 at Promontory Point, in Box Elder, County, Utah. Just a few week ahead of their arrival. PS. Also the year that my father Nathan Barlow was born in Bountiful, Davis, Utah.

Ann Derrick Millard had only been in Ogden a little over a years. I'm sure the long trip over here and the many hardships they went through took it's toll on her. She died on 15, Oct. 1869 in Ogden, at the age of 74 and was buried in a lot provided by her doctor, Doctor W. B. Corbitt. On finding out that Ann Derrick Millard was buried here in the Ogden Cemetery we had the people in charge locate her grave site. It was nearly 100 years since she was buried. We found her grave in the West lower end of the cemetery with a large spruce growing over it, with no markers of any kind. Knowing this we found some Millard's here in Ogden that belonged to the same line as we did. They were unaware of Ann Derrick's M. burial here in Ogden Cemetery. We contacted them, they agreed to help the Harding family to place a headstone for her grave. That brought so much peace and joy to the Harding family knowing that we have located our first ancestor. We have Ann's Baptism. Endowment and sealing all on the 13, Jan. 1885 in Logan Temple, she may have been a member before she left England..

Her daughter Eliza was Baptized in 1853 by her brother William Millard who had been baptized in 1850. Eliza had a strong testimony of the church, proving this by the hardships she went through coming to America and bringing her two children, Eliza Ann and Frederick William Harding here to Ogden; coming on the ship Idaho, from Liverpool, Eng. to New York. They arrived here in Ogden, 22, Jul. 1875 on the train with 755 immigrants aborad with C.G. Larsen in charge.

I want to insert a special experience I had while writing the life of Eliza Millard Harding. My mind was laboring with the decisions and challenges she was faced with. When all of a sudden I felt like I was witnessing the heaviness that she must have felt. I was overcome with emotions, bringing tears to my eyes, when Anna came into the room where I was working and asked what was wrong. I broke down and sobbed telling her of my experience and that I felt so close to her great grandmother Eliza Millard Harding. I feel that she was directing my thoughts at this time, I feel that I know her and much of her feeling, having been to England to their birth places and the beautiful area's that was so much a part of their lives. I also know that those, that have passed on are not far away, helps us in locating their records, as I have witnessed several times in this work.

Some years later Debbie and Lyle and family went over to England while Lyle was working for the Air Force. Anna and I went over and visited with them and while there, I went into London and had the opportunity to go to the Somerset House. They have birth's, death and marriages back to 1830 for all England and Wales. St. Catharine has records of the census. for England and Wales. Somerset House has large tall tables, the tops are on a tilt and the books are the old kind that you see in medieval period, very large and you had to stand at the tables to read them.

It was awesome to be able to look into records that were so old. I had only seen them in movie's and read about them. Here I'm touching them and reading what took place many years ago. In order to obtain any records you had to know the quarter that the record may be in, for all records are entered in the quarters that the event took place. All that I would need, is one of those old wigs that were worn by the lords and old English scholars back in that time period. I couldn't believe that it was me that was experiencing this event.

While on the subject of old records, while Anna and I were over there in Huntingdon, I believe that was the place, we had gone over to be with Debbie and Lyle in Huntingdon, England. Debbie was expecting Amy We left here on the 5, Nov. 1986. While there with the Cox's, there was a Brother James Deal that was in charge of genealogy and had asked Anna and I to go with him to the Huntingdon Family History Society to help recording of old records that were several hundred years old and needed to be preserved. What an experience that turned out to be. Here we were handling and seeing parish records that were two and three hundred years old, on very large books like the ones at Somerset House in London. We could see back in time where a mother or a child would die then maybe several members of the family would die in a short time. You could almost read what was going on back in that time period. What sacred records we were viewing. It was almost like the veil had been lifted permitting us to view the hardship and challenges of the past.. If ever our hearts were turned back to our ancestors and the many struggles they went through it was then.

While there, Bro. Deal had us go to the London Temple. We were treated just like we were members of their ward. They had us speak in church and involved us in all of their ward activity and made us so welcome. They went to church in an old rock building several hundred years old, very little heat and the High Priests met in a little area that was the men's restroom with no heat. This was in Dec.1986 as you know, no snow but foggy and cold. This was a teaching and learning lesson of humility and appreciation for the blessing we have here.

I'm going to relate another experience in my research work. Anna and I were visiting Aunt Mary Martin one evening when she asked if I had done any research on Grandma May, or Francis Maria Fletcher as they called her. I said, that I haven't, she then said that her mother Lucy Elnora Handy Harding had passed away in 1914, when she was only five years old. That Maria married her father Frederick W Harding 16 Feb. 1916, and that she is the only mother she knows. I told her that I haven't and that I know very little about her life, that I would be happy to do research on the Fletcher and Francis line.

There was very little information that I could glean from the family. So I went to Salt Lake Family History Center concentrating my search on Francis Maria Fletcher. It wasn't long until I came up with a marriage date of Alexander Henry Fletcher and Amelia Francis, on the 7th Jul. 1846 at St. Paul Deptford, Kent, England. They were listed as Maria's parents by the Harding family.

Not long after I got the marriage date of Maria's parents again, I found a Mary Ann Fletcher born 27, May 1847 at St. Paul Deptford, Kent, England listing her parents the same as Maria's.

Could Mary Ann and Francis Maria be sisters with so many years apart? After having put extra research into this, it looked as though they could be.

Time went on Aunt Mary passed away and Anna was in the Mt. Ogden Rest Home when Percy J. Smith from Orem, Ut. brought a document telling about Francis Maria Fletchers life. It stated that she was one of ten children and that six died in infancy. Her mother was in delicate health with spine trouble for many years. She cared for her mother and father in their failing years until their death.. It was said by the family that she was an orphan, so finding that there were more children, came as a great surprise to me. I then was determined to find her family and tie her to Mary Ann Fletcher and her parents. With more searching and determination I found more of her family in the 1881 census. film # 1341166 Deptford, St. Paul, Kent, Eng. Dwelling 10 Florence Street.. Alexander Henry, father 55, Amelia Francis 57 wife, Henry J. Fletcher son unmarried 26 Engine Fitter, William G. Fletcher son 24, Engine pattern maker, Maria Francis 18 Daughter Dressmaker. I also found in the 1871 census the same family, listing another child Elizabeth Ann Fletcher 11 years of age. Did she die or did she get married? There are many unanswered questions on the life of the Fletcher and Francis family.

There is a most interesting event that has shown up pertaining to Mary Ann and Francis Maria Fletcher. Mary Ann's birth 27 May, 1847 and Francis Maria 9, Oct 1866 nearly 20 years apart. Making it still more remarkable, is that Mary Ann Fletcher married Aunt Eliza Smith's husband, "Charles Smith's grand father Robert Smith, in 1865" and she had a son Walter Edward Smith. This marriage lasted until Mary Ann's death 2, Jun 1873. Then Robert Smith married Sarah Ann McKee who became the grandmother of Uncle Charles and great grandmother to all of Uncle Charles and Aunt Eliza's children, or your Smith cousin's.

Maria was not even born until after Mary Ann had married Robert Smith. Mary Ann had her son, Walter Edward Smith on 31, Oct. 1866 the same year that Maria was born. Mary Ann died on 2 Jul 1873, Maria only about six to seven years old at the time, we don't know how close they lived to each other at that time. We know that later on in life that Maria was a dressmaker and was affiliated with the Smith's at Gravesend, Kent, England, working for them and during this time heard about the Church and was baptized. The Smiths immigrated to Utah promising Maria that they would help her come later.

Another set of events took place Aunt Eliza's and Alonzo Hardings mother, Lucy Elnora died 14 Sep. 1914, leaving William Frederick with a large family to take care of. About the same time the Smiths had sponsored Francis Maria Fletcher to come to America .. It turned out that when she got here with the Smiths, Maria was asked by the family to go to Preston and help Aunt Eliza's father with their large family She accepted their request. After taking care of the family for some time William F. Harding married Marie.

A interesting scenario, Uncle Charley's grandfather married Mary Ann nearly fifty years before Maria married Aunt Eliza's father. So If one was to define how the Fletcher sister fit in to the Smith and Harding family, Aunt Eliza might say. Mary Ann Fletcher could have become my great grandmother and her sister Maria became my stepmother. I still haven't figured out why Aunt Mary and Aunt Eliza and the two families didn't know more about the Fletcher family. They being so involved with the two families like they were.

Descendants of ALONZO HAZELTON HARDING-2SVB-T3

26 Aug 2006

4. BRYCE BARLOW FOX (b.1973)

sp: JULIA EMMA JOHNSON (b.1974;m.1995)

5. Nathaniel Bryce FOX (b.1997)

5. Jocelyn Anne Fox (b.1998)

5. Allison Julia Fox (b.2000)

5. Spencer Johnson Fox (b.2004)

5. Adam Barlow FOX (b.2006)

4. ALLEN LINDSEY FOX (b.1976)

sp: JANNA Arlene MATSON (b.1979;m.1999)

5. Caleb Allen FOX (b.2001)

5. Sarah Arlene FOX (b.2003)

4. ANNA MAE FOX (b.1978)

sp: Mathew David Horne (b.1978;m.2002)

5. Mikell Anna Horne (b.2006)

4. DARRELL JAMES FOX (b.1980)

sp: Melissa Kay Hunt (b.1980;m.2001)

5. Rylee Kay FOX (b.2002)

4. BRENDA RUELENE FOX (b.1983)

sp: Joshua Verl Densley (b.1982;m.2004)

4. EDWARD GEORGE FOX (b.1986)

3. BRENDA BARLOW-2SVB-KP (b.1950)

sp: BLAIN JAY WELLING-64GZ-6X (b.1946;m.1968)

4. COREY JAY WELLING (b.1972)

sp: Hailey Colleen Voss (b.1978;m.2002)

4. TAUSHA WELLING (b.1975)

sp: KEVIN MICHAEL LARSON (b.1974;m.1999)

4. TRACEY JAY WELLING (b.1976)

sp: TRISHA NICOLE SCOBLE (b.1978;m.1998)

5. MADISON NICOLE WELLING (b.2000)

5. Meaghan Laura Welling (b.2001)

5. Anna Moriah WELLING (b.2004)

4. PAUL Barlow WELLING (b.1980)

sp: Caddie Jancan Jenkins (b.1981;m.2002)

5. Benjamin Jaydon WELLING (b.2005)

3. BEVERLY BARLOW-2SVB-LV (b.1954)

sp: RICHARD TWITCHELL HOLBROOK-64CZ-9G (b.1946;m.1975)

4. MICHELLE HOLBROOK (b.1977)

sp: GREG LEE NELSON (b.1975;m.1994)

5. Natasha Nicole NELSON (b.1995)

5. KAYLEE ANN NELSON (b.1997)

5. Logan Greg NELSON (b.2002)

4. MELANIE HOLBROOK (b.1979)

sp: DAVID MAURICE PARKER (b.1972;m.1999)

5. Elianna PARKER (b.2002)

5. Elizabeth Grace PARKER (b.2006)

4. MICHAEL RICHARD HOLBROOK (b.1982;d.1998)

4. MAIHEW BARLOW HOLBROOK (b.1985)

3. DORAN BRADLEY BARLOW-2SVB-HC (b.1954)

sp: ALICE CARRIE CALLAHAN-64GZ-AL (b.1955;m.1976)

4. CASSANDRIA ALICE BARLOW (b.1977)

sp: STEVEN ALBERT MARTINDALE (b.1972;m.1998)

5. Lily Anne Elise Martindale (b.2001)

5. Joshua Everett MARTINDALE (b.2003)

4. LEANNE MARIE BARLOW (b.1979)

sp: SCOTT DAVID LAURITZEN (b.1970;m.1998)

5. Katie Marie LAURITZEN (b.2001)

5. Brock David LAURITZEN (b.2003)

4. CARRIE ANNA BARLOW (b.1981)

sp: Russel Devin Niebuhr (b.1980;m.2002)

5. Alexander Russel Niebuhr (b.2005)

4. JUDSON DORAN BARLOW (b.1983)

4. JOSEPH BRADLEY BARLOW (b.1986)

3. DEBRA BARLOW-2SVB-M2 (b.1956)

sp: LYLE RICHARD COX-68M6-5D (b.1957;m.1978)

4. JEREMY LYLE COX (b.1979)

sp: Sara Emily whiting (b.1982;m.2002)

5. Jackson Jeremy COX (b.2005)

4. KATHY COX (b.1982)

4. KAMI COX (b.1982)

4. AMY SUE COX (b.1986)

4. TYLER LYNN COX (b.1989)

3. MICHAEL HARDING BARLOW-2SVB-N7 (b.1958)

sp: JILL ANN CLARK-1RRN-WD (b.1959;m.1980(Div))

4. JUSTIN CLARK BARLOW (b.1988)

4. RODNEY MICHAEL BARLOW (b.1989)

sp: REBECCA VIEHWEG (b.1957;m.2000(Div))

4. Heidi BARLOW (b.1984)

sp: Kayle George Kendall (b.1982;m.2004)

3. PATRICIA BARLOW-64HO-9K (b.1962)

sp: CHARLES MILTON BERGLUND (b.1960;m.1982)

4. JAMES CHARLES BERGLUND (b.1984)

4. BRADLEY JAY BERGLUND (b.1986)

4. LYLE SCOTT BERGLUND (b.1987)

4. JULIANE BERGLUND (b.1997)

3. BRYANT NORMAN BARLOW-2SVB-QK (b.1965)

sp: EMILY HOLMES (b.1965;m.1985)

1. ALONZO HAZELTON HARDING-2SVB-T3 (b.1900;d.1938)

sp: MARGARET RUE LARSEN-2SVB-V8 (b.1902;m.1922;d.1957)

2. ANNA HARDING-2SVB-SW (b.1923;d.2002)

sp: DORAN HEAP ** BARLOW-2SVB-RQ (b.1920;m.1943)

3. DORA ANN BARLOW-2SVB-G6 (b.1944)

sp: LARRY LEE TESCH-64GZ-74 (b.1943;m.1964)

4. REBECCA TESCH (b.1965)

sp: MARK ROBERT NUTTALL (b.1963;m.1986)

5. JARED MARK NUTTALL (b.1988)

5. KRISTIE LYNN NUTTALL (b.1992)

5. TYLER JAMES NUTTALL (b.1997)

4. JEFFREY ALAN TESCH (b.1968)

sp: LAURA LOUISE LORR (b.1969;m.1990)

5. Auston Jeffrey TESCH (b.1995)

5. Jaclyn Jade TESCH (b.1999)

5. Noah Anthony TESCH (b.2001)

5. Daniel Joseph TESCH (b.2002)

5. Abigail Jordan Tesch (b.2002)

4. STEPHEN BARLOW TESCH (b.1970)

sp: CANDICE ANN BEHUNIN (b.1973;m.1993)

5. JOSHUA STEPHEN TESCH (b.1994)

5. SPENCER MICHAEL TESCH (b.1996)

5. ANDREW JAMES TESCH (b.1998)

5. Genevieve Lucille TESCH (b.1999)

5. Elizabeth Ann TESCH (b.2002)

5. Moriah Faith TESCH (b.2003)

4. JENNIFER TESCH (b.1973)

sp: JASON LLOYD BOWLES (b.1972;m.1995)

5. JAYDEN TESCH BOWLES (b.1998)

5. Madelyn Ann BOWLES (b.2003)

4. CURTIS MICHAEL TESCH (b.1976)

sp: Rebekah Lynae McGeorge (b.1976;m.2001)

5. Elijah Curtis TESCH (b.2003)

5. Aubrie Kathryn TESCH (b.2005)

3. RUELENE BARLOW-2SVB-JJ (b.1947;d.2001)

sp: MYRON LEROY FOX JR.-3X7M-42 (b.1945;m.1968)

4. CALVIN LEROY FOX (b.1971)

sp: DEBIWE HARMON (b.1973;m.1994)

5. FION FENRIS FOX (b.1995)

5. GAWAIN GREGOR FOX (b.1997)

5. HYRUM HARIAN FOX (b.1999)

5. CARLIN CORDELIA FOX (b.2003)

5. DYMPHNA DESIDERATE FOX (b.2003)

4. RENDON HOLMES BARLOW (b.1989)

4. SHELDON YEOMAN BARLOW (b.1992)

4. PARKER JOHN BARLOW (b.1995)

4. Abbey BARLOW (b.2001)

4. Grace Carolina BARLOW (b.2003)

2. NORMA HARDING-64H0-R0 (b.1925)

sp: THADDEUS SZYMANSKI-DG2C-PP (b.1919;m.1945;d.1996)

3. LON HARDING SZYMANSKI (b.1947)

sp: MOZELLE HARMON (b.1947;m.1969)

4. JARED LON SZYMANSKI (b.1972)

sp: RACHELLE MOON (m.1999)

5. Brita SZYMANSKI (b.2001)

5. Leah SZYMANSKI (b.2002)

4. ERIC TODD SZYMANSKI (b.1973)

sp: KATHLEEN TAYLOR (b.1974;m.1997)

5. ALYSE SZYMANSKI (b.1999)

5. Anne SZYMANSKI (b.2000)

5. Brandon Eric SZYMANSKI (b.2004)

5. Alex Todd SZYMANSKI (b.2005)

4. AMBER SZYMANSKI (b.1975)

4. CHAD AARON SZYMANSKI (b.1977)

sp: JULIANNE STEURER (m.1998)

5. Brooke SZYMANSKI (b.2000)

5. Coda Aaron SZYMANSKI (b.2002)

5. Collin Thaddeus SZYMANSKI (b.2003)

5. Cameron Jeffrey SZYMANSKI (b.2005)

4. AMY SZYMANSKI (b.1979)

4. DEVIN JAY SZYMANSKI (b.1981)

4. KATIE SZYMANSKI (b.1982)

sp: Richard Keith Childs (m.2004)

5. Carly Childs (b.2005)

4. ALLISON SZYMANSKI (b.1985)

3. CHRISTINE SZYMANSKI (b.1948)

sp: JOHN H. MOORE (b.1946;m.1972)

4. JAMES THAD MOORE (b.1973;d.1973)

4. JOHN GLEN MOORE (b.1973;d.1973)

4. NATHAN ALLEN MOORE (b.1976)

sp: KRISTINA MARIE HODSON (m.2003)

5. Evelyn Marie MOORE (b.2004)

4. CATHERINE MOORE (b.1977)

sp: Shelby Hoffman Saberon (m.1999)

5. Maximo Benjamin Saberon (b.2000)

5. Simon Glenn Saberon (b.2003)

Descendants of ALONZO HAZELTON HARDING-2SVB-T3

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sp: SIARON ANDERSON (b.1954;m.1980)

4. Jay Allen SZYMANSKI (b.1981)

sp: Katie Gore (b.1976;m.2004)

5. K'leigh Marie Mahey (b.1998)

4. DAVID PAUL SZYMANSKI (b.1982)

4. KENT LEWIS SZYMANSKI (b.1984)

4. RYAN SCOTT SZYMANSKI (b.1986)

4. ANGELA SZYMANSKI (b.1989)

4. JUSTIN IL SZYMANSKI (b.1992)

2. DEWAYNE LARSEN HARDING-64H0-S5 (b.1927)

sp: CLARA LOUISE MC NEELY-DG2C-QV (b.1929;m.1947)

3. DAVID CECIL HARDING (b.1953)

sp: DOREEN LYNN MICHAUD (b.1958;m.1981)

4. JESSICA ROSE HARDING (b.1983)

sp: Ryan Douglas Lindsay (b.1979;m.2006)

4. Zachary DAVID HARDING (b.1988)

3. DANIEL LON HARDING (b.1953)

sp: ELAINE SNYDER (b.1951;m.1975)

4. RACHEL HARDING (b.1976)

4. SARAH LOUISA HARDING (b.1978)

sp: Lamar Daniel Breshears (b.1979;m.2005)

4. DANIEL SNYDER HARDING (b.1982)

3. SUE ANN HARDING (b.1958)

sp: SAMUEL LESLIE GEORGE (b.1949;m.1977)

4. JOSHUA SAMUEL GEORGE (b.1978)

sp: Julie Ann CUNNINGHAM (b.1976;m.2000;d.2003)

5. Jackson Mc Neely GEORGE (b.2002)

sp: Jenna Lee Gardner Comin (b.1981;m.2005)

5. Samuel Tod Comin (b.2003)

5. Cooper Joshua GEORGE (b.2006)

4. LESLIE ANN GEORGE (b.1979)

sp: Jared John Tyson (b.1978;m.2001)

5. Samuel Mark Tyson (b.2004)

4. MICHAEL KENNETH GEORGE (b.1982)

4. TIMOTHY LARSEN GEORGE (b.1984)

4. MATTHEW DAVID GEORGE (b.1988)

4. LACEY CHRISTINA GEORGE (b.1992)

3. CHRISTY LYNNE HARDING (b.1963)

sp: BRUCE VERNES ANDREWS (b.1963;m.1985)

4. CHRISTOPHER BRUCE ANDREWS (b.1992)

4. Conner Harding ANDREWS (b.1995)

4. Colbie Lynne ANDREWS (b.1999)

2. CAROL HARDING-DG2C-R2 (b.1929)

Dana 2

sp: LA VELLE BARLOW BAIR-64H0-TB (b.1923;m.1946(Div))

3. CAROLYN BAIR (b.1947)

sp: LAURENCE CLARK WHITE (b.1942;m.1966(Div))

4. RACHEL WHITE (b.1969)

sp: Ted Colby (m.1997(Div))

4. CLARK L. WHITE (b.1971)

sp: Jennette Dimitt (b.1973;m.1995(Div))

5. Kaytlin Aspen WHITE (b.1998)

5. Jackson Clark WHITE (b.2001)

5. Andricne Elizabeth WHITE (b.2003)

sp: Amber Marie Brown (m.2005)

4. REBEKAH ANN WHITE (b.1973)

sp: CURTIS G. MEYERS (m.1991)

5. CHELSEA ASHLIN MEYERS (b.1992)

4. JUSTIN LAURENCE WHITE (b.1975)

sp: Anna Elizabeth Swiger (b.1977;m.1995)

5. Tristan Cruz WHITE (b.1996)

5. Noah Riley WHITE (b.1999)

5. Ashlyn Jade WHITE (b.2001)

4. LAURALYN WHITE (b.1979)

sp: Courtney Thomas Cellan (b.1977;m.2001)

3. DOUGLAS HARDING BAIR (b.1951)

sp: KAYE BRAMWELL (b.1951;m.1975)

4. JOHN PAUL BAIR (b.1976)

sp: BRINDA HATCH (m.1998)

5. Kaitly Liberty BAIR (b.1999)

4. ALAN JAY BAIR (b.1977)

sp: Danielle De Heer (m.2004)

4. NATALIE KAYE BAIR (b.1980)

4. AMY BAIR (b.1983)

4. JACQUELYN BAIR (b.1983)

4. Kimberly Ann BAIR (b.1986)

3. LORRAINE BAIR (b.1952)

sp: DENNIS RAY PORTER (b.1948;m.1972)

4. VALERIE PORTER (b.1973)

sp: DALLAN JOSEPH STEPHENS (b.1971;m.1990)

5. AUSTIN TRAVIS STEPHENS (b.1993)

5. Persephanie Nicole STEPHENS (b.1995)

5. Teaza Brilynn STEPHENS (b.1996)

5. Dallon Kayle STEPHENS (b.1998)

5. Kamalyne Aubrey STEPHENS (b.2000)

4. TRAVIS RAY PORTER (b.1976)

sp: Jana Jeppsen (b.1979;m.1998)

Descendants of ALONZO HAZELTON HARDING-2SVB-T3

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- 4. Andra Taylor
- 4. Garrett Taylor
- 4. Paige Taylor
- 3. GLENN BRUCE MEEK (b.1962)
 - sp: Cynthia Smith (m.1988)
 - 4. Christopher MEEK
 - 4. Patrick MEEK
 - 4. Lauren MEEK
 - 4. Andrew MEEK
 - 4. Sarah MEEK
- 2. THOMAS BLAKE HARDING-64H0-WN (b.1934)
 - sp: JOANN CASPER-DG2C-TD (b.1934;m.1957)
 - 3. DIANA HARDING (b.1958)
 - sp: BRUCE ALLEN MILLER (b.1956;m.1978)
 - 4. HEATHER MILLER (b.1979)
 - sp: AARON DENNIS WADE (b.1976;m.1999)
 - 5. Connor Bruce WADE (b.2000)
 - 5. Bryson Aaron WADE (b.2003)
 - 4. RHIBEN LEE MILLER (b.1980)
 - 4. TRISTA MILLER (b.1982)
 - 4. BRYCE ALONZO MILLER (b.1984;d.1985)
 - 4. RUSSELL ALONZO MILLER (b.1986)
 - sp: UNKNOWN
 - 5. Haley MILLER (b.2003)
 - 3. CONNIE HARDING (b.1960)
 - sp: Dennis Albert Dantz (b.1950;m.1990)
 - 3. TIMOTHY BLAKE HARDING (b.1963)
 - sp: PEGGY CRAMER (b.1962;m.1985)
 - 4. BENJAMIN TIMOTHY HARDING (b.1986)
 - 4. CRYSTAL HARDING (b.1988)
 - 4. TIFFANY HARDING (b.1990)
 - 4. Joseph Blake HARDING (b.1993)
 - 3. JOY HARDING (b.1971)
 - sp: DARREN WAYNE WILLIAMS (b.1967;m.1991)
 - 4. TORREY DARREN WILLIAMS (b.1992)
 - 4. HUNTER THOMAS WILLIAMS (b.1995)
 - 4. MICHAELA JOY WILLIAMS (b.1997)
 - 4. TATE MATHEW WILLIAMS (b.1999)
 - 2. SPENCER LON HARDING-64H0-XT (b.1936;d.2003)
 - sp: DONNA DIANTHA NORRIS-DG2C-VK (b.1937;m.1955)
 - 3. CYNTHIA DAWN HARDING (b.1957)
 - sp: STEVEN EARL SYBROWSKY (b.1954;m.1975)
 - 4. NATHAN EARL SYBROWSKY (b.1976)

- 4. ALEXIS BRAINNE CARLSEN (b.1997)
 - sp: ORVAL LACELL HARMER (b.1918;m.1993)
- 2. MARGARET HARDING-64H0-VH (b.1931;d.2004)
 - sp: GLENN PINSON MEEK-DG2C-S7 (b.1929;m.1951;d.2005)
 - 3. DIANE MEEK (b.1952)
 - sp: JEDD TALBOT BENNETT (b.1950;m.1975)
 - 4. KRISTIN BENNETT (b.1977)
 - sp: Christopher Lee Hoffmann (m.2000)
 - 5. McKay Hoffmann
 - 5. Maddison Hoffmann
 - 4. BROOKE BENNETT (b.1979)
 - sp: Eddis William Watkins (m.2002)
 - 5. Lucy Watkins
 - 5. Eddas Jr. Watkins
 - 4. STEPHEN MATTHEW BENNETT (b.1982)
 - 3. ROBERT HARDING MEEK (b.1953)
 - sp: CARRIE RICHARDS (b.1956;m.1978)
 - 4. CASEY MEEK (b.1978)
 - 4. PRESTON ROBERT MEEK (b.1980)
 - sp: Cassie Sharp (b.1982;m.2002)
 - 5. Carson Thomas MEEK (b.2000)
 - 4. JORDAN RICHARDS MEEK (b.1983)
 - 4. GARRETT PARKER MEEK (b.1986)
 - 4. CAMERON HARDING MEEK (b.1987)
 - 3. DAVID HARDING MEEK (b.1956)
 - sp: BRENDA RUTH JUDD (b.1954;m.1977)
 - 4. MEGHANN MEEK (b.1979)
 - sp: Brandon Kyle Jones (b.1977;m.2000)
 - 5. Porter Kyle Jones (b.2003)
 - 5. Tyler Brandon Jones (b.2005)
 - 4. Nathan MEEK
 - 4. Jocelyn MEEK
 - 4. Lauren MEEK
 - 4. Wilson MEEK
 - 3. JERALD BRIENT MEEK (b.1958)
 - sp: Brooke Pamela Barker (b.1959;m.1980)
 - 4. Douglas Jared MEEK (b.1982)
 - 4. Brownyn MEEK (b.1985)
 - 3. JULIE MEEK (b.1959)
 - sp: Philip Taylor (m.1981)
 - 4. Ryan Taylor
 - 4. Brett Taylor
 - 4. Drew Taylor

Descendants of ALONZO HAZELTON HARDING-2SVB-T3

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- 4. NICHOLAS SYBROWSKY (b.1981)
- 3. TAMARA LEE HARDING (b.1958)
 - sp: DARYL REED (DEE) YOUNG (b.1952;m.1977)
 - 4. BRYAN REED YOUNG (b.1979)
 - 4. DEE RILEY YOUNG (b.1981;d.1987)
- 3. THOMAS SPENCER HARDING (b.1961)
 - sp: SHERI ANN GILSON (b.1967;m.1985)
 - 4. MADISON SUE HARDING (b.1988)
 - 4. CHELSIE MAE HARDING (b.1989)
- 3. TERRI LYNN HARDING (b.1964)
 - sp: WILLIAM ARTHUR MC CANN (b.1964;m.1984)
 - 4. BRYCE WILLIAM MC CANN (b.1993;d.1995)
- 3. SUSAN HARDING (b.1967)
 - sp: GEORGE GRANT FAIRBANKS (b.1964;m.1987)
- 3. LESLIE ANN HARDING (b.1972)
 - sp: JOSEPH MARK FRANTZEN (m.1996)
 - 4. Joshua FRANTZEN (b.2001)
- 3. MATTHEW LON HARDING (b.1981)
 - sp: Lindi Victoria Groberg (m.2002)
 - 4. Kaidyn Victor Matthew HARDING (b.2002)

- 5. Jack Rock Suberon (b.2006)
- 4. JENIFER MOORE (b.1980)
 - sp: Joel Michael Atwater (b.1980;m.2000)
 - 5. Jacob Michael Atwater (b.2006)
- 4. MARY ANN MOORE (b.1982)
- 3. MARY Szymanski (b.1951;d.2003)
 - sp: KERRY LLEWELLYN BIRD (b.1951;m.1977)
 - 4. TERRY LEE BIRD (b.1972)
 - 4. TRINITY LEE BIRD (b.1978)
 - 4. TIFFANY BIRD (b.1980)
 - sp: Brandon Alan Peck (m.2001)
 - 5. Gavin Alan Peck (b.2004)
 - 5. Mary Ashlin Peck (b.2006)
 - 4. ISAAC KERRY BIRD (b.1985)
 - 4. ALICIA MARIE BIRD (b.1987)
 - sp: Morant Harrison (m.2003)
 - 5. McKendrick Austin Harrison (b.2004)
- 3. BEN HARDING SZYMANSKI (b.1953)
 - sp: PAMELA JANE POWERS (b.1956;m.1976)
 - 4. ESTHER RENAE SZYMANSKI (b.1977)
 - 4. HAD DAVID SZYMANSKI (b.1978)
 - sp: Catherine Anderson
 - 5. Mathew SZYMANSKI (b.1996)
 - 5. Emma Leigh SZYMANSKI (b.2000)
 - 4. CRYSTAL BRIN SZYMANSKI (b.1979)
 - 4. ASHLEY DAWN SZYMANSKI (b.1982)
 - 4. MARK DAVID SZYMANSKI (b.1983)
 - 4. REED MICHAEL SZYMANSKI (b.1986)
 - 4. CALEB JAMES SZYMANSKI (b.1990)
 - 4. LEAH MICHELLE SZYMANSKI (b.1992)
 - 4. RUTH SZYMANSKI (b.1994)
 - 4. JEFFREY SZYMANSKI (b.1995)
 - 4. JORDAN SZYMANSKI (b.1997)
- 3. RICHARD HARDING SZYMANSKI (b.1955)
 - sp: CYNTHIA LOUISE BRODA (b.1957;m.1978)
 - 4. MATTHEW RICHARD SZYMANSKI (b.1979)
 - 4. BRYAN TODD SZYMANSKI (b.1981)
 - sp: Brittany Weight (m.2006)
 - 4. AARON MICHAEL SZYMANSKI (b.1984)
 - 4. JOSEPH SCOTT SZYMANSKI (b.1986)
 - 4. PATRICK HARDING SZYMANSKI (b.1990)
 - 4. RACHEL THERESA SZYMANSKI (b.1993)
- 3. PAUL ALEXANDER SZYMANSKI (b.1957)

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